Liberty

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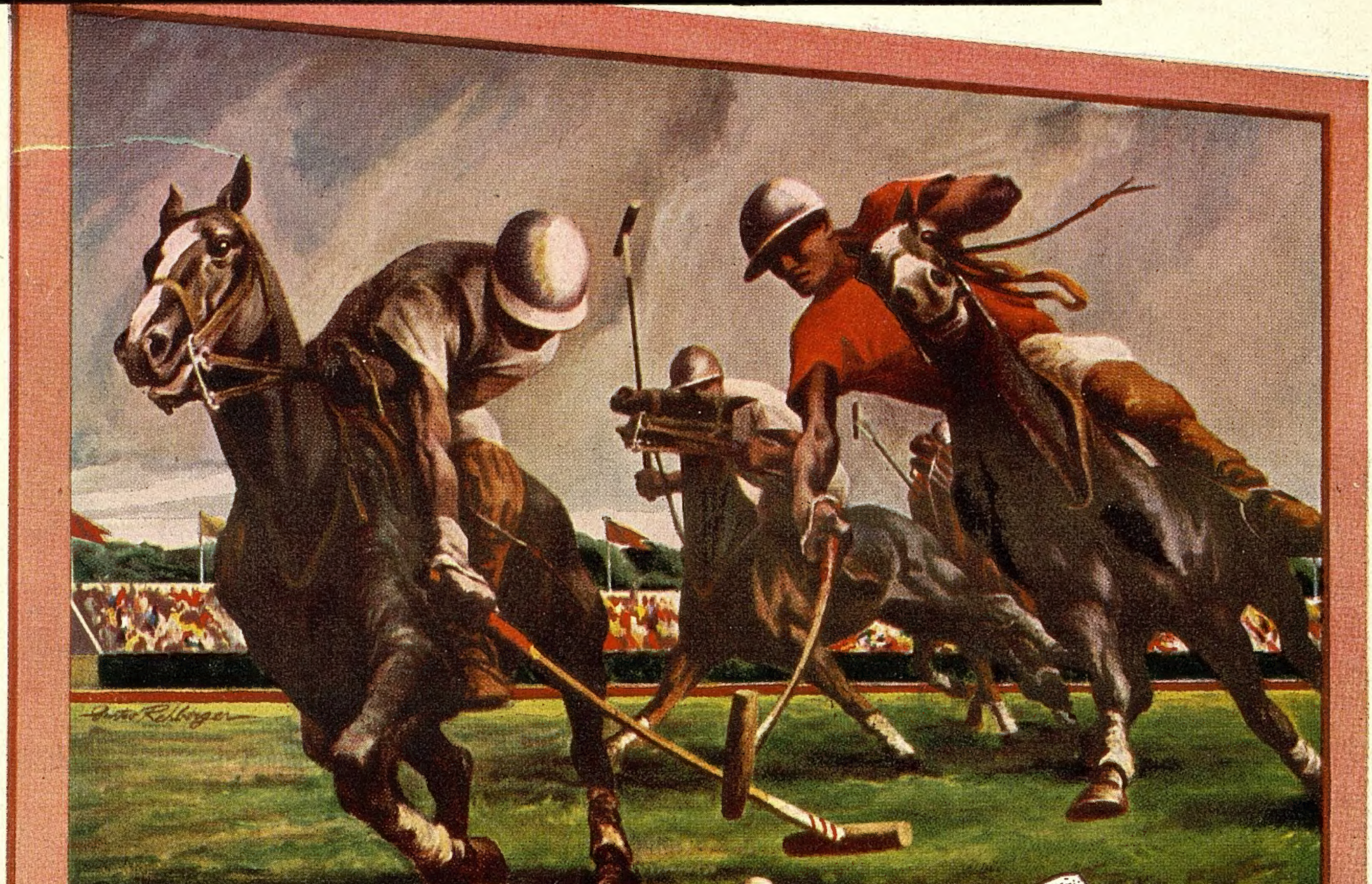
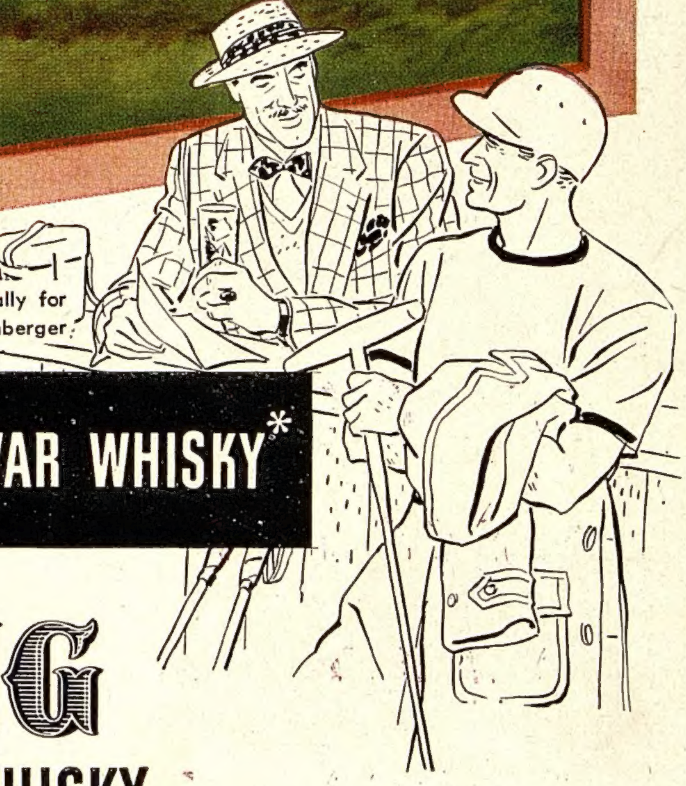

Gustav Rehberger

"End of a Hard Chukker," painted especially for the Brown-Forman Collection by Gustav Rehberger.



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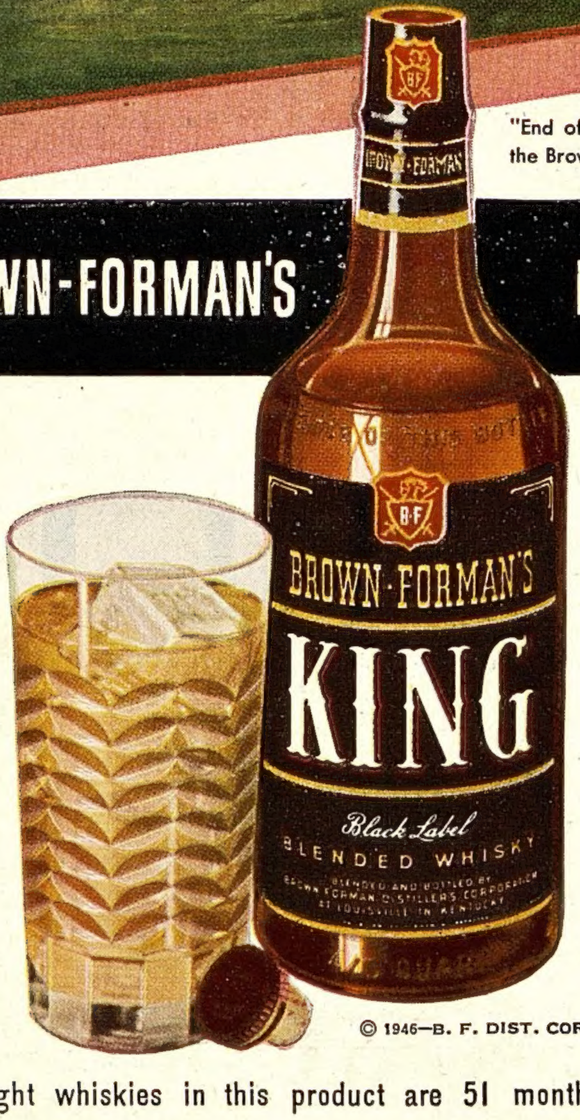
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Are WOMEN better drivers than MEN?

Suit by Philip Mangone. Hat by Sally Victor.

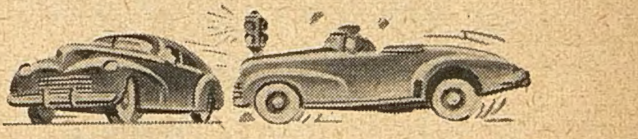
THE MORE STATISTICS we dig up on this subject, the more confused we get. The ladies produce reams of figures showing that women drivers have fewer accidents than men. The men counter by saying that such figures don't mean anything because men operate cars and trucks under the most difficult conditions—day and night, through rain, fog, ice and snow.

Since there are undoubtedly good and bad drivers of both sexes, we'll leave it to you to find out *who in your family knows the most about driving*. See who scores highest on the quiz questions below—dad, mother, brother or sister.

1. If a certain car with first-rate brakes running 20 miles per hour on a dry road can be stopped in 14 feet, how many feet would it take to stop it at 40 miles per hour (not counting driver's reaction time)?

***28** feet* ☐ ***42** feet* ☐ ***56** feet* ☐ ***75** feet* ☐

2. Colorful autumn leaves make a drive in the country particularly enjoyable at this time of year, but what does a capable driver do when leaves cover the road ahead?



3. The driver of the sedan has deliberately run through a red light. By stopping short, the driver of the convertible can avoid a collision. If she fails to do so, can she be held liable—considering it was the other driver who ran through the light?

Yes ☐ *No* ☐

4. After the war everybody expected gasoline refiners to offer super-gasolines. Why has gasoline quality remained at its present level for the past few months instead of soaring to new heights?

5. If the steering wheel of a car pulls to one side when you stop, what would you suspect the cause to be?

- ☐ *Worn steering knuckles.*
- ☐ *Worn or out-of-adjustment brakes.*
- ☐ *"Frozen" differential gears.*
- ☐ *Loose steering gear.*

6. Give two possible reasons why the tires of a car will "squeal" when rounding a corner.

*a.*____________________

*b.*____________________

7. One way to round a curve is to take your foot completely off the gas and proceed without power. Another is to reduce speed before entering the curve and proceed with some power on. Which method will help you around the curve better—reduce possibility of skidding?

With power off ☐ *With some power on* ☐

ANSWERS

1. 56 feet.

2. Slow down. Leaves are slippery—particularly when wet—and can cause a bad skid.

3. Yes. Courts have held that when a collision occurs, *it is the fault of the person who had the "last clear chance" to avoid it.*

4. Don't count it against your score if you didn't know this answer. Few people outside the petroleum and automotive industries know the reason why gasoline quality leveled off—and even slipped back a bit—this year. The cause has been government rationing of lead, one of the materials needed to make Ethyl antiknock fluid, and oil refiners have not been permitted to raise premium gasoline as high as they would like to. Meanwhile, the Ethyl emblem is your assurance of your oil company's best gasoline at all times.

5. Worn or out-of-adjustment brakes—probably on the front wheels.

6. a. Too much speed for the curve.
b. Under-inflated tires.

7. With some power on. Feeding gas gives extra traction, helps prevent skidding. Use your brakes *before* you hit the curve.

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★ ARTICLES

Chiquita Banana, *Edmund S. Whitman* 13
The Most Hunted Man in Palestine, *Gerold Frank* 15
Birds Against the Wind, *William Vogt* 18
Traffic in Hope, *Robert T. Furman, Jr.* 19
Homes for Americans—No. 6, *Darrell Huff* 20
Pain in Your Pocketbook, *Maxine Davis* 24
Parched Paradise, *George Armin Shaftel* 25
And Don't Spare the Horses, *Elizabeth Wilson* 26

★ STORIES

Leonora Gets Out the Vote, *Gordon Malherbe Hillman* 16
Strictly from Dixie—Short Short, *Carolin McCreary* 22
The Long Fall, *Frank Bonham* 30
Sneak Punch—Conclusion, *David Dodge* 32

★ PICTURES

The Camera Eye 28

★ BOOK CONDENSATION

He Who Whispers—*One of the most tantalizing of the Dr. Fell mysteries by John Dickson Carr—abridged to a reading time of one evening* 35

★ FEATURES

Vox Pop 6
On the Beam 10
Books in Review 50
Crossword Puzzle 50
Veterans' Bulletin Board 58
Clothes Clinic, *J. B. Juster* 60
Woman-Talk, *Margaret Fishback* 66
Liberty Goes to the Movies 72
The Thropp Family 78

★ EDITORIAL

Are Living Standards Due to Decline? *Paul Hunter* 82

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Before the Sun Goes Down
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★ VOX POP ★

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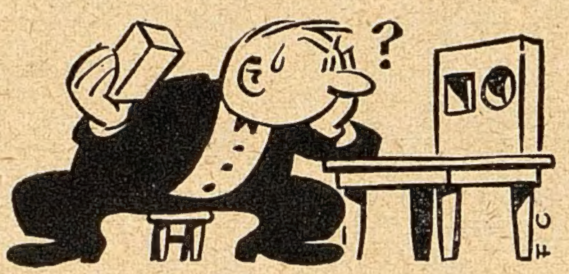
NAVY BOUND

New York, N. Y.—After rattling around for several months looking for a job, I'm getting fed up with the lack of opportunity in civilian life. It looks like I'm headed back to the navy, where I came from. And just as a lead for guys in the same boat with me, the navy has a pretty good deal for men from seventeen to thirty who want to become electronic technicians. All you need is a knowledge of high-school mathematics and physics. You take a specialized aptitude test, and if you pass that, you're in for some good expert training.—*George Y.*



G.I. BENEFITS

Chicago, Ill.—Paul Hunter's editorial, Who Will Pay the Veteran Benefits? (August 24), is probably the finest piece of clear thinking I've encountered in many a moon. Especially I appreciate his stated consideration of the three kinds of vets—the disabled, the hale and hearty, and the professional. Benefits should be made available only to those veterans who prove their need.—*Herbert I. Berns.*

WAR TO BE WON

St. Joseph, Mo.—May I congratulate you on Waverley Root's excellent article, Did Germany Win the War? (August 24). I fully share Mr. Root's opinion. Ever since the shocking war in Germany ended, I have taken the stand that we have not yet won the war. It is regrettable that we allow frictions with our wartime allies to come to a head, instead of uniting our strength to do everything to prevent a military renaissance of German power.—*Rabbi Selig S. Auerbach.*

DOUBLE AND NOTHING

Salinas, Calif.—Mrs. Bailey (Vox Pop, August 31) isn't the only one who had a ringless ceremony. I led my wife to the altar without a ring forty years ago, and the marriage held, which is more than can be said for a lot of modern marriages. Rings are a lot of hooey, besides being a racket for the merchants.—*Ralph Mills.*

Alhambra, Calif.—Eleanor Hiteshew's article, "With This Ring . . ." (July 20) located one ringless ceremony, but it seems to me that the real fun has been had by the feminists of the old guard who refused to wear rings because their men refused to wear them. Women do not yet have equal rights in the courts, but life offers compensations to the faithful. The double-ring ceremony is one of those compensations.—*Bradamant Bain.*

FANCY NAMES

Altadena, Calif.—I disagree with D. Danberg's objection to "fancy name-calling" in fiction (Vox Pop, August 24).

Our population came from all over the world, and their names should be a part of our everyday language. Heimlich, Kitano, and Escudero, for instance, are just as much American as Brown or Jones.

My name is all English, in case you wondered.—*Zephyr Shelton.*

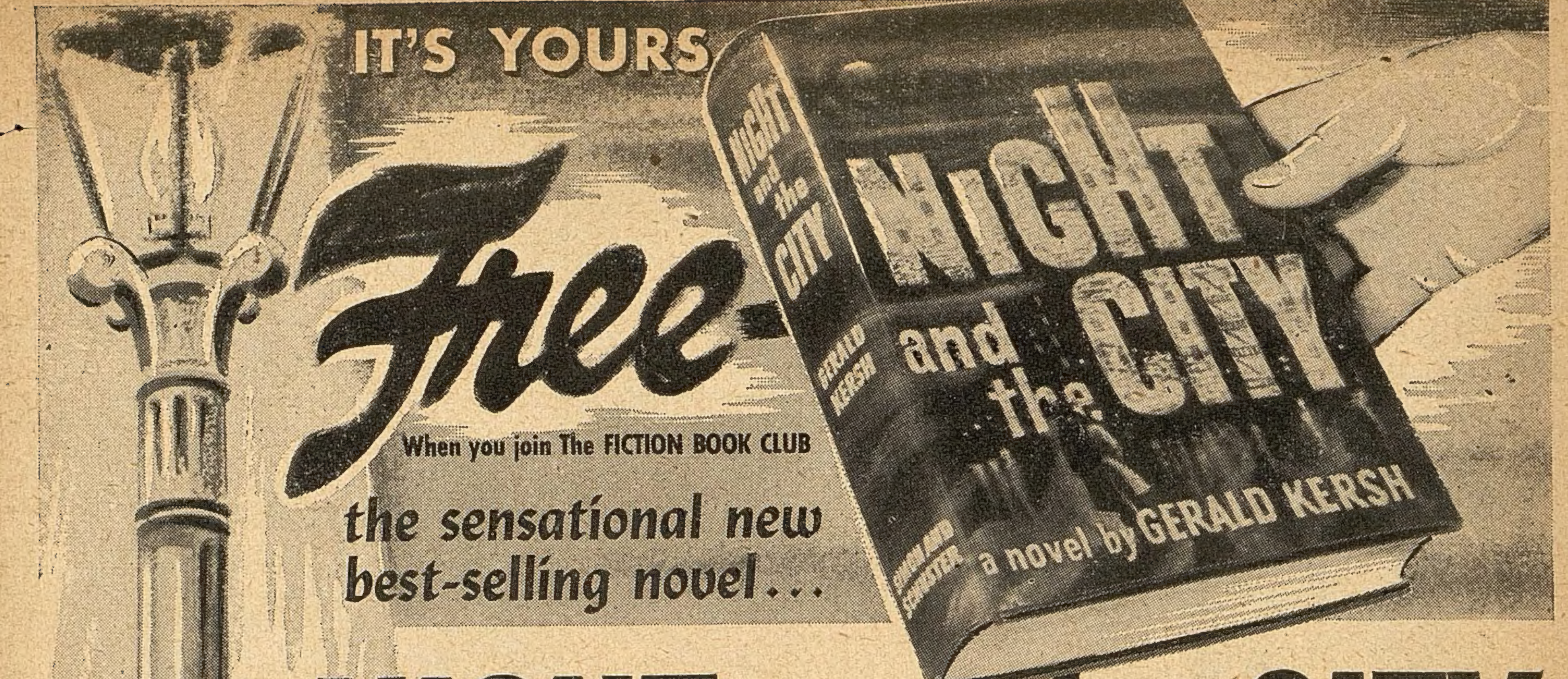
NO PRETTY SPEECHES

Weldon, Ill.—I can't understand people as narrow-minded as Mrs. W. D. R. (Vox Pop, August 31), who calls Morton Thompson's book, How to Be a Civilian, rotten and profane. It was no doubt written for ex-G.I.s and also for laughs. It described a G.I.'s feelings perfectly. If it had consisted of pretty phrases and speeches, no one would even consider it a real picture of the G.I.—*Mrs. R. H. S.*

WAGES FOR WOMEN

Chicago, Ill.—Should Housewives Be Paid? by James E. Payne and Albert A. Brandt (August 31) won't

(*Continued on page 8*)



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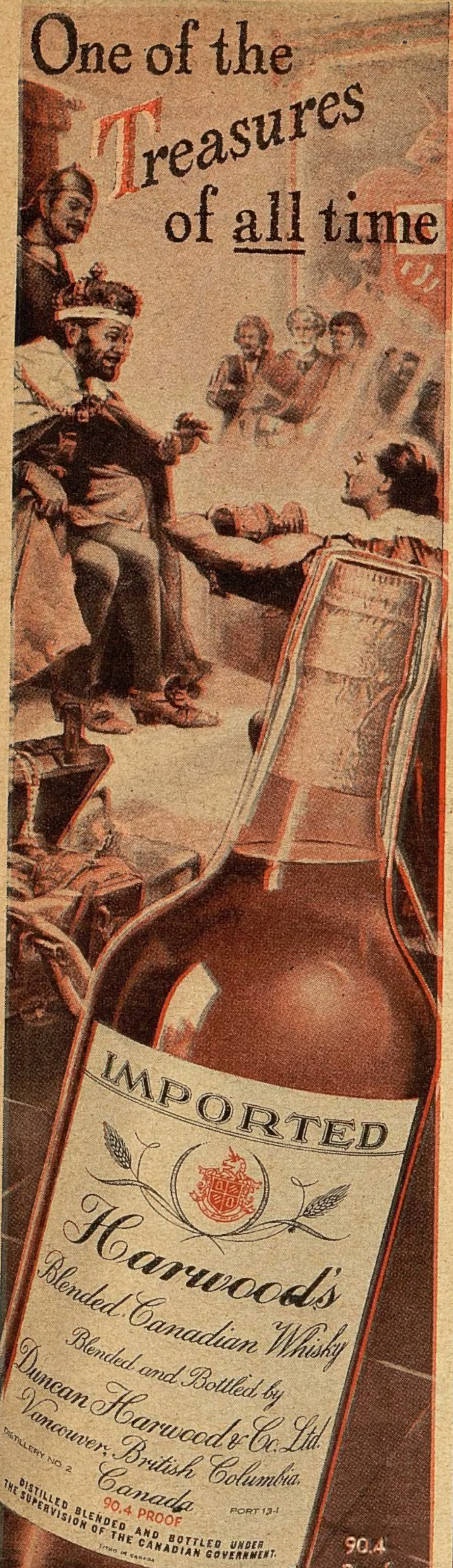
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(*Continued from page 6*)

only make husbands hopping mad. It makes any one with an ounce of common sense boil. Housewives are the highest-paid people there are. What do husbands do with the money they make? Are they getting any more out of it than their wives? They are not. A woman is her own boss while working at home, while her husband is slaving away to earn the money to turn over to her.—*Barbara Hoffman.*

ST. LOUIS, MO.—There is only one way for Mr. Pinkerton (the Englishman opposed to wages for married women) and his ilk to turn back the clock. Prohibit girls from learning to read. Then maybe you could keep them from learning that they inherit the earth directly from God, instead of from men.—*E. Henri.*

EAST GADSDEN, ALA.—I am convinced that a law ensuring a decent salary for our American housewives would solve most of our family problems.—*Maevoreen Webb.*

MARYSVILLE, CALIF.—Can a person exchange love and respect for dollars and cents? I can't.—*Mrs. M. F. Leal.*

UNRESOURCEFUL HERO

PIQUA, OHIO—A Nickel for the Subway, the short short story by John G. Stott (August 24), is an enjoyable and well-spun yarn that winds up on a charming philosophical thought. The only thing against it is that it is based upon an impossible and implausible situation.

John Garland, the hero, is lucky in having a room reserved for him in the Argus Hotel in Brooklyn. A nonfictional John Garland would have hired a taxi and, arriving at his hotel, would either have charged the fare and tip on his hotel bill, or cashed his check at the desk in the hotel and paid the driver himself.—*L. G. W.*

Next time John will know better.—VOX POP EDITOR.

GEOGRAPHICAL SLIP

COVINA, CALIF.—Dickson Hartwell, in his article, California's Got It (June 29), places San Diego *east* of Imperial Valley. I protest.

I lived in Imperial Valley from 1911 to 1930 and during all that time I understood that San Diego was *west.* Am I wrong?—*John E. Lee.*

Reader Lee is correct. Our copyreader forgot his compass that day.—VOX POP EDITOR.

DEMOCRACY IN JAPAN?

IRONWOOD, MICH.—Victor Boesen's article, Japan Is Sold American (August 10), gives only one side of the picture. Many good plans have been set forth to democratize Japan, but few basic reforms have been carried out. Though a year of American dominance in Japan has made its impression on the ways of the people, a reactionary government still is in control and is not converted to democratic ideals merely by American movies or by new styles for women.—*David Patek.*

TEACHERS IN SLACKS

EDGEWOOD ARSENAL, MD.—Mary Roan's letter (Vox Pop, September 7) is an insult to all teachers. Since when do clothes reflect ability? If any teacher wants to relax in slacks, whose business is it besides her own?—*Pfc. J. C. Scannell.*

Sometimes the school board's.—VOX POP EDITOR.

LAISSEZ-FAIRE

COLUMBUS, OHIO—When will we learn that we cannot cram our ideas down other nations' throats just because some reformers in our peculiar political system believe that we are the only true and perfect examples of God's creation on this earth?

OUR IDEAS
F C

Let us recall all of our boys from the far-flung frontiers and allow other nations to settle their own problems in their own way.—*R. F. Williams.*

CROSSWORD EXPERTS

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Self-styled moron Ersland of Chickasha, Oklahoma, is slightly off the beam in Vox Pop (August 31), as he apparently doesn't realize that it takes a moron to solve Shane's crossword puzzles. He is sitting pretty if he will only apply himself.

They can be solved. Maybe it is a waste of time; they have no particular educational value, but I love 'em.—*Hal C. Paris.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Anyone with a working knowledge of current events and a close familiarity with present-day slang can solve Ted Shane's puzzles. Maybe Mr. Ersland has neglected two facets of his education.—*R. W. Castle.*

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

PAINTER-WRITER

CAROLIN McCREARY, whose short short, STRICTLY FROM DIXIE, appears on page 22, is probably better known as a painter than as a writer. She won a prize the first year she exhibited, and since then has been represented in most of the country's top museums. It all started when she was a fashion model. She got tired of standing on her feet and began to perceive the benefits of a higher education. So she went home to Pittsburgh and finished her schooling at Carnegie Tech, where she is currently a part-time instructor. Now, thanks to a sympathetic husband who doesn't care about household schedules, she works at her double profession whenever and as much as she likes.

BANANA BOY

EDMUND WHITMAN has spent years living in the Caribbean, exploring, movie and speech making, novel and article writing. A book of his (comments and photographs on the Romantic American Tropics) comes out this fall. Mr. Whitman is a member of the Pan American Society of New York and a fellow of the Royal Geographic Society of London. And he possesses a lot of firsthand information about bananas—from the Latin lands that grow them to the trim white ships that carry them. One day he bumped into Elsa Miranda in the sponsor's hall, and that's how he happened to write CHIQUITA BANANA (see page 13).

NEXT WEEK

Liberty
Book: WASTELAND, the best-selling novel by Jo Sinclair
HOW SOVIET SPIES OPERATE By Harold Dingman

HERE, in a sensational account of HOW SOVIET SPIES OPERATE, Harold Dingman reveals the whole fantastic story of Russia's spy ring in Canada. . . . Albert Maisel points to a 25-year-old serum that could cut t.b. cases in half in NEGLECTED—A POWERFUL WEAPON AGAINST TUBERCULOSIS! . . . RETURN TO THE RIVER, by Norman Fox, tells how a veteran proves himself fit for his old life and love. . . . One man's battle with himself and his heritage is the subject of WASTELAND, Liberty's Book Condensation, by Joe Sinclair.

Does she love him?

Yeah, man! He's got something special—P. A.*

P.A.* means Pipe Appeal—

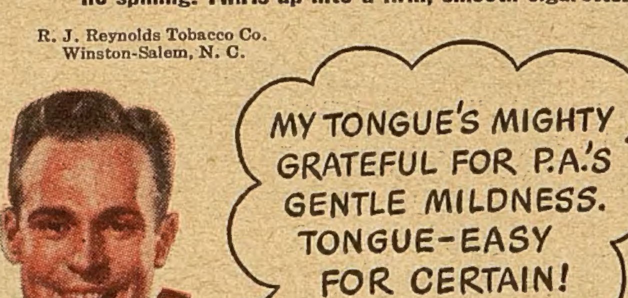
Boy meets girl. Boy lights pipe. And *up* goes boy's chances of girl going for boy. Women prefer to see their men smoke pipes. Like fine leather and good tweeds, there's something smart and masculine about a pipe. Women love it.

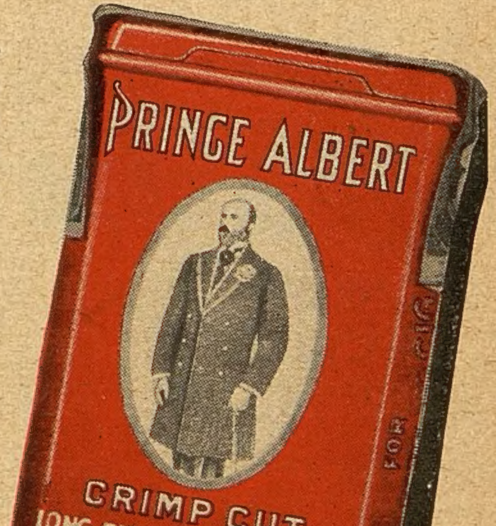
P.A. means Prince Albert

Tongue bite is no fun. Page P. A. if that's ever happened to you. It's the "no bite" treated tobacco . . . gentle to your tongue. Rich, he-man tobacco flavor . . . crimp cut too, for cool, even burning. Get P. A. (Pipe Appeal) with P. A. (Prince Albert).

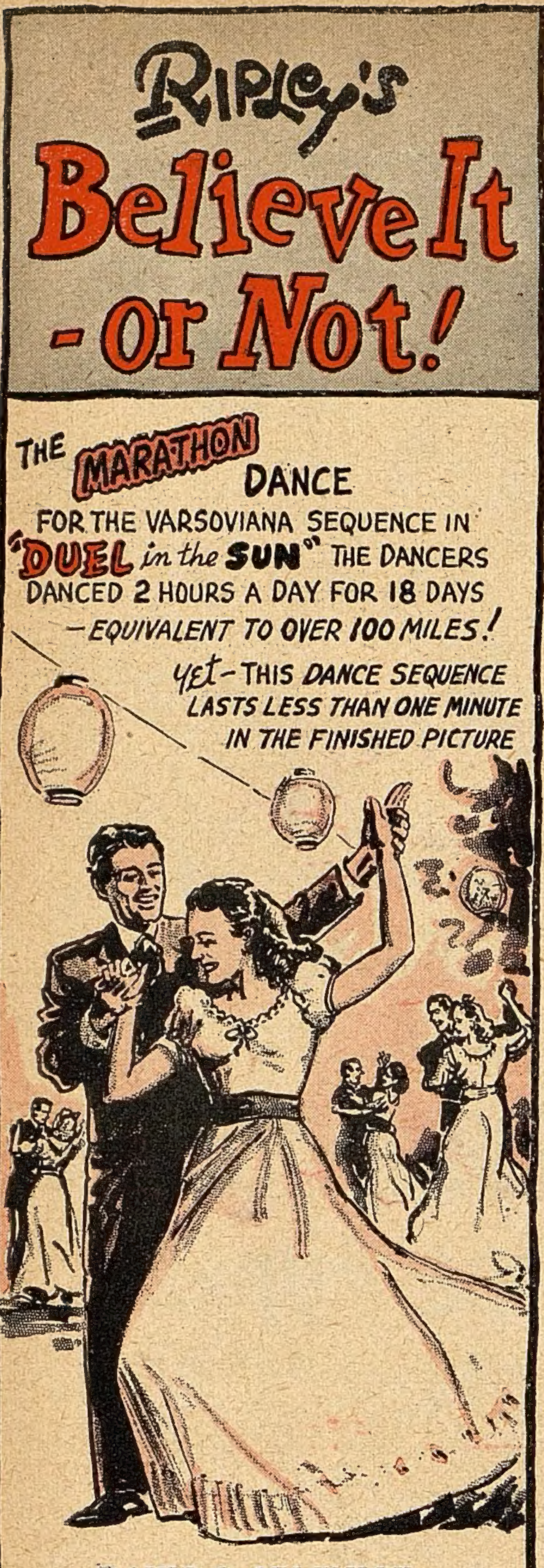
Great for roll-your-owns. Clings to the paper. No mess, no spilling. Twirls up into a firm, smooth cigarette.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.


MY TONGUE'S MIGHTY GRATEFUL FOR P.A.'S GENTLE MILDNESS. TONGUE-EASY FOR CERTAIN!


PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



RIPLEY'S Believe It - or Not!

THE MARATHON DANCE
FOR THE VARSOVIANA SEQUENCE IN "DUEL in the SUN" THE DANCERS DANCED 2 HOURS A DAY FOR 18 DAYS - EQUIVALENT TO OVER 100 MILES!
YET - THIS DANCE SEQUENCE LASTS LESS THAN ONE MINUTE IN THE FINISHED PICTURE

DAVID O. SELZNICK
presents
DUEL in the SUN
Starring
JENNIFER JONES
GREGORY PECK
JOSEPH COTTEN
with
LIONEL BARRYMORE · HERBERT MARSHALL
LILLIAN GISH · WALTER HUSTON
CHARLES BICKFORD
in Technicolor!
COMING THIS WINTER
A SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

ON THE BEAM

Saluting the Lockheed Constitution, New Ironsides of the air. Ay, run *her* ensign up—up and on board, with 179 other Navy men!

BY WAYNE PARRISH

ANOTHER huge war-inspired airplane which has fascinating possibilities for future peacetime commercial operations has been unveiled to the public. It's the largest transport plane to be built for the U. S. Navy, a 92-ton craft capable of carrying 180 persons long distances.

The name: The Constitution. The manufacturer: Lockheed Aircraft Corp., Burbank, California, the builder of the Constellation.

The Constitution, or the XR-60 as the Navy designates it, is not the largest airplane built to date, for the big Consolidated six-engined bomber tops it by quite a few tons. But it is the largest transport airplane unveiled so far.

It has two decks, and it seems certain that in the not too distant future there will be air-line passengers going up and down stairs while moving through the skies at some hundreds of miles an hour.

Four Pratt & Whitney Wasp Major engines with a combined output of 12,000 h.p. power this huge air vessel, but the wing design will permit the use of gas-turbine power later on, when that revolutionary power plant is perfected, which will increase the Constitution's speed substantially over the present figures.

Like other large aircrafts' its wings are so large that man-sized "tunnels" within them make possible inspection and adjustment of engines and accessories in flight.

Generally the upper deck of the cabin will have seats for 92 passengers, while the lower deck is divided amidships by the wing and will seat 76 passengers. Or the lower deck can be used exclusively for cargo. The Constitution's total useful load comes to 35 tons of passengers and cargo.

The cabin is pressurized fully to maintain a 10,000-foot pressure altitude at 25,000 feet. Soundproofing and lighting are of advanced design. The galley is equipped to serve 300 hot meals on a single flight.

It will require a crew of six to operate the Constitution: pilot, copilot, radio operator, navigator, and two engineers. In addition there would normally be several stewards or stewardesses.

To sustain the 184,000-pounds weight there are four wheels on each of the mammoth transport's main landing gears, and even the nose gear has two wheels.

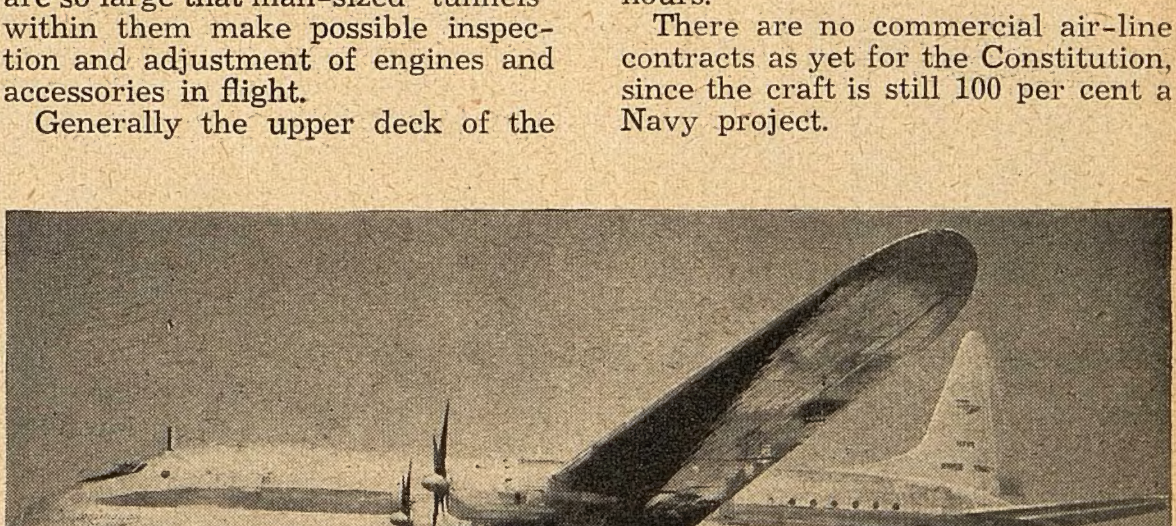
DESPITE the size of the Constitution, it does not need correspondingly large airports to land and take off. The landing speed is 80 miles an hour and only 2,300 feet is said to be necessary for landing to a dead stop. This ability to land on small strips was a requirement of the Navy, which had visualized the plane's use in flying to islands in the Pacific.

Wing span is 189 feet and over-all length is 156 feet. The single tail towers more than 50 feet, a height equivalent to that of a five-story building.

Maximum ferrying range exceeds 6,000 miles, although when fully loaded with passengers or cargo the Constitution cannot fly that far. Its range is very good, however, as far as would be normally required for commercial or military transport operations.

Lockheed says the Constitution will be able to fly from San Francisco to Honolulu in nine hours, from San Francisco to Tokyo in nineteen hours, from New York to the Panama Canal Zone in eight hours, and from New York to Dakar, West Africa, in less than thirteen hours.

There are no commercial air-line contracts as yet for the Constitution, since the craft is still 100 per cent a Navy project.



The Navy's new Constitution. Think of the commercial uses for such a transport plane!

Brisk as an Autumn breeze . . .

. . . the superior *FIRE-POWER* of TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF GASOLINE

THERE'S a liveliness you'll like in Texaco Fire-Chief. Superior *Fire-Power* makes it instantly responsive to both starter and accelerator . . . smooth and quiet on the open road. It's waiting for you at Texaco Dealers everywhere.

TEXACO REG. T. M.

TEXACO DEALERS

where you get . . .

SKY CHIEF GASOLINE

FIRE-CHIEF GASOLINE

HAVOLINE AND TEXACO MOTOR OILS

MARFAK LUBRICATION

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TUNE IN . . . Texaco Star Theatre every Sunday night. See newspapers for time and stations.

FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS—Roll out the red carpet and welcome PM, on its way to your Promising Meeting! You've a date with a whiskey Particularly Mellow . . . You've a bet that you'll make this a lifetime rendezvous—PM . . . to please you . . . by appointment!

IF IT ISN'T PM IT ISN'T AN EVENING

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York.
Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 71% Grain Neutral Spirits.

CHIQUITA BANANA

The girl and the story behind that phenomenal jingle which warns you never to put bananas in the refrigerator

BY EDMUND S. WHITMAN

ONE warm September day in 1944 two perspiring but elated young men emerged from the music room of an advertising agency and announced that their brain child, Chiquita Banana, had arrived. Garth Montgomery, lyricist, handed his sweat-soaked script to a vocal office girl, swept a handful of paper clips into a drinking cup to improvise maraca rhythms, and Len MacKenzie, composer, whammed out the score. The case-hardened agency went overboard.

Elsa Miranda, the girl behind the song.

So did United Fruit Company people when orchestra leader Ray Bloch put on a dress rehearsal with Patti Clayton billed as the original Chiquita Banana girl and six Spanish señores giving out with maracas jawbone, tom-tom, guitar, and bass fiddle.

Wise in the creation and feeding of young commercials, the agency, Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, selected Chiquita's spot formula with caution.

The very natural temptation to go into variations and new lyrics was sternly denied. For eight months the public heard only the original calypso Chiquita. By June, 1945, the avalanche of fan mail and press notices was proof positive that she had arrived.

Chiquita, who tells the world not to put bananas in the refrigerator, went on to become number one on America's "jingle-jangle hit parade," and her corollary triumphs extend from guest spots on national networks to name bands to juke box to Boston's Symphony Hall. She has been parodied, burlesqued, editorialized, cryptogrammed, crossword-puzzled, and politically cartooned by the top people!

This is her jingle:

I'm Chiquita Banana and I've come to say
Bananas have to ripen in a certain way. . . .
Bananas like the climate of the very, very tropical equator
So you should never put bananas in the refrigerator.

Elsa Miranda (no relation to Carmen) recorded the first Spanish version of Chiquita Banana.

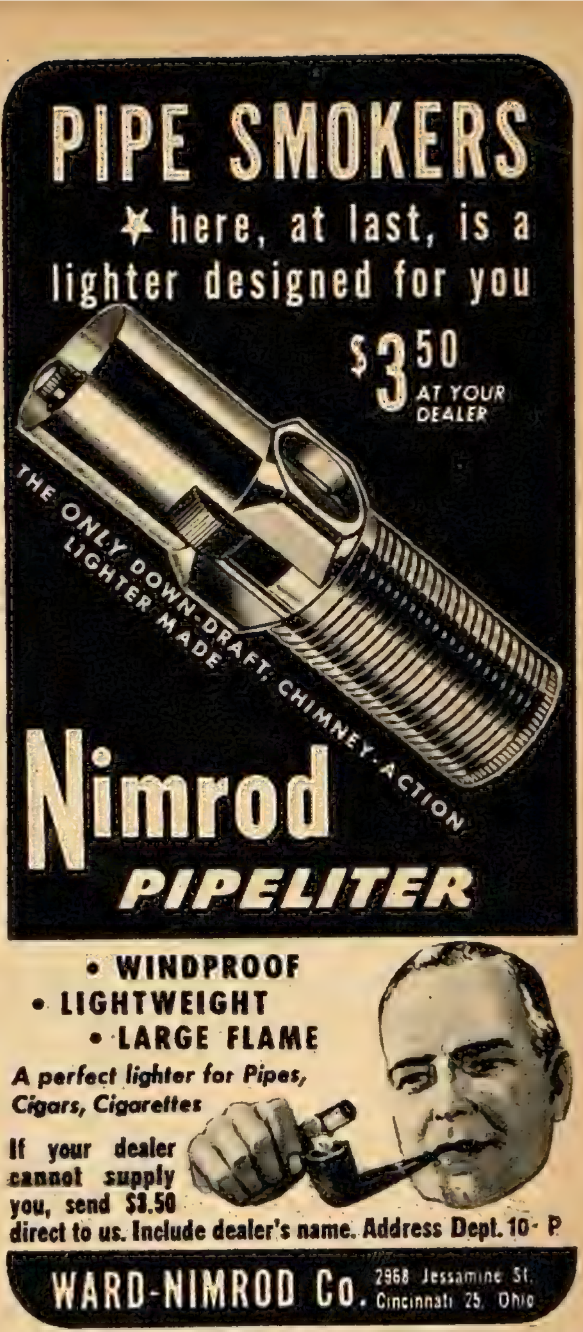
Chiquita went on to win the 1945 Award of Merit from City College of New York "for the most effective sponsored radio announcements for the year."

Then when Elsa Miranda sang the famous song to a new and moving lyric about getting food to starving children abroad, the anti-refrigerator theme was quickly yanked; an additional quarter-million dollars was authorized by United Fruit, and Chiquita embarked on a three-month exclusive famine-relief campaign across the nation.

Such are the steps in Chiquita Banana's fantastic success story which began in 1944 when the Banana High Command started looking toward postwar objectives and a way of making the nation banana conscious again.

Miraculously, everybody associated with Chiquita Banana has been touched with gold and the circle is ever widening. Already it embraces obscure singers who have risen to fame, orchestras, composers, at least nine recording companies, and many others. Who will be the next to be touched by that golden wand? As they say down in the climate of the very, very tropical equator, *Quien sabe?* Who knows?

THE END


PIPE SMOKERS
★ here, at last, is a lighter designed for you
$3.50 AT YOUR DEALER
THE ONLY DOWN-DRAFT, CHIMNEY-ACTION LIGHTER MADE
Nimrod PIPELITER
• WINDPROOF
• LIGHTWEIGHT
• LARGE FLAME
A perfect lighter for Pipes, Cigars, Cigarettes
If your dealer cannot supply you, send $3.50 direct to us. Include dealer's name. Address Dept. 10-P
WARD-NIMROD Co. 2968 Jessamine St. Cincinnati 25, Ohio

POEMS WANTED
For Musical Setting
Mother, Home, Love, Sacred, Patriotic, Comic or any subject. Don't Delay—Send us your Original Poem at once—for immediate consideration and FREE Rhyming Dictionary.
RICHARD BROTHERS
48 WOODS BUILDING — CHICAGO 1, ILL.

"DATE" YOUR MEMORIES WITH A Falcon
• TO KEEP
• TO GIVE
$4.45 Tax Paid
Falcon MINIATURE DE LUXE
Wherever you go . . . whatever you do . . . capture those treasured memories with a Falcon De Luxe! Peak performance—peak economy—16 sparkling, brilliant pictures on any standard 127 roll film. At better stores everywhere.
Eveready Carrying Case, $1
On the Way! Other Falcon Cameras priced up to $23.50.
FALCON CAMERA CO. 173 W. Madison St. Chicago 2, Ill.

WE'RE HANDLING

142,000,000

LOCAL CALLS A DAY

That's 25,000,000 more than a year ago — and an all-time high.

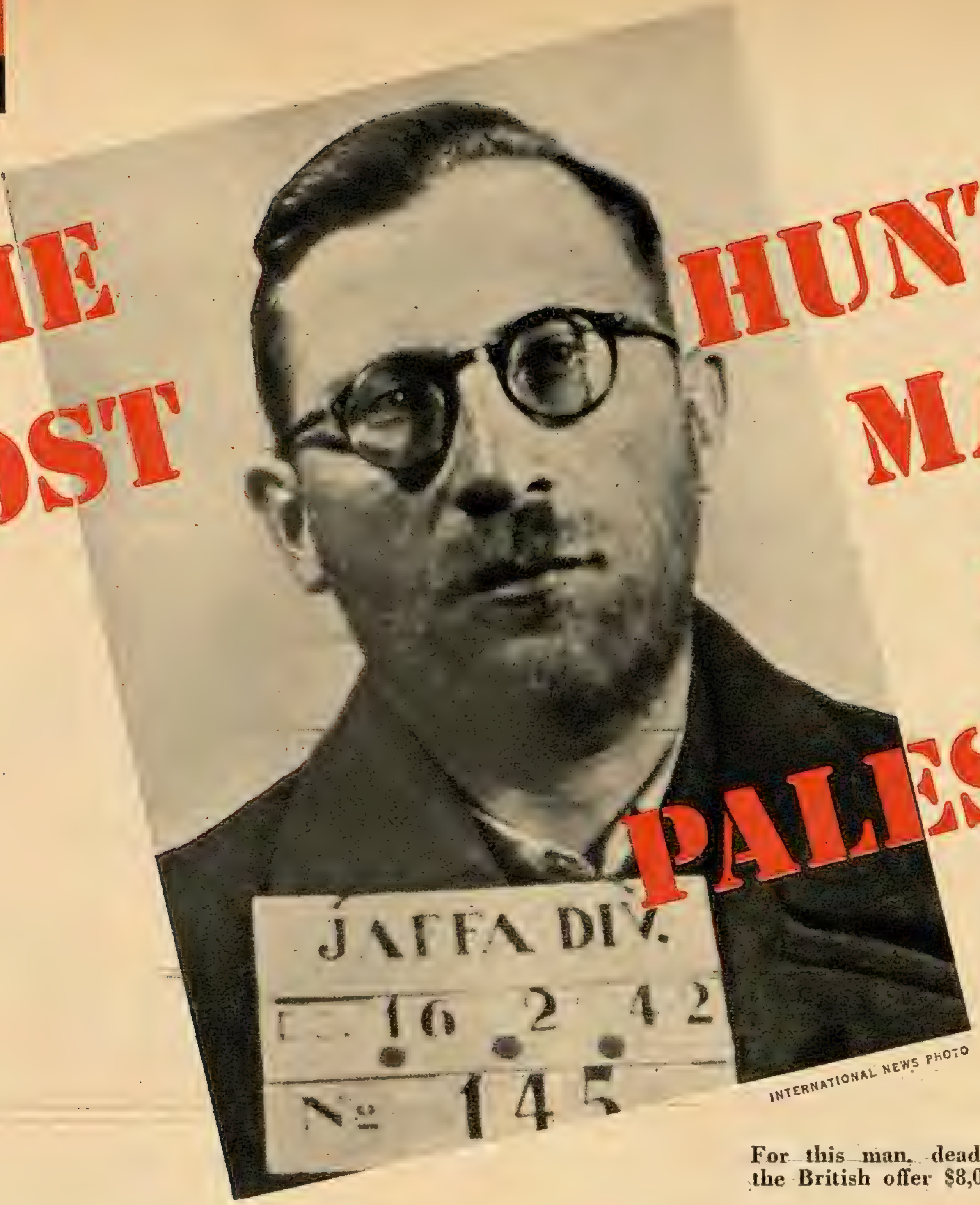
It didn't seem possible that available equipment, with such additions as we could make, could be stretched to handle an increase like that. But it's been done despite shortages of materials and other handicaps. Best of all, service keeps on being good on most calls.

There are delays once in a while but we're doing our best to make them fewer and fewer. Service will be better than ever as soon as new equipment can be made and installed.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF
A FREE PEOPLE

THE MOST HUNTED MAN IN PALESTINE



INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

For this man, dead or alive, the British offer $8,000 reward.

A dramatic interview with the Holy Land's archterrorist, Friedman-Yellen, in which he tells why there are no holds barred against the British

BY GEROLD FRANK

EVERYONE in Palestine knows the Café Pilz. It is the most famous of Tel Aviv's 400-odd cafés, a rendezvous as typical of the country as the Hotel Astor is of New York. It was at the Pilz that I sat alone waiting for a stranger to lead me to the hide-out of the most hunted man in Palestine—Nathan Friedman-Yellen, archterrorist, leader of the Stern Group.

A week earlier in Jerusalem, a serious young man had introduced himself to me at the King David Hotel and questioned me cautiously. Hadn't I sent a number of dispatches on terrorism? Presently he steered me into an adjacent room where we were alone. "Look," he said. "Would you like to meet the leader of one of the resistance groups?"

"Which one?" I asked. He said, "The Fighters for Freedom of Israel."

Now, the Fighters for Freedom of Israel, commonly known as the Stern Group, is the smallest and most extreme of the three underground organizations in Palestine. The Haganah, the recognized, responsible resistance organization of Palestine Jewry, numbers virtually every able-bodied man and woman. The Irgun Zvai Leumi, or National Military Organization, is a small secret extremist group which seeks to sabotage British military strength in Palestine. But the still more secret, more implacable Sternists, said to number only a few hundreds, are engaged in a desperate no-holds-barred fight against the British who, they charge, are foreign aggressors occupying Jewish soil by force. The Sternists stop at nothing. It was two Sternists, Eliahu Hakim, 18, and Eliahu Bet-Tsouri, 21, who assassinated Lord Moyne, British Minister Resident in the Middle East, in Cairo; it was Sternists who attempted to assassinate Sir Harold MacMichael, former High Commissioner, in Jerusalem; who raided the British Sixth Airborne military depot last summer, killing seven soldiers; and who took joint responsibility with the Irgun for the tragic bombing of the King David Hotel in July—an act bitterly repudiated by all Jewish leaders in Palestine and from which the Haganah explicitly disassociated itself. For the capture of Friedman-Yellen, dead or alive, the British offer $8,000 reward.

While I was considering this invitation, my friend outlined the plan. If I was seated at a wall table in the Café Pilz in Tel Aviv at, say, 11 A.M., Monday, a man would approach me and introduce himself as "Mr. Liberty." It would then be a matter of an hour or so . . . I agreed. It was a unique opportunity to hear

(*Continued on page 74*)

LEONORA Gets Out the Vote

When a lovely, dashing redhead runs for office in a small town, there are problems for friend husband

BY GORDON MALHERBE HILLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

WHEN Mr. Daniels awoke in the morning at Connemara, he always wondered what would happen next. For he had not yet become entirely used to the fact that in addition to marrying Leonora, he had acquired two unpredictable stepdaughters, a small stepson, a rambling and remarkable house, and a fine set of family problems.

Before Mr. Daniels wed his dashing redheaded wife, he had been a neat small bachelor, growing a trifle precise, and the transition to being master of Connemara and stepfather to three extraordinary children had been sudden, astonishing, and somewhat painful.

This mild morning, Mr. Daniels, pink cheeked and cherubic, sat on his terrace and decided it was a waste of time to be surprised by anything. Being a man with an orderly mind, he did wish, however, that something would be done with the huge box hedge that marked the point where his property met the road. No one had trimmed it for years, and it now presented a hairy and drunken appearance.

But first he'd better open the letter in his lap which bore the legend "Carteret Court" on its envelope.

The note began, "Sir:" which is always aggravating, early in the morning.

It was signed "Horace Carteret" and its contents were most disagreeable. It seemed that Mr. Daniels' dark stepdaughter, Carlotta, mounted upon a vicious horse, had trespassed upon the property of Colonel Carteret, and had attempted to ride him down when he called on her to cease and desist. It said that something had to be done about it and that Horace Carteret was very truly yours.

"Dear me," said Mr. Daniels mildly and tried to recall what he knew about this indignant colonel. All that he did know was that the man was disgustingly rich and lived in a huge place down the road.

"Er—Leonora," Mr. Daniels said, "do you think shorts and a bandeau are a suitable costume for Louise to wear when she's electioneering?"

There was the sound of someone singing hymns; that would be Uncle Sim, who served as butler when he was not being an elder in his church.

"Sim!" called Mr. Daniels.

The lean doleful colored man appeared. "Yes, Mistuh George?"

"What do you know about an angry colonel named Carteret?"

"He'm a tough nut," said Uncle Sim.

This told Mr. Daniels exactly nothing. But more information came around the corner in the person of his stepdaughter, Carlotta, tall and dusky in dirty boots, patched dungarees, and an old sweater.

"Hi, Georgie," said she.

Mr. Daniels waved the letter. "There seems to be a little trouble."

CARLOTTA sat down on the steps. "There always is at Connemara, Georgie. What shape does it take this time?"

Mr. Daniels was quite fond of Carlotta, who combined the arts of riding horses and writing poetry in a most unlikely fashion. "A Colonel Carteret claims you rode your animal across his property and made the beast charge at him when he moved to protest."

Carlotta scowled. "Stuff! I was riding along the bridle path, and that's been a public right of way forever, whether the fool knows it or not. He burst out, yelling and waving his arms, and scared my horse so he started plunging. Carteret doesn't know a damn thing about horses, so he ran like mad and I swore at him. That's that."

Mr. Daniels had no doubt she had cursed Colonel Carteret, for both his stepdaughters were quite proficient in that art.

"Oughtn't an army man to know something about horses?"

Carlotta lay back lazily. "He isn't an army man. The colonel business is just some honorary thingumbob he picked up. Besides, he really isn't mad about me anyway. It's Leo."

Mr. Daniels wondered what his dashing redheaded wife had been doing to the synthetic colonel.

"He's mad," Carlotta said calmly, "because she's running against him for selectman."

Mr. Daniels doubted his senses. "Your mother is doing what?"

Carlotta grinned. "Leo has made up her mind to be a town selectman. So has old Carteret. Doesn't anybody around here ever tell you anything, Georgie?"

The front door banged open and Leonora rushed through, attempting to adjust her hat and put on her gloves at the same time.

Mr. Daniels was still amazed she was actually his wife. He still reveled in her flood of copper-colored hair, her red, red cheeks, her enormous dark eyes.

"What a lovely morning, Georgie! We're going out to get votes."

Behind Leonora appeared her elder daughter, Louise. She had the pink-and-white complexion of a milkmaid, she was almost alarmingly blonde, and she was clad in her customary costume of as little of a sun suit as possible.

"Carlotta sweet, do set my hat straight. Georgie, is my slip showing? Don't dawdle, Louise. We've got to see Professor Agnew and his wife before that beastly colonel does."

MR. DANIELS was overwhelmed by his wife. So were most people. "Er—Leonora, do you think a pair of shorts and a bandeau are a suitable costume for Louise to wear when she's electioneering?"

His wife blew him a kiss. "I don't know, dear. Aren't they? She looks so well in them—just like Venus or somebody."

She started down the drive at a hard run, with Louise after her, and

(*Continued on page 52*)

Birds Against the Wind

One of the most intricate and fascinating cycles in nature ties the bird colonies off Perú's coast to your sugar bowl

BY WILLIAM VOGT

MILLIONS of birds are due to die on the west coast of South America this year—and as a result you will have a little less sugar for your morning coffee.

From the Juan Fernandez Islands to the American breakfast table is a long jump, but it has been bridged by the studies of many naturalists and historians. The bridge is built of winds, ocean currents, mountains, and the chemistry of sea water.

The birds are the cormorants.

Their nesting colonies, found principally on groups of islands along the Peruvian coast, total well over a million adults. When each pair of parent birds has from two to five young, this is one of the greatest concentrations of vertebrate life known outside of New York's subways.

The cormorant has been called "the most valuable bird in the world." Its value comes from its production of the finest nitrogenous fertilizer known—guano. For at least 3,000 years it has been the means of producing Peru's rich crops of cotton, corn and, since the Conquest, sugar.

When the guano supply fails, crops fail.

The factors that make these enormous bird colonies possible form a complex pattern as delicately adjusted as a fine machine. Along the west coast of South America the Andes tower nearly five miles high. This rampart acts as a dam against the rain-filled southeast trade winds that blow in from Brazil. As the winds reach the mountains they cool off and drop their moisture. The east side of the Andes, toward Brazil, has as much as five *feet* of rainfall a year. On the west side of the Andes precipitation is measured in tenths of a millimeter—two-hundred-and-fiftieths of an inch.

The second indispensable factor in the chain is the icy Humboldt Current that sweeps South America's west coast. This great oceanic river can be compared to a conveyor belt moving in two directions at once—northward and toward the open sea. Its trend sets in motion highly complex physical and chemical changes without which these vast concentrations of birds could not exist.

For here is a sea that, unlike most oceans of the world, is rarely impoverished. Microscopic plant life is extraordinarily abundant in these pastures of the sea.

The basis of life here, as in all of the seas of the world, is diatoms, microscopic and extraordinarily beautiful plants. And with the diatoms begins a fascinating food chain, running from diatoms-to-anchovies-to-birds-to-man. Not, of course, that man eats the birds directly. On the coast of Peru he has been smarter than this. He collects the excrement of the birds and uses it to restore fertility to his fields and gardens.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

If you think New York's subways are crowded, just look at this enormous colony of gannets.

In the 1850s guano's fame as a fertilizer spread around the world and Peru had a guano boom comparable to the California gold rush. Hudson River ice was carried around the Horn in windjammers that took back to the gardens of New Jersey and Brooklyn this restorer of fertility.

The Peruvians wrongly assumed that this storehouse was inexhaustible. By 1911, the decreasing guano supplies were disastrous for the Peruvian treasury—and for Peruvian agriculture. Then business men formed a corporation, in which the government had a controlling interest, to bring back the guano. By wise management they slowly built up this resource until, in 1939, it reached its highest annual production of 168,000 tons.

The extraordinary success of this business management could not have been achieved, of course, except through rigid protection of the birds and the fishes upon which they depend. During the breeding season enough food must be available to feed two million birds within three hours' flight range of the island, perhaps sixty miles—in other words, *a million pounds a day*.

The winds that drive the Humboldt Current on its way are the cogwheel which regularly, every seven or eight years, throws the whole mechanism out of adjustment. As the cycle comes around they veer inexplicably. Warm tropical waters are brought in from the open Pacific. Sea temperatures rise to ninety degrees. The sea is impoverished.

Daily, the cormorants are forced to range more and more widely in search of food. Finally, in desperation, they abandon their young and scatter far. In the 1939-40 bird-population crash, I estimated that well over six million died.

Not only their food supply is affected. With the shift of winds, islands that are normally cool rise in surface temperature as high as 127 degrees Fahrenheit.

The young birds are baked to death and epidemics spread among the weakened adults.

Except for these depression years, Peru's cormorants have a lower mortality rate than any bird I know. The cyclic cutbacks in population are Nature's way of balancing her bird budget and ensuring that the survivors shall have enough food and nesting space to live out their allotted span.

THE END

Traffic in Hope

The lotteries are back and with them the perennial headache: How to prohibit something almost as instinctive as breathing

BY ROBERT T. FURMAN, Jr.

THE foreign lotteries' postwar campaign for American money is well under way. Once again the Post Office Department is intercepting hundreds of letters from lottery-ticket salesmen in Mexico, Cuba, Jamaica, Australia, Ireland, and Canada. As one Post Office inspector put it as he examined a lot of confiscated pasteboards, "Well, now I know the war's really over. It's beginning to look like old times around here."

Old times were good times for the foreign lottery promoters. Before the war Americans poured what the Post Office experts estimated to be a billion and a half dollars a year into out-of-the-country drawings. The Irish Sweepstakes alone is believed to have raked in a billion dollars of U. S. money between 1930 and 1940. Some of these sweepstakes were legal in their own countries. Many were nothing but out-and-out frauds.

World War II, which interrupted mail and travel communication, was a blow to the foreign lotteries because it cut off their harvest of American dollars. The out-and-out fraudulent "drawings" collapsed completely. But most of those which had the approval of their own governments, including the Mexican National, the Cuban, the Jamaican, and the several state lotteries which Australia legalized in 1934, continued to operate locally. And, contrary to the general impression, so did the Irish Sweepstakes. "Sweeps" prizes continued to be almost as large as ever, up to £20,000, but fewer could be given because of the absent Yankee cash. That some American cash continued to find its way to the Irish Sweepstakes is evident, because on June 5, Wilfred Nault, an ironworker in Washington, D. C., received notice from the Hospital Trust in Dublin that he had won $100,000. He'll keep $36,000 after taxes, if he can get the money out of Ireland; which, the Treasury Department warns, will not be an easy thing to do.

Now that international communications have been re-established, the promoters are out to start the tide of big money—American money—rolling their way again. The postwar campaign seems, thus far, to have been confined to the mails. Most of the tickets are arriving in unmarked envelopes, accompanied by a sales letter painting a rosy picture of the prize money one is almost sure to win. The writers usually attempt to toss off the illegal aspect of the proposed transaction with some such assurances as, "Many large prizes have been won by residents of the United States . . . you have a full, legal right to win a fortune in the Cuban National [or whatever] lottery"! Of course that's not true. If you are a resident of the United States, there are state and federal laws which make practically every aspect of lottery participation illegal.

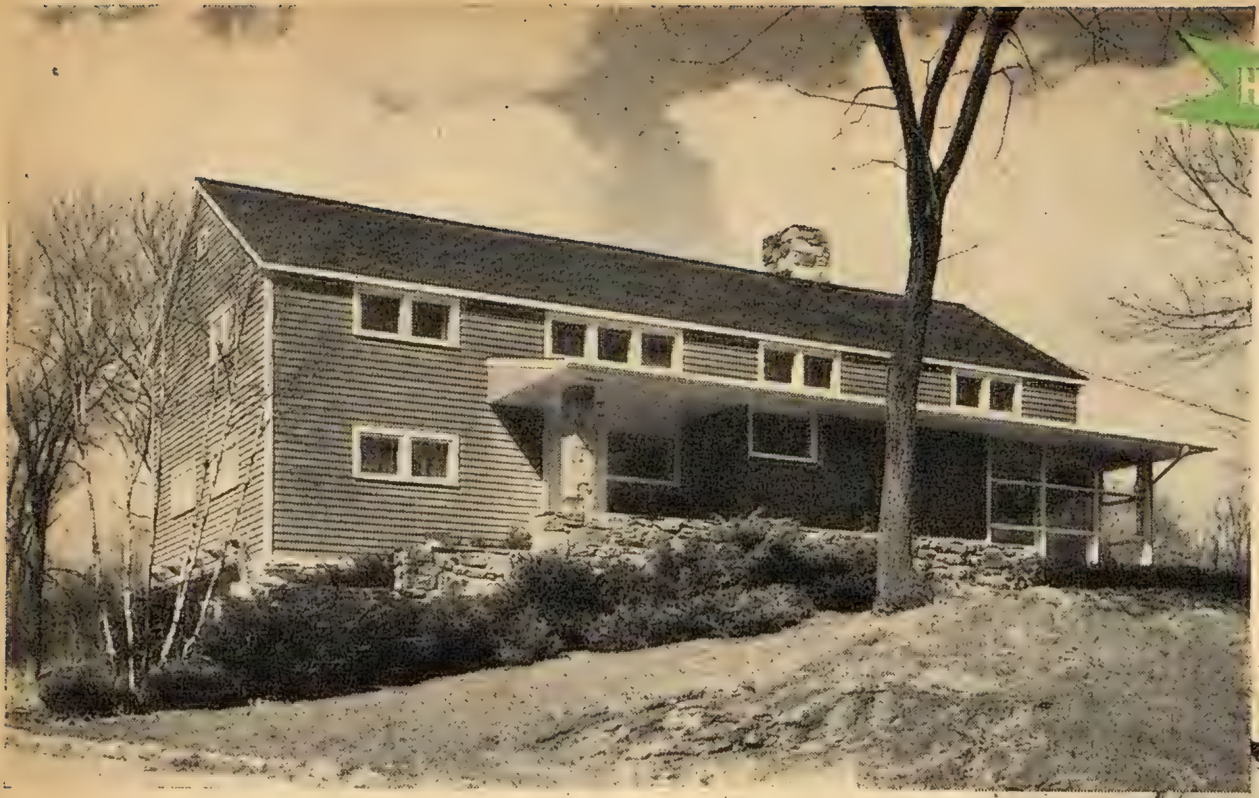
The principal barrier which stands in the way of the sale of foreign lottery tickets in America is the U. S. Postal statute which forbids the use of the mails to lotteries and any of their attendant activities such as advertising or money transfer. Anyone who mails lottery material is liable to a fine of $1,000 and two years in jail. A second offender can be sent to jail for five years, and a third offender for fifteen. But this law has seldom, if ever, been invoked against individual ticket purchasers.

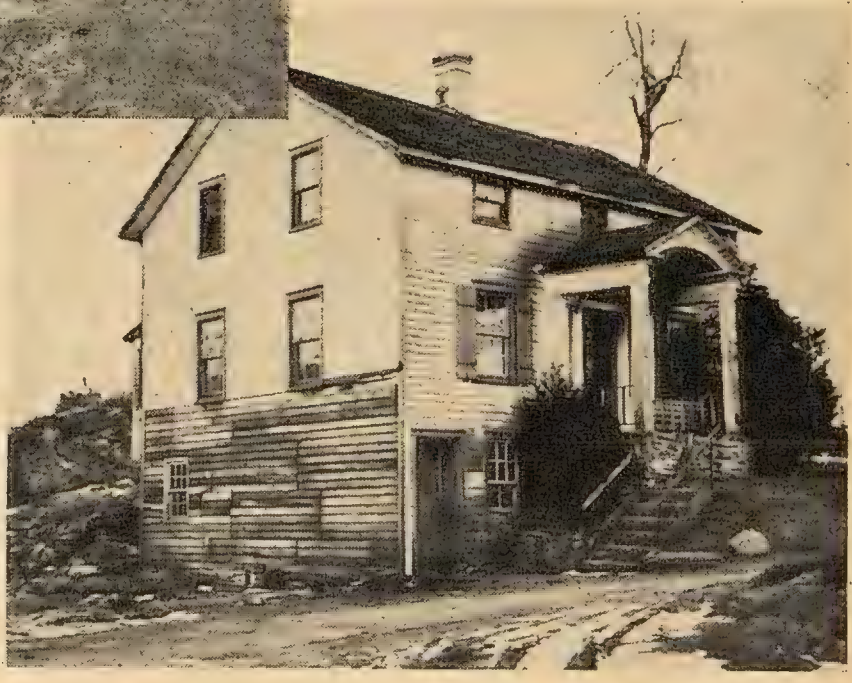
When lottery material is mailed from foreign countries, the guilty person is outside the jurisdiction of the U. S. courts. The Post Office has to resort to what it calls a "fraud order." Here's how it works: When E. G. Fraguela of Havana recently started sending out lottery solicitations, his mail passed through the hands of postal clerks at a port of entry, probably Miami. The letters looked suspicious to these old hands, so

(*Continued on page 80*)

Irish Sweepstakes winners of a total of over $1,000,000. It's a 375,000-to-1 chance against winning a first prize.
INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

HOMES FOR AMERICANS





The original house (below) was old and unsuitable, but its still sturdy structural members were put to good use, saving the Sherwoods $3,000 and giving them the fine modern home at the left. Landscaping is designed to make the house seem to cling much lower to the ground.

TOMMY WEBER PHOTOS

Old House Goes Modern

BY DARRELL HUFF

ALL-OUT remodeling is a questionable proposition. Many remodeled houses have cost more to rebuild than they are worth. But these are unusual times. An unlivable old house that is still structurally sound may offer an economical way to obtain a good home.

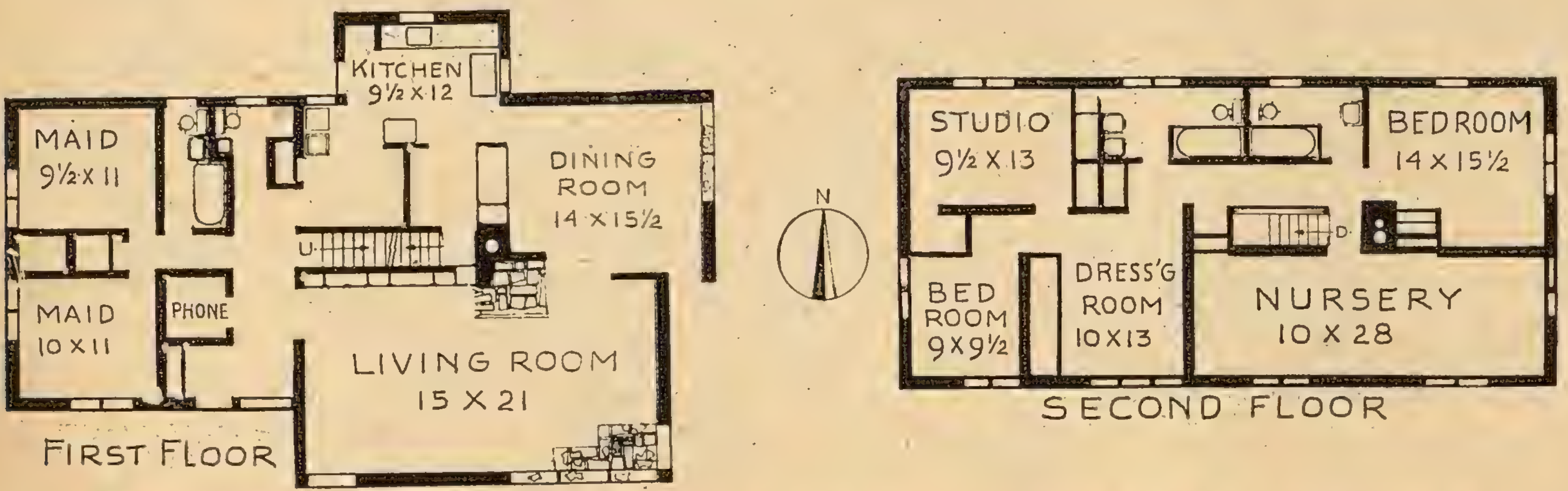
Remodeling is most likely to be worth while if you require a fairly large house, since a large house is bound to be expensive anyway, and may be impossible under present restrictions.

Shown on these pages is such a house. Its cost of $13,000 is estimated by the architect and owner, Thorne Sherwood of Stamford, Connecticut, as at least $3,000 less than if he had started from the ground up. There was a great saving in materials; the original framing, of old and seasoned chestnut of a quality virtually unobtainable today was used almost in its entirety.

It is not enormous, but it is a lot of house for the money. It contains a large living room, dining room, kitchen-laundry, and studio; there are three complete bathrooms and one partial bathroom; there are two maids' rooms that could become bedrooms, two bedrooms (one having a dressing room), and a long nursery that turns into bedrooms for two children when a folding door is closed.

For any family requiring so much space, remodeling may be the economical answer at any time. Right now it may be the only solution.

The remarkable thing about what has happened to this old Connecticut farmhouse is that the remodeled version is a fully modern home. It has



Remodeling may be your answer to the housing shortage. It's a practical way to get a striking modern house, and it may be cheaper than a new one

Folding doors convert the playroom into two bedrooms at night. Note high windows.

GEOFFREY BAKER PHOTOS

the virtues of contemporary architecture: open planning to make the rooms flexible in use; giant view windows; roof overhangs to keep out the summer sun; generous ventilation and light. And it has many other features usually lacking in even the most modern houses.

With all this, the house has taken on crisp, exciting lines that make its appearance striking and ageless.

"The reason the contemporary organization does show through," the architect says, "is that the house was designed specifically for modern family life—in this case, that of my family.

"It was designed to catch the view south and east over a little lake, so there are large windows in those parts of living and dining rooms. These windows also catch the winter sun all day, while the overhangs exclude all sun after the end of April. The dining-room window to the east is a morning sun trap."

The windows in the living room are high to give efficient light for a grand piano. In the window corner of the room is a tiny pool with a water outlet. "Since we have our own water supply, the pool is not extravagant," Mr. Sherwood says. "It humidifies the living-dining area in winter and provides a handy water source for plants. It is a focal point in the living room; at night a concealed spotlight plays on it."

The fireplace is located in a corner where it is visible from dining room as well as living room. The dining room is open to the living room, but can be closed off with a screen. In addition to the usual doorway, dining room and kitchen are joined by a buffet built into the wall and opening on both sides. Kitchen and laundry are separate areas in one room, with plenty of storage space.

In the parents' area on the second floor, big-house luxury is compressed into small space. There is a small bedroom, dressing room, and a bathroom. Mr. Sherwood's studio is also in this area.

The children's part of the second floor contains a bedroom and a nursery, and a bathroom handy to both. The long narrow nursery is one big room by day; by night it divides into separate sleeping rooms.

Kitchen, bathrooms, and laundry are all concentrated on the north side of the house. This saves the sunny south side for living areas and also, by keeping the service facilities close together, reduces the plumbing costs. Since living areas face other directions, it has been possible to keep north windows small, cutting heating costs.

All this leads to Mrs. Sherwood's only criticism of the house.

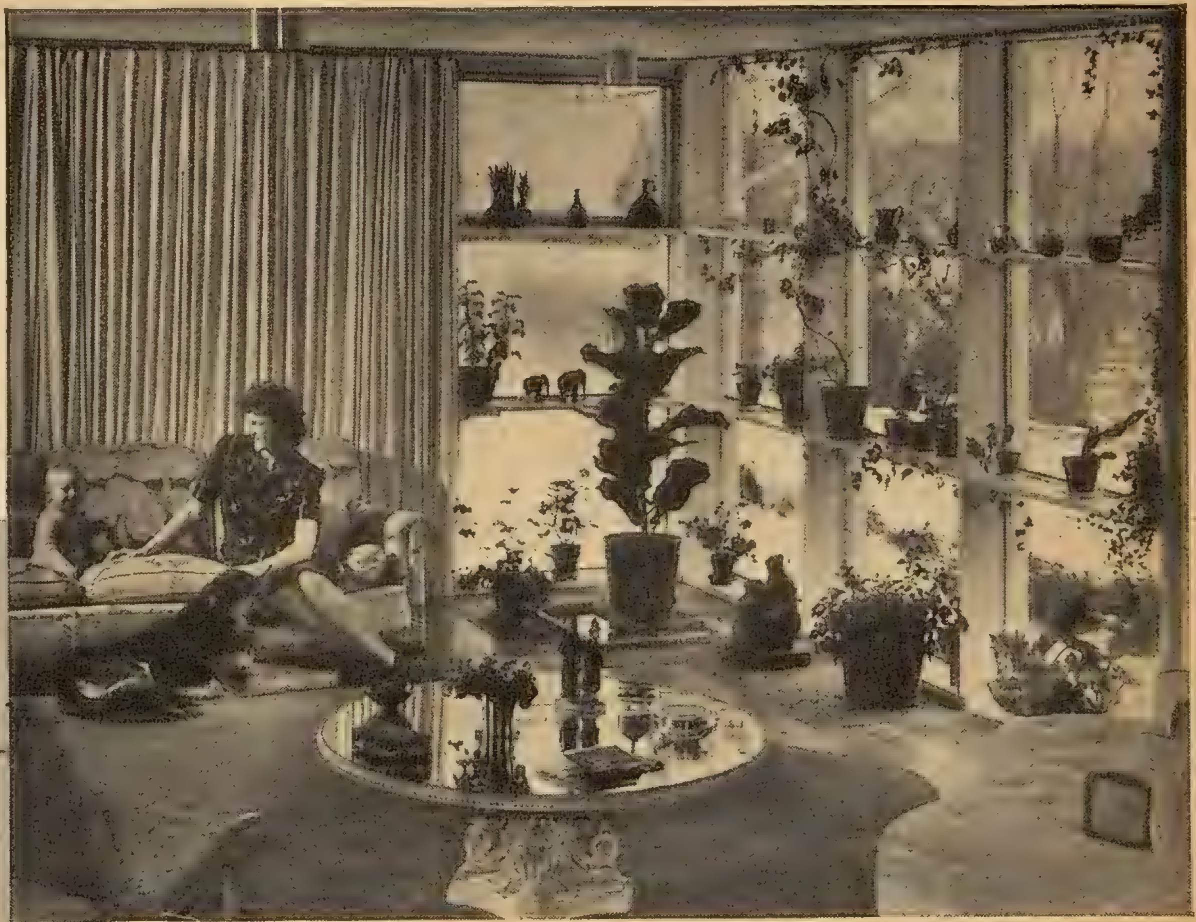
"I feel now," she says, "that the kitchen should be larger and lighter to provide a good place to feed the children."

She likes the flexible arrangement of living and dining rooms that is characteristic of modern open planning. Almost as notable as the plan of the house are some of the details.

The linoleum is light throughout, with a marbleized pattern in the children's rooms so that black heel marks won't show. Doors are flush plywood panels for simple appearance and easy maintenance; Mr. Sherwood did much of the cabinetwork himself. A closet in the front hall is also a telephone room. The front wall of the phone room is glass brick: "The children can't break it, yet it admits plenty of daylight."

The two maids' rooms are actually used for storage now. Arranged as they are at an end of the house, with a bathroom handy, they could become a small apartment for one or two persons, giving the house unusual flexibility.

The outside of the house is partly clapboard, partly wide pine flush siding, all painted barn red with white trim.



Modern window corner brings the outdoors inside. At night tin-can lights in the ceiling make a dramatic effect on the irregularly cut living-room rug.

Built-in buffet opens into kitchen, permitting time-saving service. Both cupboards and drawers are also accessible from kitchen and dining room.

The red was chosen for easy maintenance, but it also helps the house fit into its New England countryside.

The entire layout is convincing evidence that a remodeled old house can be as modern as a house that is entirely new.

THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY RAFAEL DE SOTO

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

Strictly from Dixie

BY CAROLIN McCREARY

Even for a circus seal, Slicker's piano renditions were off the cob. Then miraculously he was playing like Duchin

STELL SANKEY could hear the seals barking and crying for attention. Let them cry, she thought, as she tried to get some sleep in the trailer. Sometimes she thought she wouldn't hate the seals so much if they had a Number One spot. But they were Number Three.

She was just beginning to doze off when she heard the seals again. Why couldn't Art learn that he had set himself a hopeless task? The star seal of the Number One spot played My Country, 'Tis of Thee; the star seal of the Number Two spot played My Country, 'Tis of Thee; but Slicker, the Sankeys' star, just couldn't play it completely. Art insisted that Slicker couldn't play it because he had been taught something else which was trying to come out instead. But Stell thought it was because Slicker was dumb.

No use trying to sleep with that honking and barking going on. She got up and put on her seersucker robe and went out to the other trailer. Sure enough, Art had the little piano pushed up against the side of the trailer for shade, just below the legend, "Sankeys' Seals," which was painted on the trailer in flamboyant color and style, and was trying to cajole Slicker into playing My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

The seal's piano looked like a miniature piano with big keys, and above the keys, along the place where the music rack would normally be, there was mounted a series of brightly colored rubber bulbs. These bulbs were parts of horns which looked like old-fashioned automobile horns. And when Slicker propped himself up on the bench with his flippers, and pressed his nose against the rubber bulbs, the sound would blare out.

As she watched, Slicker pushed his nose against one horn, and then another, and yet another, and for a few minutes it seemed as though he might get on with it. But just when Art was beginning to smile, Slicker flopped down off the bench, rolled over, and clapped his flippers. In his own opinion he had given a great performance.

Art almost cried with disappointment, but he patted Slicker, told him he was a good boy, and gave him a few bits of dried fish.

"Why don't you give him a good pinch instead?" Stell asked.

"Now, Stell!" Reproach was in Art's voice. "You know that ain't the way to train a seal. I got to encourage him into it."

"Do you realize, Art," she asked, "that you been trying to encourage him into it for three months? Why don't you just admit he can't do it, and sell him? Those crowds in Pittsburgh sure laughed at him, but not the way we wanted them to."

"I want you to know, Stell," Art's voice was firm, "I ain't never goin' to give up. Slicker's smart. There ain't nothin' he can't learn."

ANOTHER voice cut in on them. Stell and Art stiffened. It was Bob O'Leary, who had the Number One spot.

"Stell's right," Bob said. "You can see Slicker can't do it. Why, just look at what happened in Akron."

Stell and Art didn't like to be reminded of Akron. Slicker had just played a couple of notes there, and then flopped down and away. Mr. Busby, the manager, said that if it happened again, he'd have to look around for a new Number Three spot.

"Whyunt you mind your own business?" Stell asked. It was one thing for her to belittle Art's efforts, but she wasn't going to let any dumb cluck like Bob O'Leary get away with it.

"'Cause I got your interest at heart, that's why. You folks are getting on. Whyunt you retire? I'll buy you out."

"Mighty generous of you," Stell countered. "What's the matter? Afraid our seals'll steal your spot? Look what they can do with a medicine ball."

"Yeah," Bob conceded, and then added, "But medicine ball ain't the act. Playing My Country, 'Tis of Thee, that's the act. I'll pay you a fair price for third-spot seals. They'd make a good background for mine."

Before Art had a chance to refuse outright, Stell cut in, "We'll think it over. Might at that."

"Oke. No rush. Let me know later," Bob smiled.

Art watched him walk away. He spat. "Third-spot seals!" he said. "They're a damn sight smarter than his." He pointed to the piano. "Come on, Slicker, let's show 'em. Let's try it just once more."

Stell knew it would be the same old story. She didn't wait to hear. She went into their trailer to get fixed up for the show. How wonderful it would be to stop somewhere and stay there for good! She had wanted to buy a store and filling station in New Mexico, but just when she thought she had talked Art into it, a smooth-talking guy from Alabama had sold him the seals.

After she was freshened up and dressed, Art came into the trailer to get ready. He looked discouraged. "Something gets in Slicker's way, Stell," he said. "He wants to play another tune."

"What does he want to play, then?" she asked wearily.

"I don't know. He'll play a few notes now and then by hisself. And it's sorter familiar. Wisht I knew." Art's voice was wistful.

Stell rested her head against his shoulder. "It ain't that I don't want to see you happy, Art. But you ain't happy trying to teach Slicker what he can't learn. And it's jest that some day I'd like to live in a house and have a cupboard for my clothes. Seems like I been takin' them off a peg or outa a trunk all my life."

"Maybe you're right. Does seem like I ain't getting nowhere."

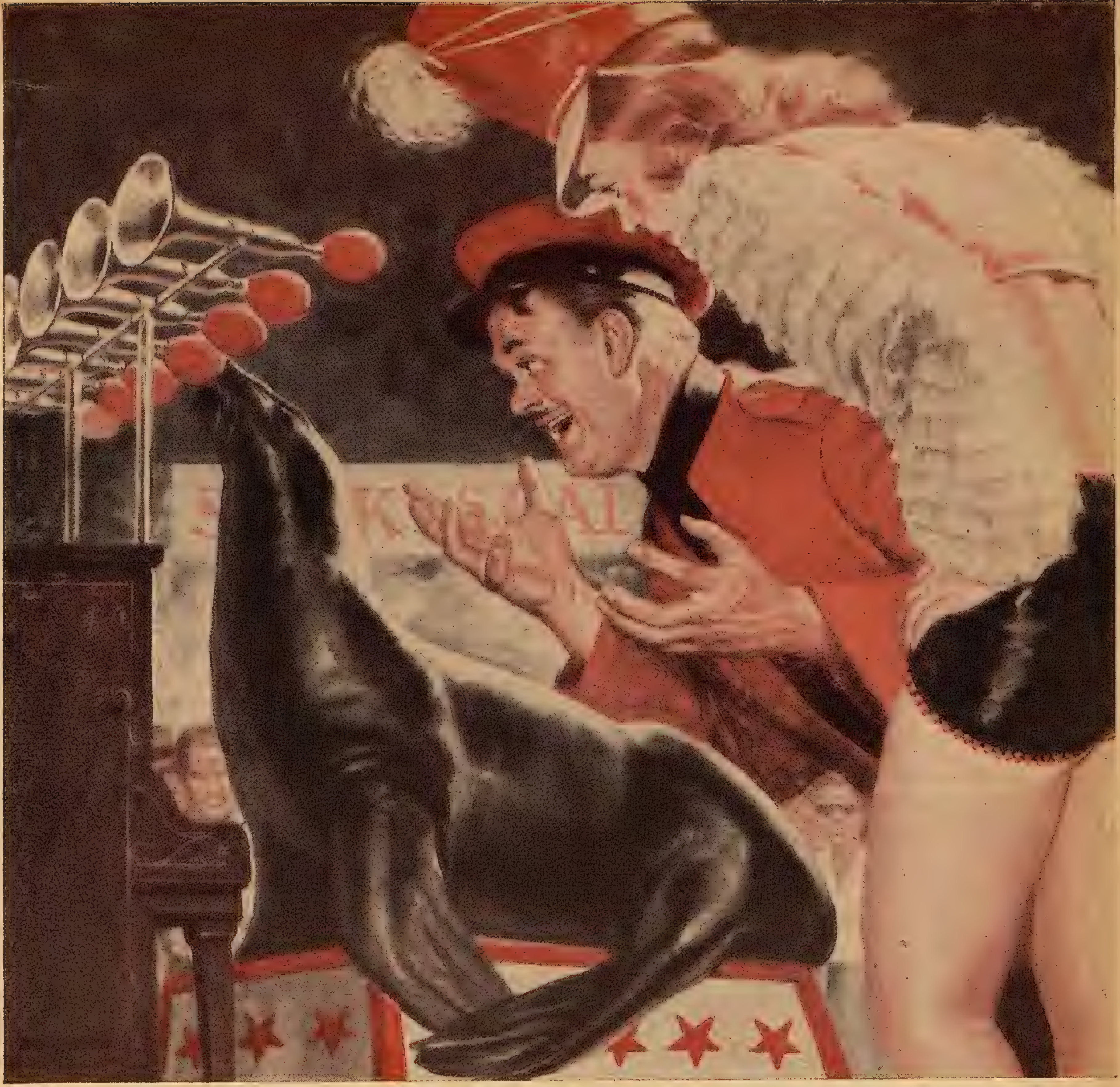
STELL got up. "Time for us," she said.

Art went for the seals, and they flopped their way across the dirt after him to the wooden stage, flopped up on it and began to go through their act. Stell and Art patted them after each trick and tossed them a bit of fish. Stell and Art smiled glassily each time the seals stopped the performance to applaud themselves noisily. The audience looked bored.

Now came the time for the piano. Slicker barked and applauded himself in advance.

This was the moment in which she was supposed to step forward and throw him a bit of fish. But suppose she didn't? Suppose she pinched him instead? A good hard pinch. And then he would roll over and refuse to do anything more and cry like a baby. Then Art would sell him and she would get to New Mexico. Her hand shot forward. Slicker barked and screamed.

Slicker screamed again and flopped away from her right up to the bench of the piano. He hopped up on it with



Slicker braced himself and then began to play. The tune came out clear and strong. But not My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

determination, braced himself, and then began to play. But not My Country, 'Tis of Thee. At first she didn't recognize the tune, but as he kept on, she got it. For the tune came out clear and strong. Clearer and stronger than either Number One or Number Two spot. Slicker was playing Dixie.

Before he was far along, the crowd was laughing and clapping and whistling their approval.

At last, exhausted, Slicker flopped off the bench, rolled over, flapped his flippers, and cried. Art gathered him in his arms and hugged and squeezed him. And the crowd was amused by that, too.

"I told you he wasn't dumb. I said all along that he was trying to play something." Art could boast now.

Stell said nothing. She was furious with herself. She had fixed things good, hadn't she? She was stuck with those darn seals forever.

When they got back to their trailer, Mr. Busby, the manager, was there.

"That was a good show you folks put on," he said. "Whutud you say to taking over the Number One spot? That was pretty cute of you teaching Slicker to play Dixie for the Southern tour."

She'd fixed it, Stell thought. She sure had. Art would never quit now, once he had smelled success.

The three of them watched Bob O'Leary come toward them across the lot. "Hello, Busby," he called out when he got close. "I was just telling these folks they ought to sell me their act. How about it?" he asked, turning to them.

"What do you think?" Art replied loftily. "Mr. Busby, here, just offered us the Number One spot—on account of Dixie."

Stell had the pleasure of seeing Bob O'Leary's face turn green.

"Oh, you'll be Number Two," Mr. Busby cut in quickly. "Same pay, too." He didn't want to lose Bob's act either. "And it won't take you long to learn your star to play Dixie."

Stell and Art winked at each other.

"The thing is, Bob," Art said expansively, "that you got to love them just like they was your own flesh and blood. Then they'll do anything for you. Ain't that right, Stell?"

Stell thought for a minute. After all, if you had Number One spot, life in a circus wasn't bad. And she was going to enjoy watching Bob trying to teach his star to play Dixie.

"You betcha," Stell said.

THE END

Pain in Your Pocketbook

It won't help you pay it, but this is why that hospital bill is so high

BY MAXINE DAVIS

YOU wake up in the middle of the night with an excruciating pain in your midriff—a pain dreadful beyond description. Later, when the worst is over, you learn you have had a gangrenous gall bladder, a menace that is quite likely to attack without warning, financially as well as physically. And some weeks later, when you are cashing some of your war bonds to cover hospital bills, you conclude that a surgical operation in a hospital is as great a luxury for you as a mink coat for a charwoman.

When you have paid the surgeon and your own doctor, you have spent more than $1,000, not counting the time you have lost from your office.

Perhaps you have hospitalization insurance. There are many institutions such as the Blue Cross which make it possible to cushion oneself against the worst of hospital costs. But in any case the hospital will render its accounts, unaffected by the fact that the insurance company will foot all or part of the bill.

Even if you have a semiprivate room or a bed in a ward, it still results in financial strain. For hospital care is becoming more costly with every new scientific development. However, the hospitals seldom make a profit.

The majority of non-profit hospitals even have to charge private patients sums which will contribute to the cost of care for those who cannot pay at all, or who can only pay nominal fees. That is one charge never itemized but always figured in your bill. The efficiency of hospital administration also is a factor in costs. Unfortunately, more hospitals are poorly administered than otherwise. Few hospital administrators are trained for their jobs. An efficiency expert sent in to diagnose the administrative problems of one metropolitan hospital recently cut $500 a week on the laundry bill alone without penalizing the patients. He also found vast waste in the kitchen because of inefficient diet planning. His findings are not unusual, although the biggest items of hospital expense are labor and food. About 60 per cent of the outgo of almost any hospital is paid to personnel and about 25 per cent of the hospital budget usually goes for food. Labor and food are inescapable expenses, and you must pay for your share of them, but you pay more when the administration of those departments is slipshod and wasteful.

PHOTO BY EMIL HERMAN

This patient has just had a shock. His doctor said he was all better, but after looking at his hospital bill he isn't quite sure.

These costs are basic to your bill. There are, however, other charges which sound rational but which merit our examination. For instance, take the cost of X-rays. It is true that the initial cost of the equipment is considerable and that X-ray specialists must be highly trained. You and I pay up to $50 or $100 or even more for X-rays because in most places the X-ray specialists are not part of the hospital staff and so are able to fix their own prices. Some hospital administrators maintain this is unnecessary. The roentgenologists argue that their skill entitles them to independence of hospital staffs.

Other items besides X-rays run up your bill, some reasonably, others unreasonably. For example, your anesthetic is costly. If you are fortunate enough to have a trained anesthetist, as a rule you pay him $25, a sum actually too small for the training he has had and the importance of his function. However, complicated general anesthesias or spinal anesthetics demand more skill and care than local or regional anesthesias, and the cost to you should be less for the simple than for the complex types. This is not always the case.

Now, you and I are not the only ones who have been concerned with the high cost of hospital care. The hospitals themselves have been considering and even experimenting with ways to improve the situation.

Several hundred hospitals have adopted a system by which they charge an all-inclusive rate. Under the plan, the hospital simply adds up all possible charges for essential services and apportions the cost among all patients, regardless of how much each required. Thus, you may have an operation that takes hours to perform, need transfusions, oxygen, numerous X-rays, and a dozen other kinds of technical facilities; or you may simply have your tonsils snipped out. In any case, your cost per day is the same. The only variations in the bill arise from the length of your stay—because the greatest expense in hospital care comes during the first days—or from the kind of room you have. A private room is inevitably more expensive than a four-bed room.

Some of the best hospitals in the country have been successful with other plans. For example, the Baker Memorial of the Massachusetts General Hospital has a system of flat rates for services and also for surgeons' fees. It is designed to meet the needs of men and women of moderate means, give them what they need without leaving them financially stranded. The income group it receives ranges roughly from $2,000 to $5,000 a year.

Hospitals are big organizations and they do not change quickly or spontaneously, but, like other public institutions, they are responsive to public demand. So do not despair. You need not go bankrupt because you have a serious stomach-ache. All you have to do is to demand sound hospital administration and fiscal practices.

THE END

Parched Paradise

Flood and drought give the farmers of California's Central Valley a colossal headache. But there's a cure

BY GEORGE ARMIN SHAFTEL

BACK in 1872, a party of horsemen rode slowly down a parched, barren California valley. Leland Stanford and Mark Hopkins were surveying a right of way for their railroad, the Southern Pacific. Far ahead in the desert a spot of color grew, swelled, became a miraculous 2,000-acre wheatfield. Stanford immediately chose this oasis for the site of their railroad town which we know as Fresno.

The oasis of green in a baked and empty land was possible because of water brought from King's River by way of Fancher Creek. Irrigation had worked the small miracle.

Irrigation has worked an increasing miracle ever since. Today Fresno is the metropolis of probably the richest agricultural empire on earth. In the Central Valley are some 40,000 farms that total an investment of two billion dollars. Irrigation made this possible. But its biggest job is still ahead.

Of the valley's ten million acres of irrigable land, only three million are now farmed—for an annual harvest worth half a billion dollars. Paying off like that, you'd think that a lot more of those rich acres would be put to work. But the profitable acreage has actually been diminishing because of a gigantic contradiction. Valley farmers have been deviled by twin nightmares.

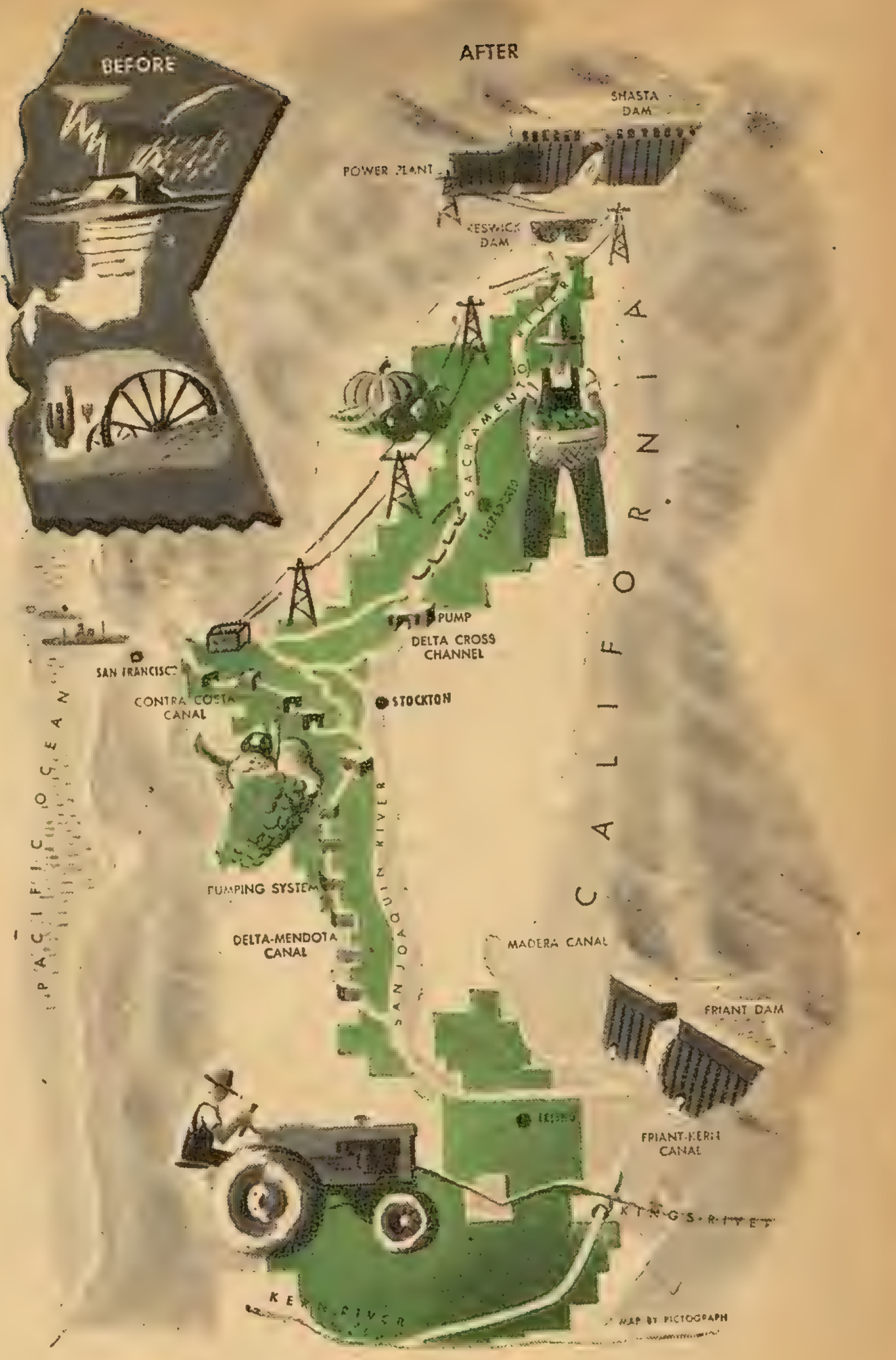
The Sacramento River drains the north half of the valley, and the San Joaquin River flows up the south half. The two streams meet in the delta area, and turn west to flow into San Francisco Bay. Stated briefly, the water problem consists of the fact that the Sacramento end of the valley receives two thirds of the available water and has only one third of the need for irrigation, while the San Joaquin end has two thirds of the need and receives but one third of the water. Moreover, that surplus water has hit the Sacramento area in floods that wrecked the countryside and wasted out to sea. The inundations of 1937-38, for example, did $150,000,000 worth of destruction.

While floods have raged in the north, rich farms in the south have been reverting to desert for lack of moisture.

The answer to the problem seems obvious: simply give the north's water surplus to the parched south. And that, exactly, is what the Central Valley Project is doing.

The project is the biggest job ever undertaken by the Bureau of Reclamation, which built Boulder Dam. In fact, if you include the full scope of the project's future, it is one of the greatest water-conservation plans in history.

Shasta Dam is the keystone of the project. It stores the waters of the Sacramento, Pit, and McCloud rivers, creating a man-made lake that will be thirty-five miles long and of 4,500,000 acre-feet capacity. That's enough water to cover San Francisco to a depth of 167 feet. The power plant at Shasta's base will generate a billion and a half kilowatt hours of electricity annually. The dam will release a minimum of 5,000 feet of water a second in summer to keep the Sacramento River robust and working. As the flow nears the mouth of the Sacramento, a big portion of it will be diverted southward through the delta cross channel.



This map shows how the great Central Valley Project will make fully arable an area larger than England.

A canal will carry the flow southward, along the west side of the valley, for 100 miles, emptying it finally into Mendota Pool in Fresno County. En route, irrigation ditches will take off water to vitalize a million acres hog-fat with fertility. It will mean that the Sacramento has been tamed of its annual rampages and trained into an eager beaver.

An even more drastic change of character will be accomplished upon the San Joaquin River. It used to flow north. It's going, very soon, to flow *south.*

Twenty miles north of Fresno is Friant Dam, which impounds the San Joaquin River. Its most important job will be to furnish a constant flow for the Friant-Kern Canal, the largest channel in the entire project, which will run south along the foothills east of Fresno for 160 miles, down into that hell's hip pocket at the far end of the valley where the need for water is so desperate that farms are withering back into desert.

Two smaller canals, almost completed, are part of the present scope of the project. The Madera Canal flows *northward* from Friant Dam. Then, up north, there is the partly completed Contra Costa Canal, which furnishes water to a rich fruit and vegetable and industrial area.

The Central Valley Project is going to cost plenty, but by selling surplus electric power, it will pay for itself in from forty to fifty years.

THE END

And Don't Spare the Horses

Mr. Selznick's $7,300,000 super-duper Duel in the Sun is more than an epic of the West. It is an epic of human endurance

BY ELIZABETH WILSON

ALL over the Vanguard Films lot Selznick employees are gradually recovering from Duel in the Sun. All ready for fall release, Duel tells a story of conflict against the bleak background of the Texas Panhandle in the 1880s and, though reverently referred to as an "epic" by the Selznick publicity department, is essentially a Western, but a Western that has more fancy trimmings than a California sheriff's horse. At $7,300,000 it will outcost any other Western ever made. In fact, at $7,300,000 it will outcost any film ever made! Even Selznick's fabulous Gone with the Wind cost only $3,500,000.

Duel in the Sun was a long time being born.

Some years ago Niven Busch figured that if he wrote a successful novel around a heroine that his wife, Teresa Wright, could portray, he could sell a studio the whole package, with himself as producer. He was right. Hardly was the book off the presses before RKO made a deal. Busch was all set to start production when he found himself in a peculiar dual role. As a prospective father he was delighted, but as a prospective producer he was furious. Since the part was pretty rugged, the doctor would not let Teresa undertake it.

Busch then engaged Hedy Lamarr—and before production could get under way Hedy admitted to Louella Parsons and to the world that Hedy and husband John Loder were expecting the stork.

At this low point Selznick stepped in and bought the property. In the three top spots he cast Jennifer Jones, Joe Cotten, and Gregory Peck. The nearest the stork got to the set was Jennifer's stand-in.

Art director James Basevi and production designer Joseph McMillen Johnson had the job of establishing Spanish Bit, the ranch house, as a personality. First they came up with an impressive Mexican building. Selznick decided it was not right.

Senator McCanles (Lionel Barrymore), he reasoned, would want to please his bride (Lillian Gish), a New Orleans belle, with some suggestion of New Orleans elegance in this house on the raw Texas frontier. The next design had a touch of old New Orleans. But Selznick felt it still didn't suggest conflict, which he insisted must be sensed in the house as well as in the action. Just as Tara in Gone with the Wind and Manderley in Rebecca had been definite characters, so Spanish Bit must come alive. They also had to build the house twice—once on a mesa some forty miles out of Tucson and again on the sound stages on the lot.

Transportation chief Joyce Allen had her headaches. There was a war on. Three van loads of generators and other electrical equipment, 400 horses, 400 head of cattle, 20 tons of props, including such items as 107 revolvers and poker chips of the 1880s, had to reach Tucson.

The engineering feat necessary to put an old Baldwin wood-burning locomotive and its five cars up on Lasky Mesa was indeed a something. And cost $35,000. Tons of equipment had to be hauled up five miles of twisting trails. The last heave was done with cranes. Eight hundred feet of double track was laid before they were ready to shoot the sequence known as the fence-line scene.

Lowell Farrell, assistant director, recalls the day Selznick decided they must have some genuine Texas longhorn cattle for the scene the next day. What with finding them, with state border agricultural inspections and transportation problems, it took five days to get them. Selznick was amazed and hurt, "Cattle!" he exclaimed. "What's so difficult about cattle?" "I told Mr. Selznick," says Farrell with a smile, "'You know their horns measure six feet from tip to tip. You can't get them through the door of a passenger plane. Their horns just won't bend.'"

"Mr. Selznick is willing to spend the money to achieve perfection in color," says Ray Rennahan, Technicolor's cameraman assigned to the picture. "A small detail such as the scene where Vashti [Butterfly McQueen] enters Pearl Chavez' [Jennifer Jones] room at night ordinarily requires only ten or fifteen minutes to light. But Selznick wanted the velvety blackness of night broken only by the soft light of the kerosene lamp reflecting the shiny blackness of the Negro maid's face. We spent an hour getting it right. When production costs run to sixty-five hundred dollars an hour, this means an amount which no other producer I know is willing to spend."

There were thirty-five technical advisers on the picture. Captain C. W. Ellison, who before the war put on Sheriff Biscailuz' famed barbecues, supervised Duel's big feast. "I had visions of really putting my hands on lots of meat again," he says. But even Selznick couldn't achieve that miracle in the summer months of 1945. Ellison recalls, "We had a couple of hams, a lot of turkeys and chickens, and some lifelike-looking beeves. They had to be lifelike, because Selznick insisted it had to be done Texas style, on a spit above the ground. By the time the experts got through, you couldn't tell those painted plaster things from the real stuff.

"Even so, there was plenty of food for everyone—at least a thousand people. I was glad of that because, just as we finished shooting, the news flashes came announcing the end of the war with Japan. Everybody tore out to celebrate. One fellow took time to pat me on the back and say, 'Thanks for the feed, bub. Now I won't have to drink on an empty stomach.'"

AS Selznick's passion for realism includes an aversion to doubles for his stars, Gregory Peck spent two preliminary months working with the trick pinto, Dice, and his trainer, Ralph McCutcheon. Peck had ridden when he was a kid, but he had to learn to do running side mounts and other reckless bits of horsemanship.

Forrest Damewood, head of the studio's first-aid department, had a mobile hospital and three ambulances standing by at all times. Over 100,000 salt tablets were taken by the cast and crew during production, as a heat precaution.

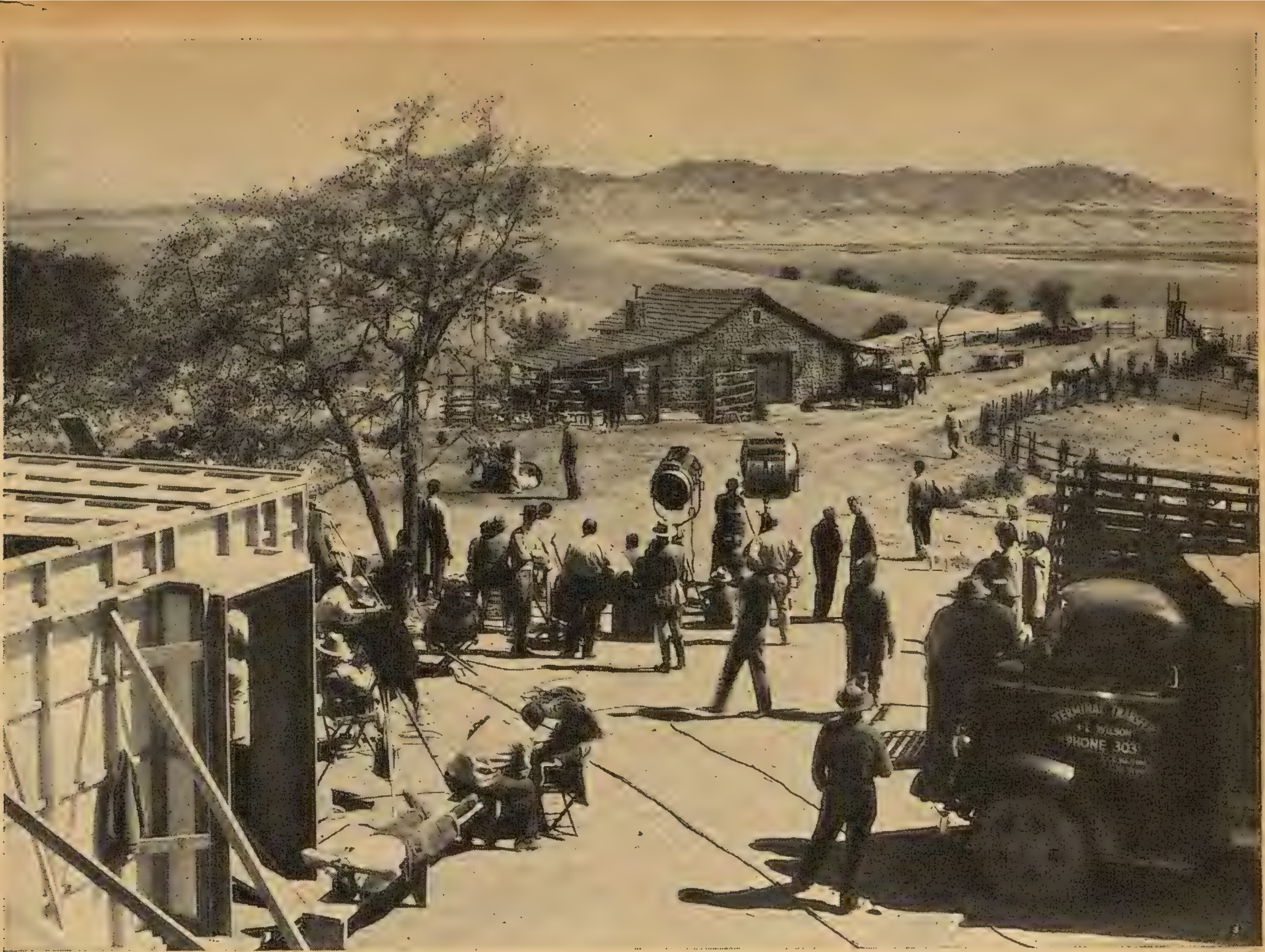
How many aspirins? "Not very many, considering," said Dameworth with a laugh.

Is it worth all the headaches?

The expenditure of $7,300,000 can be profitable only when the millions who go to see a picture only once a year plunk down their four bits at the neighborhood theater. To bring this about, all forty-eight states have been invaded by a foursome of beauties who talked to newspaper editors, theater managers, club meetings, and over the radio.

You can now see for yourself whether Selznick has achieved the perfection for which he drove everybody nearly crazy.

THE END



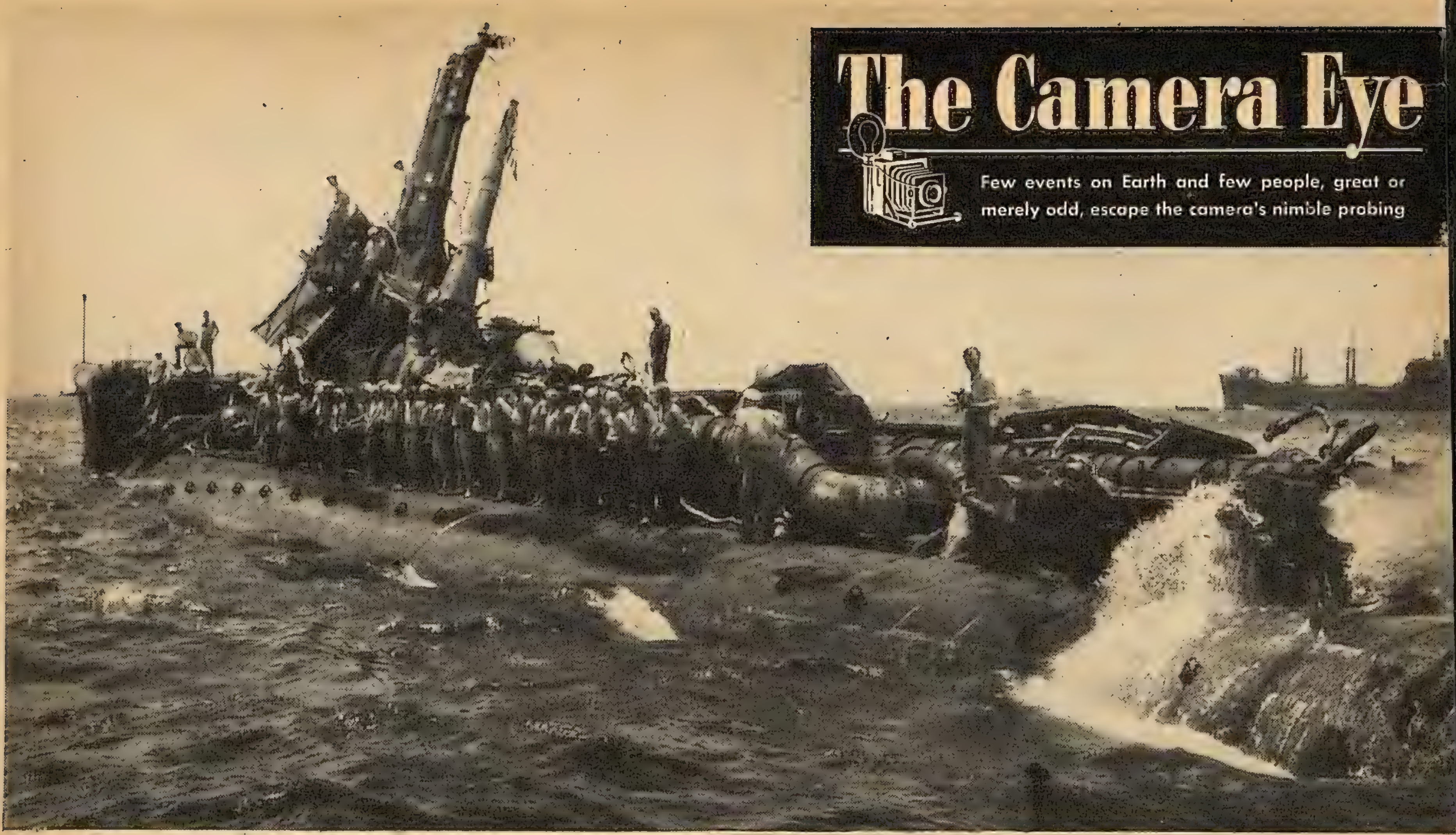
Selznick's invasion of the Arizona desert moved with the precision of army tank maneuvers. Here they are getting ready to roll 'em—at a cost of $6,500 an hour! Despite the brilliant sun, spotlights were needed to dispel shadows. Nothing dispelled the heat, however.

Mr. Selznick, at right, talks it over with director King Vidor and production manager Dick Johnston. Total number of people on Duel's payroll—almost 7,000.

Jennifer Jones forsakes her usual saccharine role to play Pearl Chavez, a rough Indian half-breed.

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



GHOST SHIP—Her conning tower leaning to starboard, the U.S.S. Skate, one of the submarines "atomized" at Bikini, proceeds under her own power to pass in review before Admiral Blandy's flagship. The crew stands on a deck they had thought was forever submerged.

JOINT ARMY-NAVY FORCE 1

PLAIN JANE—Or rather, plains Jane. It's that Wild West pin-up cowgirl, Jane Russell, at liberty again after being temporarily outlawed.

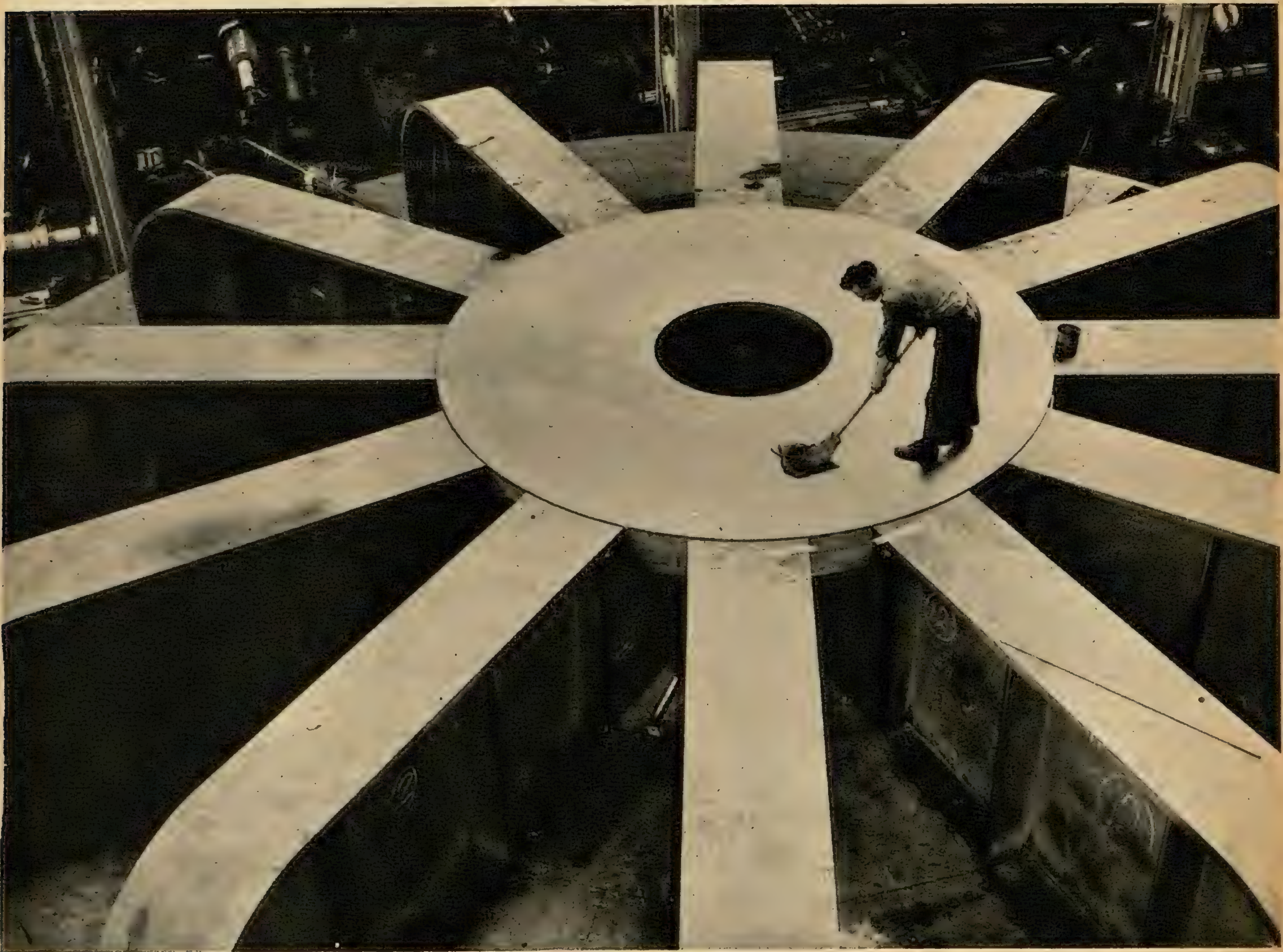
ANDRÉ DE DIENES

HEADQUARTERS—A statue of Mozart makes a tony front yard for U. S. Zone Headquarters in Salzburg, Austria.

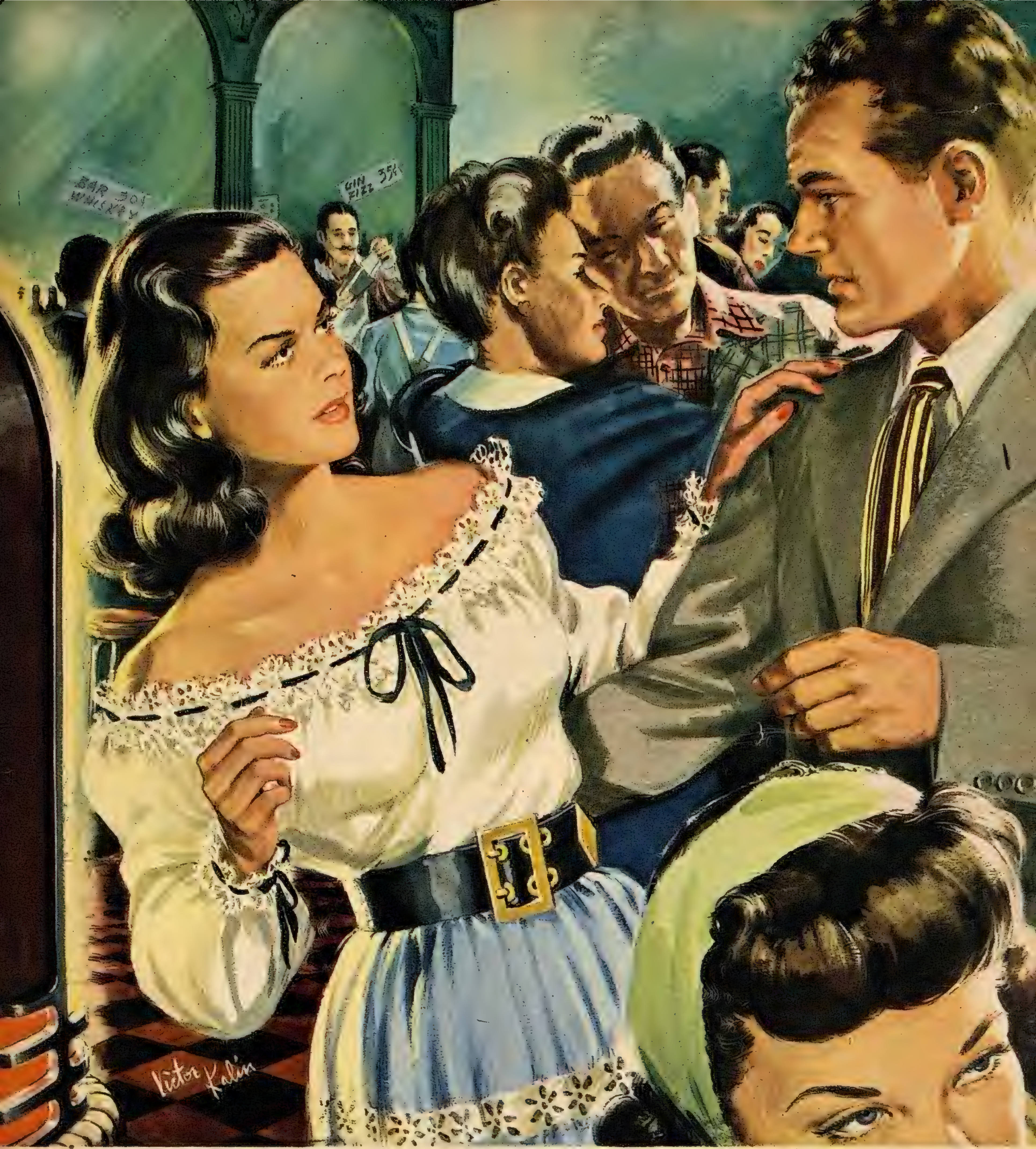
WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

HEADS UP—This is what a man's skull looks like a million years after. The ancient bit of bone is being studied at Harvard.
INT.

WHERE'S MINE?—A plaintive pup watches his impassive master consume a popsicle.
CORNELIUS HOGENBIRK PHOTO



FOR EXPORT—A worker polishes the hub of the world's largest generator, soon to be sent to Russia for installation in the Dnieper Dam. This 2,250,000 pounds of equipment was manufactured for the Soviet by General Electric at their plant in Schenectady, N. Y.
ACME


BAR 30¢ WHISKEY
GIN FIZZ 35¢
Victor Kalin

Russ said, "Janey, let's stop sparring. You've been acting for two years, ever since you saw your brother killed."

This lumberman had as much trouble making his trees fall as his girl— for reasons which would have driven a less persistent guy quietly psycho

BY FRANK BONHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR KALIN

The Long Fall

VOSS came in. When he opened the door, you could hear the violent noises of the sawmill. Voss took himself and lumbering very seriously. "Toughie ain't come down yet, Mr. Martin," he said.

Russ Martin, deep in the theory of how to keep creditors happy though waiting, said, "Well, let me know when he does. He's got to learn that he's driving a logging truck, not an excursion bus."

Voss looked out the window. There were barracklike piles of lumber, a stretch of open ground, and then a timbered slope ascending precipitously to the high ridges. But all the foreman saw was the dirty-green pond with its sodden flotsam of logs.

"Pond's going to be empty in another week, Mr. Martin," he said.

"No, it isn't. I'm going up and raise hell with Stevens today. I told him last week he'd have to get those logs moving."

When he was upset, Voss made sounds with his plates like a horse chewing a bit. "I know what I'd do," he said. "Can him."

"And how soon do you think I could find another contractor this late in the season?"

"I'll bet," Voss said, "Stevens' daughter could tell you something about this. Her and Toughie was out last night. I hear there was a fight between him and some logger."

"Well, that's their business," Russ said. Still, the mention of Janey Stevens was like a step missed in the dark.

Russ capped his fountain pen. "I'll drive up," he said.

Down in the Sacramento Valley some harried fruit growers were writing tearful letters to him. You couldn't ship fruit without boxes, and the boxwood was still up in the mountains with birds nesting in it. Russ had commitments that were liable to cost him something unless that wood came down.

Last year, by a magnificent system of mortgages and a minimum outlay of cash, he had acquired a Sierra Nevada forest lease and a sawmill. He had given Stevens the contract for cutting and hauling the logs. The dovetailing of assets and liabilities was a piece of cabinetry that a single pull might destroy. Unless Stevens' trucks began to bring those logs in, his cabinetry would be spoiled when the first note fell due.

The seat of the dusty command car was blistering. Russ roared up the log road, mounting steeply from the green-black gorge of the Yuba River. He wished he could worry about it all as conscientiously as Voss. But when he worried, it wasn't over lumber. It was over Janey Stevens.

Janey was not precisely what he had in mind for a future wife. When he was out with her, he felt like an old gaffer trying to keep up with a chorus girl. And he was no old gaffer. Of course, sometimes she would be sober for a moment, not laughing, not making conversation, just being quietly natural. Those were the dangerous moments, the ones Russ knew could make him serious toward her.

Russ swung around a timbered point and found the truck. The big orange cab was still on the road, but the rear wheels of the trailer had slid into a turn. Someone stepped from the cab when he stopped. It wasn't Toughie; it was Janey.

"Where's Toughie?" Russ demanded.

"He didn't get back from town last night," Janey told him. "Pop couldn't spare another man, so I tackled it myself. Came into that one a little too fast, didn't I?" She was being very sober now. Janey was twenty-two, with dark hair and eyes and high-key coloring. She had the figure to wear sweaters and skirts, and knew it.

RUSS looked at the jumble of logs sprawling from the trailer. He said, "You mean he knew you were going to take it!"

Janey said, "My goodness, I'm of age! If they hadn't put that last log on, I think I could have handled it. It's a shame about Toughie. He got tough with the wrong one. Somebody tried to cut in on us and he hit him. They took him to the hotel after it was over."

Russ had to turn his attention forcibly to the problem of getting the trailer back on the road. After a half hour of strong-arming the Diesel back and forth, he was able to free it. Then he found that the twisting had snapped the trailer extension. He said, "So now it goes into the garage."

He opened the door for her; she smiled a demure "Thank you," but her manner was as contrite as a tweak on the ear.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I thought I could help by driving down."

"That seems to be your trouble, doesn't it?" Russ said. "If you'd slow down before you jumped into things, you might—" He stopped.

"I might—what?" She watched him with a stiff little smile.

Russ had to backtrack. After all, it was none of his business. "I didn't mean to get philosophical," he smiled. "In fact, if your father hauls fifty thousand feet tomorrow, I'll forgive both of you."

"I tremble," she said, "with anticipation."

Why should it matter that she was angry? Yet it did matter. Lightly his hand dropped over hers. "Let's forget it," he said. "And how about trembling over a steak and a movie tonight? The truck will have to go down anyway."

Janey pursed her lips. "Well, I might," she said.

AL STEVENS was operating the jammer, jockeying the last log aboard the trailer of the second truck. He cut the engine and jumped down. It was lunchtime. He and Russ went over to the cabin. Stevens was in his middle years, a hearty man with ruddy features and gray hair cut close. The story about the truck took his smile quickly enough.

"I told her she couldn't handle it! The thing is costing me fifty bucks a day whether it runs or not."

They went into the cabin, a crumbling relic of the day when some miner had camped here. Curtains and new paint gave it a pertness out of character with the decayed flooring. Russ lit a cigarette.

He said bluntly, "We might as well lay the cards on the table, Al. Am I going to have any logs to saw next week or not?"

Stevens frowned as he filled his pipe. "You are," he said, "if I can get any action out of my fallers. I'm not a man to pass the buck, but, damn it, I can't haul a log until it's cut. The falling's running a month behind."

It was the first Russ had heard of falling trouble. The fallers were Stevens' responsibility, since he had subcontracted the work. "Why don't you jack them up?" he demanded.

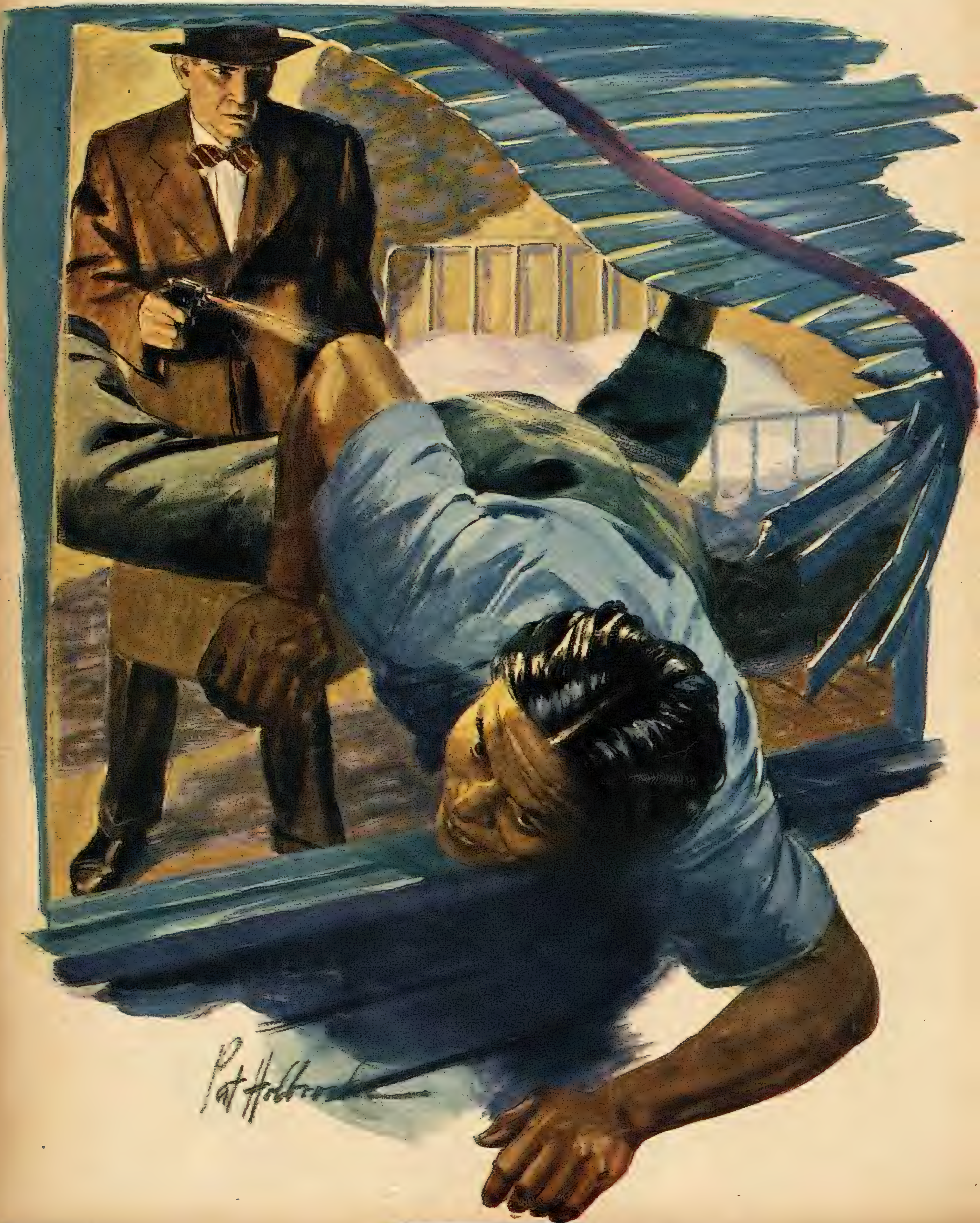
"The Kemble boys don't jack easy. Those two clowns ought to be able to keep a month ahead of me. I'll tell them tomorrow they've got to produce or quit."

Janey came to the kitchen door. An odd look passed between her and

(*Continued on page 67*)

SNEAK PUNCH

"*JOE!*" Virginia's call came clear and loud from the darkness outside. Joe spun on his toes and dived at the bellying blind.



With a dragnet closing in on Joe and a double-crosser's gun at his heart, the odds never seemed so long—or life so short

BY DAVID DODGE

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

RESUMÉ OF PART ONE

WHEN Curly Legrand nearly killed Joe Sundown in the ring, it only clinched the rumor that the two fighters hated each other. So when Curly was found murdered, Joe was the logical suspect. Joe admitted going to see Curly. He wanted to explain to the victor that he held no grudge, but Curly was dead when he got there. It was a weak story, and despite the evidence of character witnesses—Joe's wife, Virginia; his manager, Mack Moran; his one-time trainer, Jeff Gordon; Julio Morosco, a promoter, and others—the jury convicted Joe. On the train headed for San Quentin, shackled to another prisoner and guarded by two men, he brooded. Would Virginia wait for him? Was she turning to Moran for sympathy? He had to know. As the train rumbled through the night, he made his plans. Through a ruse he secured the deputy's gun and keys, ordered his fellow prisoner to unlock the leg irons that linked them, then jumped from the train. Evading police, he reached home the next night, and Virginia soon reassured him. What she told him convinced him that the fight had been fixed. Moran and Morosco had bet on Joe and had plotted with Curly to throw the fight. Curly had been killed because he double-crossed them. "I know I'm right. But I've got to prove it," Joe said.

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

JOE had not really hoped to make a clean getaway when he escaped from the train that was taking him to San Quentin. He had been goaded into attempting the break by his need to see Virginia, to ease the gnawing mistrust he was carrying with him to prison. Now that he knew why Curly Legrand had died, the odds against him did not seem so long. They were bad, but they could be beaten.

He said, "I'm going to pull myself out of this, Ginger."

Virginia said excitedly, "If you could only be sure it was Julio—"

"Nobody else could have managed it. Mack was still in the dressing room when I went after Curly, and the referee—well, you've seen Billy Parsons. He couldn't break Curly's neck."

"Could Julio?"

"Maybe not himself, no. But he's got a dozen on his payroll who could, and he wouldn't take a double-cross lying down. He had Curly bumped off. I've got to prove it before they catch me."

"How?"

"I'm not sure yet. First I'll need another hide-out, because the cops will be looking for me here. Where can I go?"

"A hotel. They'll never expect that."

"I can't get into a hotel. My picture is in all the papers."

"You leave it to me."

Virginia jumped out of bed and stripped off her nightgown.

Joe watched her dress, wondering when he would see her again.

"Change your clothes," Virginia said. "You'd better shave, too."

His things were still in the bathroom. He shaved, feeling a glow of pleasure that Virginia had left everything as it was. When he returned to the bedroom, she was dressed in her nurse's aide uniform, with a long cape and the blue-and-white cap.

"What's the get-up for?"

"Never mind. Hurry up and change your clothes."

He stripped and dressed again in dry clothes. Virginia took his wet suit away to hide it. When she returned, she carried a first-aid kit.

"Here." She kissed him. "Now sit down and hold still."

WHEN she finished with him, he was entirely disguised. His hooked nose was only a lump under the gauze that covered his cheeks and passed around his head. More gauze covered one ear, where he had developed a cauliflower.

He said, "You don't expect me to avoid attention in this, do you?"

"You've been in an accident and I'm a nurse—at least they'll think so. We'll get you a room in a quiet hotel where you can stay in bed, because the hospitals are full up and you need rest. I'll be around every day to take care of you. Your name is—is—"

"Whiffenpoof." Joe grinned at her. "August Q. Whiffenpoof."

"Don't be silly. Joseph—Joseph Baldwin."

"It sounds all right. Only—"

"Only what?"

"Only you aren't coming around to take care of me. They'll watch you every minute. As soon as I get settled, you find Jeff and send him to me. He'll be a doctor, see? After that, you stay away."

"Joe, please! Somebody has got to bring you food and things—"

"Jeff will do it."

"But you can't trust anybody but me, now. For all you know, Jeff could be mixed up with Mack and Julio. He might even have killed Curly himself."

Joe shook his head.

"He *could!* Mack double-crossed you—"

"Jeff isn't Mack, Ginger. If he ever killed anybody he'd do it on my account. He wouldn't frame me."

"But—"

"No buts. Let's go."

He kissed her as he had wanted to kiss her when he said goodbye at the jail. She clung to him.

"Joe."

"Yes?"

"If they should—get you, there'll never be anyone else for me. You know that, don't you?"

"I know it."

He kissed her again. They tiptoed out to the garage.

Virginia picked the hide-out. It was a semiresidential hotel on a back street. It was 6 A.M. when they got there. A stack of newspapers were on the desk. Joe's picture scowled up at him from the top paper. Under it was the caption: JOE SUNDOWN—FUGITIVE KILLER.

He looked at the picture while Virginia talked to the desk clerk. It was the same photograph they had printed the night before, showing his dark Indian face frowning at the camera. He couldn't read any of the story, because the fold of the paper cut it off.

As soon as Virginia convinced the clerk that Joe wasn't contagious, and required no special services, they were in. Joe signed the phony name on the registration card and followed Virginia into the elevator.

Safe in the room, Virginia threw her arms around him. He could feel her heart hammering. He said, "Good work, Ginger."

SHE left while he was taking a bath and came back in a few minutes with sandwiches, a cardboard carton of coffee, and a newspaper. The hunters had at last discovered that they did not have him surrounded at the whistle stop where he had escaped from the train, and the search had broadened out. He was known to be armed, desperate, and dangerous.

"Armed?" Virginia said.

"I took a gun off one of the guards on the train. I threw it away."

Her eyes were suddenly frightened. He put his hand on hers.

"There's nothing to worry about. As soon as you leave here, drive straight out to the farm and send Jeff to me. Then go to the hospital and check in as usual. If the cops ask you why you left the house so early this morning tell them you were worrying about me and couldn't sleep, so you got up and drove around for a while. If they catch me, I'll say I sneaked into the house this morning, found it empty, changed my clothes, and left. The only person who saw us together was the clerk downstairs, and I'll leave here as soon as I can. Get it?"

(*Continued on page 60*)

FOR A TRULY
GLORIOUS SPECTACLE

You're **Sure** *... when you say*

"Autumn"

FOR A TRULY
GLORIOUS DRINK

You're **Sure** *... when you say*

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SINCE 1857
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BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. Seagram's 5 Crown, 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Seagram's 7 Crown, 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York

HE WHO WHISPERS

This haunting story of a strangely beautiful woman called a vampire and the murder that made her a fugitive is one of the most tantalizing of the Dr. Fell mysteries. Violence and stark terror followed lovely Fay Seton, the girl whom women instinctively hated.

BY JOHN DICKSON CARR

ILLUSTRATED BY NEIL OKEEFFE

A LIBERTY BOOK CONDENSATION · *READING TIME: ONE EVENING*

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A *DINNER of the Murder Club—our first meeting in more than five years—will be held at Beltring's Restaurant on Friday, June 1st, at 8:30 p.m. The speaker will be Professor Rigaud. Guests have not hitherto been permitted; but if you, my dear Hammond, would care to come along as my guest . . . ?*

So here was Miles Hammond, dripping in his sodden hat and raincoat, running up the stairs of a restaurant where in the old days he could seldom afford to eat. Scandalously late, nerving himself to face craned necks and inquiring eyebrows as he walked in, the guest of Dr. Gideon Fell.

He reached the upstairs hall, hung his hat and overcoat in a cloakroom and went on to a door bearing the placard, "Murder Club."

A woman's voice struck at him, suddenly. "Excuse me, but who are you?"

"I'm looking for the Murder Club," said Miles.

A girl in a white evening-gown was standing in the middle of the room. But the Murder Club was not in session. There was nobody else in sight.

The girl moved forward. "I—I suppose we'd better introduce ourselves. I'm Barbara Morell."

In a long mirror Miles could see duskily reflected the back of her gown and the sleek knot into which she had done her ash-blonde hair. Over her shoulder was reflected his own countenance: gaunt, wry, and humorous, with the high cheek-bones under long red-brown eyes, and the thread of grey in his hair making him seem forty-odd instead of thirty-five.

"I'm Miles Hammond," he told her. "I'm not a member of the Murder Club, I've come as a guest of Dr. Gideon Fell."

"Of Dr. Fell? So am I! I'm not a member, either. Not a single one of them has turned up to-night. There's nobody here except you and me and Professor Rigaud. They have telephoned to Dr. Fell; he's the Honorary Secretary, and now Professor Rigaud is trying to get in touch with the President, Mr. Justice Coleman . . . "

The door to the hall opened, with a sort of silent explosion, and in came Georges Antoine Rigaud, Professor of French Literature at the University of Edinburgh. He was short and stout; he was bustling; he was a little untidy, from bow tie and shiny dark suit to square-toed shoes. His hair showed very black above the ears, in trast to a large bald head and a faintly purplish comion.

e held up a hand, palm outwards. "Do not speak to me, please," he said.

On the seat of a chair against the wall lay a soft dark hat with a flopping brim, and a thick cane with a curved handle. Professor Rigaud bustled over and pounced on them.

"For years," he said, before straightening up, "they ave asked me to come to this club. I say to them: No, , no! 'There will be no journalists,' they tell me, 'to ote what you say.' Now I have come all the way from nburgh. And I could not get a sleeper on the train, ther, because of 'priority'." He straightened up and hook a bulky arm in the air, then fixed Miles with a hard ttle glittering eye. "You are—?"

"I'm a guest too. My name is Hammond."

"You are not Sir Charles Hammond."

"No. Sir Charles Hammond was my uncle. He . . . "

"Ah, but of course!" Professor Rigaud snapped his ingers. "Sir Charles Hammond is dead. I read of this n the newspapers. You and your sister have inherited his estate and the library."

Barbara Morell, Miles noticed, was looking perplexed. 'My uncle," he said to her, "was a historian. He lived for years in a little house in the New Forest, accumulating housands of books. My main reason for coming to London was to see whether I couldn't get a trained ibrarian to put them in order."

"That man Hammond," declared the professor, "was a reat man! He was alert! He pried into things! To examine his library I would give . . . . But I forgot. I am urious." He seized his hat. "I will go now."

Barbara Morell suddenly clenched her hands. "Professor Rigaud!" There was a curious urgency in her tone. "Couldn't we hold the meeting of the Murder Club after all?" She hurried to him. "I've looked forward so much to coming here! This case he was going to talk about"—she appealed to Miles—"was rather special and sensational. It happened in France just before the war, and Professor Rigaud is one of the few remaining people who know anything about it. It's all about . . . "

"It is about," said Professor Rigaud, "the influence of a certain woman on human lives."

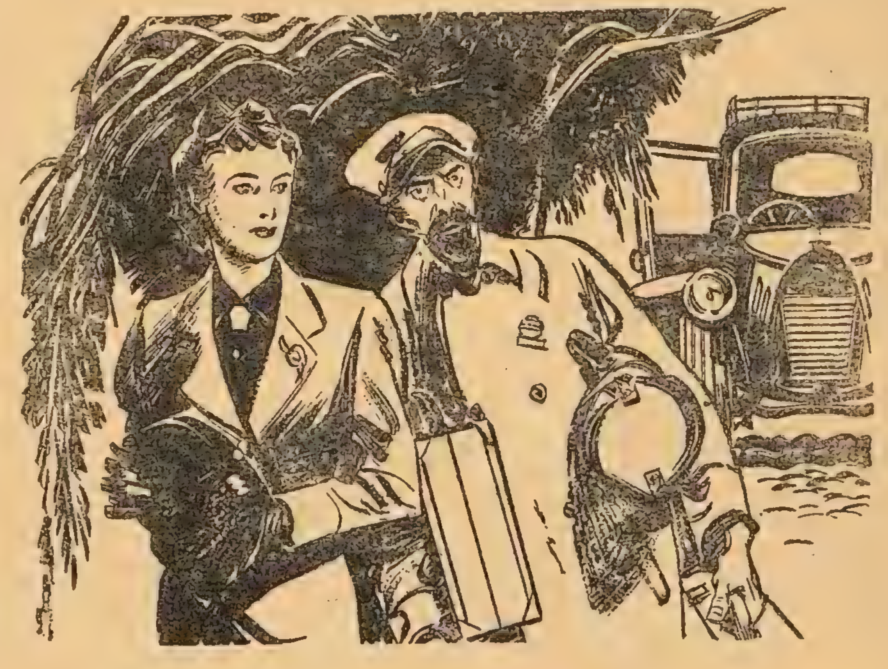
Frédéric the head-waiter slipped through the half-opened door to the hall, making a flicking motion of the fingers to someone who hovered outside.

"Dinner is served," he said.

WHEN the table was cleared and the coffee poured, Professor Rigaud put his thick elbows on the table and began. His cane, of polished yellow wood which shone in the candle-light, was propped against his leg.

"Outside the little city of Chartres, some sixty-odd kilometres south of Paris, there lived in the year nineteen thirty-nine a certain English family. The largest of the leather manufactories in Chartres is owned by its head, Mr. Howard Brooke. He and his wife have one son, Harry, in his middle twenties. They live in a villa on the very bank of the river Eure, which is narrow at that point.

"Myself," he went on, "I was staying in Chartres in May of thirty-nine. A friend of mine introduced me to Mr. Howard Brooke one day. We like each other. His wife is a plump, pretty, red-faced woman. Harry is the idol of both his parents.



"Harry is being trained in the leather business. He will inherit the factory one day; he will be a very rich man like his father. And yet this boy wants to go to Paris and study painting.

" 'My boy,' says the father, 'I went through a similar phase at your age. But in ten years' time you will laugh at this.'

"After which Harry goes out blindly and hits a tennis-ball so hard he blows his opponent off the court, or sits on the lawn with a white-faced, brooding, swearing look.

"It was on the afternoon of the thirtieth of May, I remember. I was taking tea with the Brookes in their courtyard which is paved with smooth grass, when a taxi rolled up outside the front gates and a young woman got out. The driver followed her in with her luggage. She walked up the path towards us, diffidently. She said her name was Miss Fay Seton, and that she was the new secretary Mr. Brooke had been expecting. She was rather tall, and soft and slender, with heavy, smooth, dark-red hair. Her eyes were long and blue and dreaming, with a smile in them, though they seldom seemed to look at you directly.

"In the weeks that followed, Harry Brooke rowed her on the Eure, took her to the cinema, walked with her in those dangerous romantic groves along the river. And one night in June he came to me in my room at the hotel.

" 'I'm mad about her,' he said. 'Last night I went walking with her on the river bank. It was moonlight . . . I kissed her mouth and her throat until I nearly went out of my mind. Then I asked her to marry me. She went as white as a ghost in the moonlight, and said, "No, no, no!" as though horrified. She ran away from me. I followed her over to the old stone tower on the river bank. I asked whether she was in love with anybody else. She gave a kind of gasp and said no, of course not. I asked her whether she didn't like me, and she admitted she did. So I said I wouldn't give up hoping. And I *won't.*'

"It was not three weeks later when Harry triumphantly announced—to me, and to his parents—that he was engaged to be married to Fay Seton."

REACHING into his inside pocket, the professor produced a sheaf of manuscript and a photograph.

"This," he announced, "is a photograph of Miss Fay Seton, done in color by a friend of mine. The manuscript is an account of this case, which I have specially written for the archives of the Murder Club." He pushed the photograph across the tablecloth.

A soft face, a disturbingly haunting face. The eyes were wide-spaced, the brows thin; the nose was short; the lips were full and rather sensual, though this was contradicted by the grace and fastidious carriage of the head. The dark red hair, smooth as fleece, seemed almost too heavy for the slender neck. Something about the eyes —was it irony, was it bitterness under the far-away expression?—at once challenged you and fled from you.

"There's a kind of spell about it," said Miles, brushing his hand across the forehead. "The eyes . . . the way she's got her head turned."

"Now I must tell you about the twelfth of August," the professor resumed. "After lunch I went into the Crédit Lyonnais to cash a cheque just before the bank closed. It was very warm. All morning the sky had been heavy and dark, and now there was a drizzle. The first person I saw, coming out of the manager's office, was Mr. Howard Brooke. He wore a raincoat and a tweed cap. In his right hand he carried an old black-leather brief-case.

"My dear Brooke," I said. "How is everyone at home? How is your good wife, and Harry, and Fay Seton?"

" 'Fay Seton?' he said. 'Damn Fay Seton.'

"He marched me to the front of the bank, beyond hearing of anyone else. Then he opened the brief-case, and showed me four slender packets of English banknotes: two thousand pounds.

" 'I had to send to Paris for these,' he told me, and his hands were trembling. 'I thought, you know, that English notes would be more tempting. If Harry won't give the woman up, I must simply buy her off. Now you must excuse me.' And he shut up the brief-case and walked out of the bank.

"I forgot to write a cheque. I forgot everything. I walked back to my hotel, through the drizzling rain. About half an hour later the telephone rang. It was Mama Brooke and she said, *'For God's sake, Professor Rigaud, come out here immediately.'*

"I got out my Ford; I drove out to their house as fast as I could. Mr. Brooke, his wife told me, had returned from the bank at three o'clock. He told her that he meant to have what he called a show-down with Fay Seton, and that he had arranged to meet her at the ruined stone tower at four o'clock. He then asked where Harry was. She replied that Harry was upstairs in his room, writing a letter, so the father went up. He didn't find Harry—who, actually, was tinkering with a motor in the garage—and presently he came downstairs again. 'So *pitiful* he looked,' said Mama Brooke, 'and walking slowly as though he were ill.' That was how Papa Brooke went out of the house towards the tower.

"Not five minutes later, Harry himself came in and asked where his father was. Mama Brooke told him. Harry stood for a moment thinking, muttering, and then *he* went off toward the tower. During this time there was no sign of Fay Seton.

" 'Professor Rigaud,' the mother cried, 'you've got to follow them and do something. You're the only friend we have here!'

"There was a crack of thunder as I left the house, and I approached the tower with the sky darkening and the wind blowing. In its doorway, looking a[illegible] stood Fay Seton. She carried over her arm a bathing-dress and a towel; but she had not been in to swim, since not even the edges of the shining dark-red hair were damp or tumbled. She seldom swam, for she had a weak heart.

" 'Mademoiselle,' I said, 'I am looking for Harry Brooke and his father.'

" 'They're here,' she told me. 'On the roof of the tower.' Her eyes were the eyes of one who remembers a horrible experience of some kind. 'They seem to be having an argument. I don't think I shall intrude just now. Excuse me.' Then she was gone.

"That tower was no more than a stone shell, up whose wall a spiralling stone staircase climbed to the flat roof. Angry voices were speaking up there. I could hear them faintly. I gave them a shout, and plodded on up and emerged through the square opening onto the roof. It was well above the trees and had a high parapet.

"The two men stood facing each other. The father, in his raincoat and tweed cap, had his mouth set implacably.

" 'For the last time,' he said in a cold buttoned-up voice, 'will you allow me to deal with this matter in my own way?' He turned to me and added: 'Professor Rigaud, will you take my son away from here until I have adjusted certain matters to my own satisfaction?' And he turned his back on us.

"I glanced at my watch: ten minutes to four o'clock. Mr. Brooke expected Fay Seton at four, and he meant to wait. Harry, beaten and deflated, allowed me to lead him downstairs. The last thing we saw as we went downstairs was Mr. Brooke standing by the parapet, his back uncompromisingly turned. His cane, of light yellowish-coloured wood, was propped upright against the parapet. On the other side of him, also resting against the parapet, was the bulging brief-case.

"I led Harry across the open space of grass, toward the big wood of chestnut trees. For the rain was beginning. My curiosity was reaching a point of mania. But Harry only kept opening and shutting his hands, and saying that it was all too ridiculous to be talked about.

"SUDDENLY we heard a child's scream. It came from the direction of the tower. Harry and I ran out of the woods into the open grassy space with the tower and the curve of the river-bank in front of us.

"What had happened we learned soon enough. Inside the fringe of the wood there had been, for some half an hour, a family having a picnic-party. The children had gone to explore the tower. One little girl stood in the doorway of the tower, pointing upwards.

" 'Papa!' she cried. *'There's a man up there all covered with blood!'*

"I walked towards that tower, not quite running. I climbed the spiral stair. Mr. Howard Brooke—still alive, still twitching—lay flat on his face in the middle of the roof. The back of his raincoat was soaked with blood, showing a half-inch rent where he had been stabbed just under the left shoulder-blade.

"His own cane, which he always carried, was really a sword-stick. It now lay in two halves on either side of him. But the brief-case had disappeared. The time was exactly six minutes past four o'clock: I noted this because I wondered whether Fay Seton had kept her appointment.

"I ran over to Mr. Brooke and raised him up to a sitting position. He smiled at me. All he could get out was, 'Bad show.' Harry joined me. He said, 'Dad, who did this?' but the old man was past articulation. He died in his son's arms a few minutes later, clinging to Harry as though he himself were the child."

Professor Rigaud reached for the thick cane, of light yellowish wood, which throughout the dinner had been propped against the edge of the table. With a dramatic gesture, he unscrewed the curved handle. He drew out the long, thin, pointed steel blade and laid it on the table. Miles could see, as it lay there across the edge of Fay Seton's photograph, the darkish rust-colored stains that had dried along it.

"There are also blood-stains inside the scabbard, if you care to hold it up to the eye," Professor Rigaud remarked.

Abrupt[illegible]bara Morell got to her feet. "Please put it away. It's—it's ghoulish!"

With a quick glance at her, Professor Rigaud replaced it in the cane-scabbard, screwed its threads tight again, and once more propped it up against the side of the table.

"We must have a glass of something to drink. My throat is as dry as sand." He raised his voice. "Waiter!" After a pause he shouted again. There was no reply.

"Ah, zut!" fussed Professor Rigaud. "I will get him."

He was gone so long that Miles presently rose to go after him. Just then Fréderic, the headwaiter, slipped in.

"Professor Rigaud, sir," he announced, "is downstairs. At the telephone. A call for him came through while he was downstairs."

"From whom?" Barbara asked the question.

"I believe, miss, from Dr. Gideon Fell. Dr. Fell learned Professor Rigaud had been ringing up from here earlier in the evening; so Dr. Fell rang back. Professor Rigaud seems very angry, miss."

On one of the chairs hung the girl's fur wrap. Assuming an air of elaborate unconcern which would have deceived nobody, Barbara picked it up.

"I'm awfully sorry," she said to Miles. "I must go."

He stared at her. "But look here! Won't the old boy be annoyed if he comes back and finds you're not here?"

"Not half as annoyed," Barbara said with conviction, "as if he comes back and finds I *am* here." She fumbled at her handbag. "I want to pay for my share of the dinner. It's been very nice. I—" Confusion overcame her.

"You arranged all this, didn't you?" he asked her. "*You* dished the meeting of the Murder Club! In some way you put off Dr. Fell and all except Professor Rigaud, because you wanted to hear his first-hand account about Fay Seton! But you hadn't bargained on *my* turning up . . ."

Wrenching loose from the hand he had put on her arm, Barbara ran out. Miles hurried after her.

"Here! Wait! I wasn't blaming you! I . . . "

But she was already flying down the soft-carpeted hall. Miles rushed to the cloakroom, snatched up his raincoat, crammed his hat on his head, and returned to face the speaking eye of Fréderic. He thrust banknotes into the man's hand.

"This is to cover everything. Present my distinguished compliments to Professor Rigaud, and say I'll ring him in the morning to apologize."

As he got downstairs, he could just see the glimmer of Barbara's white dress in the taxi which was driving away. When finally another came within hail it was too late to pursue her.

On the way to his hotel Miles was conscious of a sensation of exhilaration and buoyancy. Tomorrow afternoon, when he had attended to the real business which had brought him to London, he would meet his sister Marion and Steve Curtis, her fiancé, at the station. They would return to the secluded house in the New Forest where they had been established for only a fortnight.

"There's a message for you, sir," the night clerk told him when he got his key. "I think you applied to the—to this employment agency for a librarian to do cataloguing work?"

"I did," said Miles. "And they promised to send an applicant round this evening. The applicant didn't turn up, which made me very late for a dinner I was attending."

"The applicant *did* turn up, sir, and said she's very sorry, but it was unavoidable. She asks could you please see her tomorrow morning? She says things are very difficult, since she's only just been repatriated from France . . ."

"Did the lady leave her name?"

"Yes, sir. Miss Fay Seton."

ON THE following afternoon, Saturday, Miles stood waiting in Waterloo Station at four o'clock. A few minutes later his sister Marion and her fiancé, Stephen Curtis, arrived.

Marion Hammond, six or seven years younger than Miles, was a sturdy, nice-looking girl with black hair like her brother's, but with a practicality that he perhaps lacked. She was very fond of Miles and tirelessly humoured him; because she really did believe, though she never said so, that he was not mentally grown up. She was proud, of course, of a brother who could write such learned books.

Stephen's age might have been in the late thirties. He was almost completely bald—a sore subject with him—though personable-enough looking. His fair mustache gave him a vaguely R.A.F. appearance, though in fact he worked at the Ministry of Information. He had met Marion there two years ago after being invalided out very early in the war.

There was time for tea before the train left, and while they were having it Miles told his news.

"There's a woman named Fay Seton," he said. "Six years ago, in France, she was mixed up in a murder case." He paused. "She'd been trained as a librarian. I've engaged her to come to Greywood and catalogue the books."

Marion and Stephen looked at him.

"Why?" Stephen asked.

"I don't know!" Miles answered honestly. "I'd made up my mind to tell her that the post had been filled. I couldn't sleep all last night for thinking about her."

"Last night, eh? When did you meet her?"

"This morning." Miles went on almost as if to himself, "It seems to me that at the Murder Club last night both Barbara Morell and old Rigaud looked strange when I mentioned the library and said I was looking for a librarian. What with the present terrific labour shortage, if I went to the agencies and Fay Seton was in the market for a job, it was twenty to one Fay would be sent to me. Yes, I think Barbara guessed in advance."

Stephen removed his soft hat, showing the pinkish bald head above an intent, worried-looking face.

Marion was smiling. "And Miss Seton told you some heart-rending story? And your sympathies were roused as usual?"

"On the contrary, she doesn't even know I've heard a word about her. We simply sat in the lounge at the hotel and talked. I've engaged her and she's traveling down with us by this afternoon's train."

"How is it the Labour Exchange hasn't got her?" Marion queried.

"She's only just been repatriated from France."

"Really? I wonder if she's brought over any French perfume with her?"

"Come to think of it," said Miles, who in fact could remember it quite well, "she *was* wearing some kind of perfume."

"What I can't understand," Stephen Curtis complained, "is how all this came about. Do they keep murderers at the Murder Club, or what?" Miles grinned at him. "How long will it take Miss What-is-it to put the books in order? A week or so?"

"Between two and three months," Miles said.

"Well," murmured Stephen, after a pause, "Miles will always do exactly what he wants to do." He turned to Marion. "I can't go back to Greywood with you this evening . . ."

"You can't go back this evening?" cried Marion.

"My darling," said Steve, "I kept trying to tell you in the taxi—only you haven't the gift of worshipful silence—that there's a crisis on again at the office. It's only until tomorrow morning." He hesitated. "I suppose it's all right to send you two down there alone with this interesting female?"

"Drink up your tea," Marion laughed, "and don't be so old-fashioned. I shall be glad of her help about the house. I shall put her in my room, and that will give me an excuse to move into that glorious ground-floor room even if it does still smell of paint. But it's tiresome about the office. What train are you taking tomorrow morning?"

"Nine-thirty. And mind you don't mess about with that kitchen boiler unless I'm there to help. . . ."

TWILIGHT hung over Greywood in the New Forest. One or two lights gleamed in the windows—paraffin lamps, since the electric power-plant of Sir Charles Hammond's day had not yet been put in order. And in a long room at the rear of the house—a room after his own heart—stood Miles Hammond. Bookshelves reached to the ceiling. Books piled the floor. Miles held the lamp high and slowly looked round him. He turned when the door opened and Fay Seton's voice said quietly, "Did you call me, Mr. Hammond?"

"Call you, Miss Seton? No. But it might interest you to have a look at this confusion."

Fay Seton stood there framed in the doorway, with the many-hued books on either side of her. Rather tall and soft and slender, her head a little on one side. She herself was carrying a paraffin lamp; and as she lifted the lamp it illuminated her face.

"Is my sister—er—making you comfortable?"

"Oh, yes!" She gave him a quick smile. "Miss Hammond wanted to move out of her bedroom upstairs and move me in. But I couldn't have her do that. Anyway, there are reasons why I much prefer to be on the ground floor. You don't mind?"

"Mind? Of course not! Won't you come in?"

"Thank you."

Fay moved forward with that extraordinary and unconscious grace of hers, edging sideways among the lanes of books so that her rather shabby dove-grey dress hardly brushed them. They both sat down.

"You're *sure* you're quite comfortable here?"

"Oh, yes! Miss Hammond—she asked me to call her Marion—has been very kind. She told me you'd been very ill, Mr. Hammond," she added.

"I'm all right now."

"War?"

"Yes. The peculiar and painful and unheroic form of poisoning you get in the Tank Corps."

"Harry Brooke was killed in the retreat to Dunkirk in nineteen-forty," remarked Fay, with absolutely no change of tone. "He joined the French Army as liaison-officer with the British—being bilingual, you see." Then she added, "You know all about me, don't you? I think it was awfully decent of you, Mr. Hammond, to give me a position—and I *am* rather badly off!—without asking me anything about it. They very nearly sent me to the guillotine, you know, for the murder of Harry's father. But I didn't kill Mr. Brooke. Do you believe that?"

"Yes."

(God knows, Miles thought to himself, I *do* want to hear your story! Go on! Go on! Go on!)

"I LEFT the house at shortly before three o'clock that afternoon, just before Mr. Brooke returned from the bank with that money in his brief-case. I meant to go for a dip in the river. But instead I simply wandered along the river-bank.

"When I left that house Harry was upstairs in his room writing a letter. Harry—poor fellow!—wrote once a week to an old friend of his in England, named Jim Morell."

Miles started. "Just a minute. Was this Jim Morell any relation to a girl named Barbara Morell?"

"I can't say. Why do you ask?"

"Because . . . Oh, nothing at all. It doesn't matter."

"I don't know anything about the murder!" Fay exclaimed with delicate insistence. "At just before three o'clock I went for a stroll along the river-bank, northwards, and far beyond the tower.

"You've undoubtedly heard that Mr. Brooke returned from the bank and looked for Harry. Since Harry was in the garage instead of his room, Mr. Brooke walked slowly out of the house to keep his appointment with me—miles ahead of time, really—at the tower. Shortly afterwards Harry learned where he had gone, and snatched up his raincoat and followed his father. At half-past three—I knew that by my wrist-watch—I thought it was time for me to stroll back towards the tower, and I went inside. I heard voices talking from the direction of the roof. As I started up the stairs I recognized the voices of Harry and his father. I did not hear what they were talking about. It was simply that I dislike unpleasantness, and I would not remain. In going out of the tower I met Monsieur Rigaud, who was going in. Afterwards . . . well, I went for my dip after all.

"I did not know anything was wrong until I was going back home at a quarter to five. And Harry walked up to me and said, 'My God, Fay, somebody's killed Dad.' And that's the limit of my knowledge, really."

Fay rose to her feet. She edged forward among the waist-high piles of books. Her head was bent a little to one side. About her eyes and her mouth there was a passive gentleness, a sweetness, which went straight to Miles's heart.

"You do believe me?" she cried. "Say you believe me!"

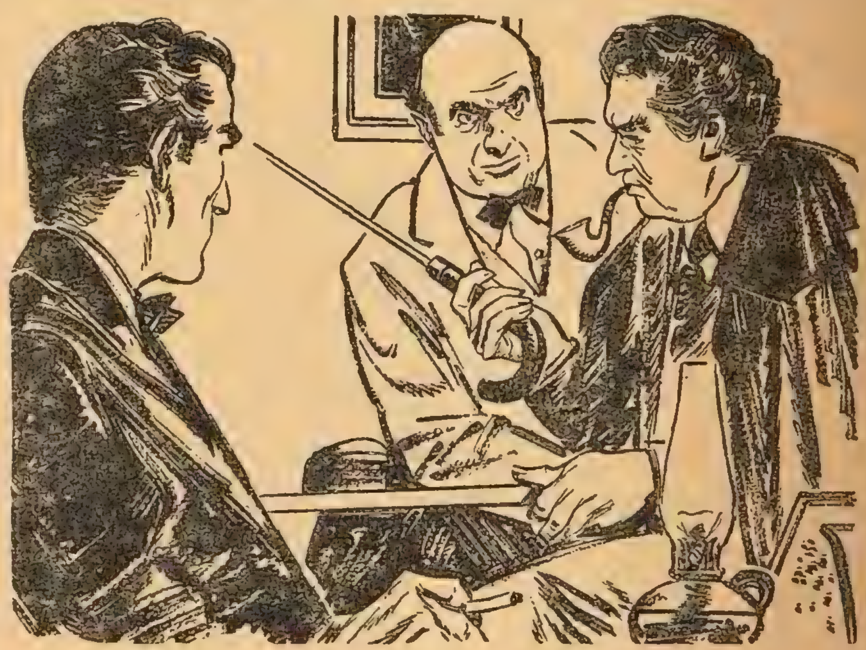
"Of course I believe you! I hereby give you my solemn promise that this subject is finished; that I will never ask you another ques—" He stopped. "You didn't marry Harry Brooke, then?"

Fay threw back her head and shoulders. Her almost hysterical laughter choked and sobbed and rang in the quiet library. He did not attempt to stop her as she hurried out.

AFTER both girls had gone to their rooms Miles heard a motor-car drive up to the door. Two men got out of it. The smaller man, Miles saw when he went out, was Professor Georges Antoine Rigaud. And the immense man was Miles's friend, Dr. Gideon Fell. He greeted them in astonishment.

Professor Rigaud began to talk excitedly.

"This morning Mees Morell rings up on the telephone with confused and incoherent explanations about last night. Mees Morell further tells me that she knows Fay Seton is in England, knows her address, and believes the lady may be sent to you for employment. A call to the Berkeley Hotel, tactfully made, confirms this. I have borrowed this car from a friend of mine, a Whitehall official who has the petrol. I have broken the law to come and tell you. You must find some polite excuse to get this lady away from your house at once."



"Why shouldn't I ask Miss Seton to come here and stay as long as she likes?"

"Because you will die," answered Professor Rigaud simply. "You and your sister will both die."

"Will you come with me, please?" Miles said curtly.

He led them into the long sitting-room, a pleasant place of tapestry chairs and low white-painted bookshelves. Only one lamp burned there as a night light.

"I think I ought to tell you," he said, "that I've already had a long talk with Miss Seton. She told me about the facts of Mr. Brooke's death. At the time it happened she had gone for a swim in the river some distance away from the tower." He told them all that Fay had said.

Professor Rigaud nodded. "But did she tell you about the young man Pierre Fresnac who lived nearby?"

"Need we," Miles almost shouted, "need we be so infernally censorious nowadays? After all! If there did happen to be anything between a young man and Fay Seton . . ." He stared angrily at the two men.

"The English!" breathed Professor Rigaud in a tone of awe. And then, after a pause: "My Lord, the English!"

He stood staring back in a light so dim as to take away expression, with Dr. Fell's big shape behind him. He propped the yellow sword-cane against the arm of a tapestry chair, and removed his hat.

"Do you think it likely, young man," he went on wi a sort of pounce, "that a peasant farmer of Eure-et-Loi would care two sous, would care *that*," he snapped h ngers, "about a little affair of the passions between his on and a lady of the district? It would only amuse him, in fact he noticed it at all. It would not, I assure you, start the thunderstorm which swept with terror every peasant in that district. It would not make the farmer hrow a stone at the woman in a public road, as he did."

"What *was* it, then?"

"Can you cast your mind back to the days just before Howard Brooke's death?"

"I can."

"This young man, Pierre Fresnac, lived with his parents in a stone farmhouse off the road between Chartres and Le Mans. It is necessary to emphasize that his bedroom was in an attic up three flights of stairs."

"Well?"

"For some days Pierre Fresnac had been ill, had been weak, had been dazed. Partly because he dared not speak, partly because he did not understand and thought it was all a nightmare, he said nothing to anyone. Like all young people, he was frightened of being thrashed for something that was not his fault. So he bound a scarf round his neck and said not a word.

"He thought it was a dream when he saw, night after night, the white face floating outside the upstairs window. He thought it was a dream when he saw the body taking form in the air and felt the anesthesia that dims the mind and muscles as that lamp is dimmed when you turn down the wick. It was his father, presently, who tore away the bandage from the throat. And they found the sharp teeth-marks in the neck."

As though from a distance Miles heard his own voice.

"Are you crazy?"

"No."

"You mean—?"

"Yes," said Professor Rigaud. "I mean the vampire. I mean the un-dead. I mean the drainer of bodies and killer of souls."

IN SPITE of himself Miles couldn't laugh. He tried to do so, but the sound stuck in his throat.

"The good simple-minded Mr. Howard Brooke," said Professor Rigaud, "understood nothing of this. *He* saw in it only a vulgar intrigue between a peasant lad and a woman older than the boy. He was shocked to the very depths of his British soul. He had the simple conviction that any immoral woman can be bought off with money. And so . . ."

"And so?"

"He died. That is all. If Howard Brooke had told me any of this beforehand, I could have helped him. But no, no, no! This woman is immoral; this must be kept quiet. erhaps I should have guessed for myself, from the outward signs and from the story I gave you. The physical characteristics, the red hair and the slender figure and the blue eyes, are always in folklore associated with the vampire because in folklore they are signs of eroticism. But as usual I do not recognize what is under my nose. I am left to learn it after Howard Brooke's death, from a mob of peasants who wish to lynch her."

Miles passed a hand across his forehead.

"But you can't seriously mean this! You can't mean it was this . . . this . . ."

"This thing," supplied Professor Rigaud.

"This person, let's say. You tell me that Fay Seton killed Howard Brooke?"

"The vampire did. Because the vampire hated him."

"It was plain murder with a sharp sword-blade! No supernatural agency is involved!"

"How, then," asked Professor Rigaud coolly, "did the murderer approach and leave his victim?"

There was a long silence.

Dr. Fell had been standing over against the low line of he white-painted bookshelves, his arms folded under his ong box-pleated cape.

"*You* agree, dear doctor?" persisted Rigaud.

"Sir—" began Dr. Fell. Then he seemed to change his ind; he scratched his nose.

"Monsieur?" prompted Rigaud with the same formality.

"I do not deny," said Dr. Fell, sweeping out one arm in esture which gravely endangered a bronze statuette on bookshelves, "I do not deny that supernatural forces may exist in this world. In fact, I firmly believe they do exist."

"Vampires!" said Miles Hammond.

"Yes," agreed Dr. Fell, with a seriousness which made Miles's heart sink. "Perhaps even vampires."

Dr. Fell's own crutch-handled stick was propped against the bookshelves. But he was now looking at the thick yellow sword-cane under Professor Rigaud's arm.

Wheezing as he lumbered forward, Dr. Fell took the cane from Rigaud. Holding it he wandered over and sat down—very untidily—in a big tapestry chair by the empty fireplace. The whole room shook as he sat down, though this was a solidly constructed house.

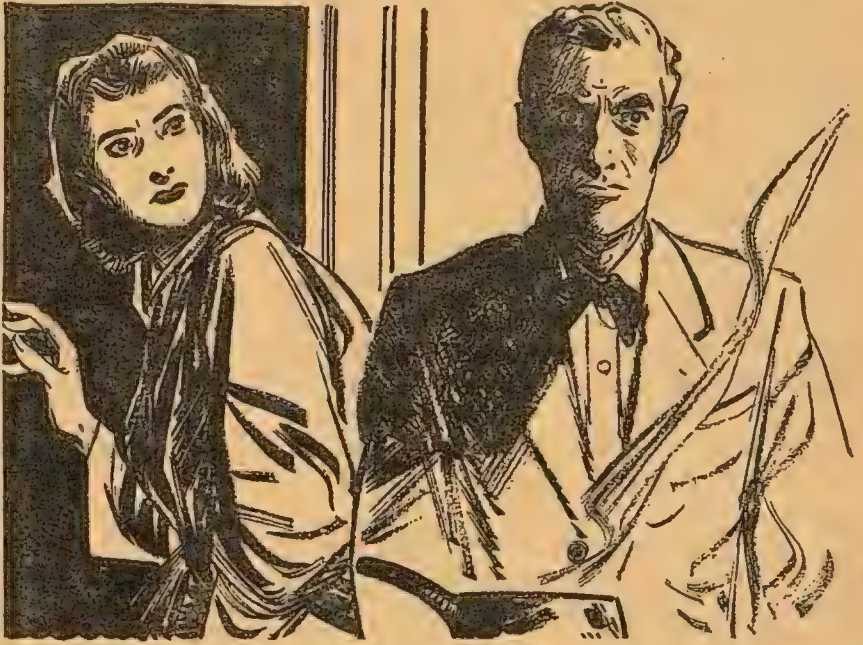
"I think someone said there were bloodstains *inside* this scabbard?"

"There *are* bloodstains inside it!" Professor Rigaud's voice was challenging.

Dr. Fell nodded in a slow and lion-like way. "You say in your lucid account—which you allowed me to read—that the police, after the murder, took away the two halves of the sword-stick for expert examination. I presume the police didn't get them together before removing them? They were taken away just as found?"

"But naturally!"

Miles couldn't stand it any longer. "For God's sake, sir!" His voice went up. "*You don't believe all this, do you?*"



Dr. Fell blinked at him. "Believe what?"

"Vampires!"

"No," Dr. Fell said gently. "I don't believe it. It is only fair to say that before we leave. This wild night ride to the New Forest, on a—harrumph!—a sudden romantic impulse of Rigaud's, who also wanted to see your uncle's library, is one that two elderly gentlemen will regret when they arrive back in London. But before we do go . . ."

"I'm going to put you up here," said Miles. "I want to see you both in daylight and feel sane again. And my sister Marion! When she hears . . .!"

He broke off.

The sound they all heard then came from upstairs and a little distance away. But it was magnified by the night stillness.

It was a pistol shot.

PROFESSOR RIGAUD spoke first, kicking his heels. The sardonic expression flickered in his face before it was veiled, and he looked at Miles, then at Dr. Fell. His gruff voice was shaky as he said, "Are you, dear doctor, thinking what *I* am thinking?"

"No!" thundered Dr. Fell, and broke the tensity. "No, no, no, no!"

Professor Rigaud shrugged his shoulders.

"For myself, I find it seldom helpful to call a thing improbable after it has actually happened." He looked at Miles. "Does your sister own a revolver?"

"Yes! But . . ."

Miles got to his feet.

He wouldn't, he said to himself, make a disgraceful exhibition of himself by starting to run, though Rigaud's countenance was a mottled white and even Dr. Fell had closed his hands suddenly round the arms of the tapestry chair. Miles walked out of the room into the dark reception-hall. It was on the staircase, the enclosed staircase leading to the upstairs hall, that he did begin to run.

"Marion!" he shouted.

Ahead of him upstairs lay the very long, narrow hall, touched by the yellow speck of a night-light, with its line of mute-looking closed doors on either side.

"Marion! Are you all right?"

There was no reply.

As he faced the rear of the hall, the door of Marion's bedroom was the last door down on the left. Again Miles started to run. He stopped long enough to pick up the night-light, another little lamp with a cylindrical glass shade, from the top of the radiator half-way down. As he nervously fumbled with the wheel of the wick to make it burn brighter, he discovered that his hands were trembling.

He turned the knob of the door, pushed it open, and held the lamp high.

"Marion!"

MARION was in bed, partly reclining upwards with her head and shoulders pressed back against the headboard of the bed, in an otherwise empty room.

There were two lines of little windows in this room. One line faced eastwards, opposite Miles as he stood in the doorway, and these were still covered by drawn curtains. The other line of windows faced towards the back of the house, and white moonlight poured in. The bed faced these southern windows across the length of the room.

"Marion!"

She didn't move.

Miles went forward, edging with little slow steps. As the lamplight crept on farther and farther into a blur of gloom, it brought out one detail after another.

Marion was wearing light-blue silk pyjamas. At first glance her face was almost unrecognizable. The hazel eyes were partly open, glassy and unblinking when the light touched them. The face was chalk white. Her lips were drawn back over her teeth for the scream she had never been able to utter. In her right hand she clutched a .32 calibre revolver. As Miles glanced towards the right, toward the windows Marion faced, he could see the bullet hole in the glass.

He stood there mute, a pulse vibrating down his whole arm, when a rather hoarse voice spoke behind him.

"You will permit me?" it said.

Georges Antoine Rigaud, pale but stolid, bounced in with little pigeon-toed steps, holding up the sitting-room lamp.

At Marion's right hand there was a bedside table, its drawer partly open, as though the revolver had come from there. On this little table stood Marion's own bedside lamp, turned out long ago, and beside the water-bottle a tiny one-ounce bottle of French perfume with a red-and-gold label. Miles could catch the scent. It made him half sick.

Professor Rigaud put down the sitting-room lamp on this table.

"I am an amateur of medicine," he said. "You will permit!"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

Circling round to the other side of the bed, Professor Rigaud picked up Marion's limp left wrist. Delicately he pressed his hand under her left breast, high up against the region of the heart. He had lost all his sardonic air; he showed only deep and genuine distress.

"I am sorry," he announced. "This lady is dead."

Miles moved over towards a chest-of-drawers at the right-hand side of the southern windows, and set down his lamp with a bang. Then he turned back to face Professor Rigaud across the bed.

"What"—he swallowed—"what did it?"

"Shock."

Then a change came over the professor's face. "Yet she may *not* be dead," he said excitedly. "In severe cases there is no perceptible pulse, as here. And there may not be any cardiac impulse even when you put your hand over the heart." He paused. "How far away is the nearest doctor?"

"About six miles."

"Is there a 'phone here?"

"Yes! But in the meantime . . .!"

"In the meantime we must stimulate the heart. Have you got any strychnine in the house?"

"Great Scott, no!"

"But you have salt, yes? Ordinary table salt? And a hypodermic needle?"

"I think Marion *did* once have one somewhere . . ."

Miles turned back to the chest-of-drawers, yanked open the topmost drawer, and began to rummage. He found the hypodermic syringe in its neat leather case.

"Take it downstairs," Rigaud gabbled at him, "and sterilize it in boiling water. Then heat some other water with a little pinch of salt in it, and bring them both up here. But first of all phone the doctor. I will take the other measures. Hurry, hurry, hurry!"

In the doorway of the bedroom, as Miles ran out, stood Dr. Gideon Fell.

"You see this, dear doctor?" he heard Rigaud say.

"Yes, I see it."

"Can you guess what *she* saw outside the window?"

Their voices faded away.

Downstairs in the sitting-room, it was dark except for a splendour of moonlight. At the telephone Miles snapped on his pocket lighter, finding the address-pad Marion kept there, and got the doctor.

A minute later he was in the kitchen, which was situated on the west side of the house, across a long enclosed passage like the one upstairs, in the middle of a line of silent bedrooms. Miles lit several lamps in the big scrubbed room. He set the gas hissing in the new white-enamel range. He ran water into saucepans and banged them on the fire, dropping in the two parts of the hypodermic, while a big white-faced clock ticked on the wall. Twenty minutes to two o'clock.

HE REFUSED to think of Fay Seton, sleeping on the ground floor in a bedroom not twenty feet away from him now. He refused to think of her, that is, until he abruptly swung round from the stove and saw her standing in the middle of the kitchen behind him.

Behind her the door to the passage gaped open on blackness. He hadn't heard her move on the stone floor with the linoleum over it. She was wearing a very thin white nightdress with a pink quilted wrap drawn over it, and white slippers. Her fleecy red hair lay tumbled about her shoulders.

What had warned Miles was a kind of animal instinct, a physical sense he always experienced with her. He turned with such suddenness that he knocked against th handle of one saucepan, which spun round on the gas-ring. The heating water hissed slightly at its edges.

And he surprised on Fay Seton's face a look of sheer hatred. It was hatred mingled with—yes! with wild anguish. Even when he turned round she couldn't quite control it, couldn't smooth it away. Her breast rose and fell in a kind of gasp, and her finger-tips twitched together.

But she spoke gently. "What happened?"

"My sister may be dead or dying."

"Yes. I know. I heard something like a shot. I was only dozing. I went up and looked in there." Fay breathed very rapidly, and gave a gasp. "You must forgive me, I've just seen something I hadn't noticed before. But what happened?"

"Marion was frightened by something outside the window. She fired a shot at it."

"What was it? A burglar?"

"No burglar on earth could scare Marion. She isn't what you could call a nervous type. Besides . . ."

"Please tell me!"

"The windows of that room are more than fifteen fee above ground. There's nothing underneath but the blan back wall of the library. I don't see how any burglar could have got up there."

The water began to boil. Through Miles's mind flashe the word "salt". He plunged across to the line of kitch cupboards, and found a big cardboard container. Profe Rigaud had said only a "pinch" of salt; and he had heat the water, not boil it. Miles dropped a little into the second saucepan just as the first boiled over.

It was as though Fay Seton's knees had started to give way. There was a kitchen chair by the table. She put her hand on the back of it and slowly sat down, not looking at him, one white knee a little advanced, and the line of her shoulders tense.

As Miles struck at the tap of the gas range, extinguishing it, she got to her feet. She spoke softly. "Professor Rigaud is here, isn't he?"

"Yes. Would you mind standing to one side, please?"

"Did you—did you believe what I said to you tonight?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" he shouted at her. "But will you please for the love of heaven move to one side? My sister . . ."

Fay was now standing with her back to the table, pressed against it: all her self-effacement and timidity of manner gone, straight and magnificent, breathing deeply.

"This can't go on," she said.

Miles did not look into her eyes at that moment; he dared not. For his sudden impulse, very nearly irresistible, had been to take her in his arms. Harry Brooke had done that, young Harry since dead and rotted. And how many others, in the quiet families where she had gone to live?

HE LEFT the kitchen without looking back at her and went upstairs in the moonlight, carefully carrying the saucepans. The door of Marion's room stood open.

"I vass coming"—Professor Rigaud's English pronunciation slipped for the first time—"to see what delayed you."

Something about Rigaud's expression made Miles's heart contract.

"Professor Rigaud! Is she . . .?"

"No, no, no! I have brought her to what is called the 'reaction.' She is breathing and I think her pulse is stronger. Did you 'phone the doctor?"

"Yes. He's on his way now."

"Good. Give me the kettles there. No, no, no!" said Professor Rigaud, whom emotion inclined towards fussiness. "You will not come in. Recovery from shock is not a pretty sight and, besides, you will get in my way. Keep out until I tell you."

He took the saucepans and put them inside on the floor. Then he closed the door in Miles's face.

Dr. Gideon Fell, smoking a very large meerschaum pipe, was standing beside the window at the end of the hall.

"You know," he observed, taking the pipe out of his mouth, "I like that man."

"Professor Rigaud?"

"Yes. I *like* him."

"So do I. And God knows I'm grateful to him."

"He is a practical man, a thoroughly practical man. Which," observed Dr. Fell, with a guilty air and several furious puffs at the meerschaum, "it is to be feared you and I are not. A thoroughly practical man."

"And yet," said Miles, "he believes in vampires."

"Harrumph. Yes. Exactly."

"Let's face it. What do *you* believe?"

"My dear Hammond," returned Dr. Fell, puffing out his cheeks and shaking his head with some vehemence, "at the moment I'm dashed if I know. That is what depresses me. Before this present affair," he nodded towards the bedroom, "before this present affair came to upset my calculations, I believed I was beginning to have more than a glimmer of light about the murder of Howard Brooke . . ."

"Yes," said Miles, "I thought you were."

"Indeed? Why?"

"When I was giving you Fay Seton's account of the murder on the tower, the look on your face once or twice was enough to scare anybody. Horror? I don't know! Something like that."

"Was it?" said Dr. Fell. The pipe pulsed and darkened. "Oh, ah! I remember! But what upset me wasn't the thought of an evil spirit. It was the thought of a motive."

"A motive for murder?"

"Oh, no," said Dr. Fell. "But it led to murder. A motive damnably evil and cold-hearted that . . ." He paused. ain the pipe pulsed and darkened. "Do you think we have a word, now, with Miss Seton?"

"Miss Seton? I suppose so. She's downstairs. Her bedroom is there," Miles explained. "It's one of the pleasantest rooms in the house; only just redecorated, with the paint hardly dry. But she is up and about, if that's what you mean. She—she heard the shot."

"Indeed!"

"As a matter of fact, she slipped up here and glanced into Marion's room. Something upset her so much that she isn't quite . . . quite . . ."

"Herself?"

"If you want to put it like that, Dr. Fell," Miles said, "Let's not be hypnotized. Let's not have a spell thrown over us by Rigaud's ghouls and vampires and witchwomen. Granting—even granting!—it would have been very difficult for someone to have climbed up outside the windows of Marion's room . . ."

"My dear fellow," Dr. Fell said gently, "I *know* nobody climbed up there. See for yourself!"

And he indicated the window beside which they stood. Miles pushed it up, put his head out.

The illuminated windows of Marion's room threw out bright light against pale green at the back of the house. Underneath was a blank wall fifteen feet high. Underneath also ran an unplanted flower bed nearly as broad as the wall was high; a flower bed smooth and newly watered on which a cat could not have walked without leaving a trace.

"We know Marion fired a shot, yes. But how do we know she fired it at something *outside* the window?"

"Aha!" chortled Dr. Fell, and a kind of glee breathed toward Miles out of pipe smoke. "My compliments, sir. You *are* waking up."

"We don't know it at all," said Miles. "We only assume it because it came after all this talk of faces floating outside windows. Isn't it much more natural to think she fired at something *inside* the room? Something perhaps standing in front of her at the foot of the bed?"

"Yes," Dr. Fell assented gravely, "it is. But don't you see, my dear sir, that this doesn't in the least explain our real problem?"

"What do you mean?"

"Something," replied Dr. Fell, "frightened your sister. Something which—without Rigaud's timely aid—would quite literally have frightened her to death. Your sister is not, I take it, a nervous woman?"

"Good Lord, no! She didn't like the blitzes or the V-weapons. But then, neither did anyone else."

"I think we may safely rule out," said Dr. Fell, "the entrance of a V-weapon. A threatening burglar wouldn't do? Something of that sort?"

"Definitely not."

"Having seen something, and partly raised up in bed, she . . . By the way, that revolver in her hand: it does belong to her?"

"Oh, yes."

"And she kept it in the drawer of the bedside table?"

"Presumably. I never noticed where she kept it."

"Something tells me," said Dr. Fell, rubbing his forehead, "that we want the emotions and reactions of human beings—if they are human beings. We are going to have an immediate word with Miss Fay Seton."

IT WAS not necessary to go and find her. Fay, who had dressed herself in the same gray frock she had worn earlier in the evening, was coming toward them now. In the uncertain light it seemed to Miles that she had put on a great deal of lipstick, which she did not ordinarily use.

Her white face, composed now, floated toward them.

"Ma'am," said Dr. Fell, "good evening."

"Good evening," Fay stopped short. "You are . . .?"

"Miss Seton," introduced Miles, "this is an old friend of mine. Dr. Gideon Fell."

"Oh, Dr. Gideon Fell." She was silent for a moment, and then she turned to Miles.

"I—wanted to tell you," she said in her usual soft voice of sincerity. "I made rather an exhibition of myself downstairs. I'm sorry. I was—upset. And I didn't even sympathize with what happened to poor Marion. Can't I be of service in any way?"

She moved tentatively toward the bedroom door not far behind her, but Miles touched her arm.

"Better not go in there. Professor Rigaud is acting as amateur doctor. He won't let anybody in."

"How—how is she?"

"A bit better, Rigaud thinks," said Dr. Fell. "If Miss Hammond recovers, this matter will of course be no concern of the police . . ."

"Won't it?" murmured Fay. And across her lips flicked a cold smile.

Dr. Fell's voice sharpened. "You believe the police *should* be concerned in this, ma'am?"

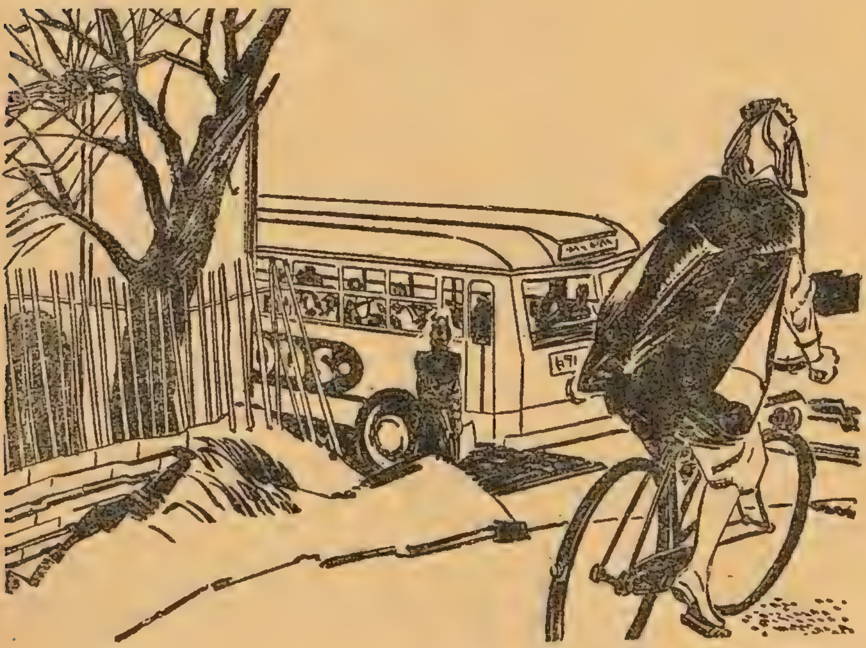
"Did I say that? I must have been thinking of something else. What did you want to know?"

"When you left the library this evening, where did you go?"

"I went to my own room and put on a nightgown and wrap and slippers. I joined Miss Hammond in her room as she had asked me to. I took her a little bottle of French perfume."

"The same little red-and-gold bottle that's on the bedside table now?"

"I—I suppose so. Anyway, she put it on the bedside table by the lamp. She was sitting in a chair there. We talked. I was restless. I walked up and down . . . Mostly she did the talking, about her fiancé and her brother and her plans for the future. After a while I went downstairs to bed."



"Miss Hammond didn't seem nervous?"

"Oh, *no!*"

Dr. Fell grunted. "You know, of course, that Miss Hammond was nearly frightened to death. That we found her in shock with her revolver in her hand, the bullet from it having gone through the window. Have you any theory, ma'am?"

"I'm afraid not, at the moment."

"Have you any theory, then," pursued Dr. Fell, "to account for the death—equally mysterious—of Howard Brooke nearly six years ago?" Without giving her time for a reply he added, "Are you a good swimmer, Miss Seton?"

"Fairly good. I daren't do much of it because of my heart."

"If necessary you could swim under water?"

Fay took a blundering step backwards and then fled.

THE next morning Barbara Morell called Miles on the telephone, which was in the sitting room.

"If you hadn't rung me," he said, "I was going to try to get in touch with you. Look here! If I came in to town this afternoon, could I possibly see you?"

Pause. "Yes, I suppose so."

"This is Sunday. There's a train I could get at half-past one. Where could I see you?"

"I could meet your train at Waterloo. Then we might have tea somewhere."

"Excellent idea! There was a very bad business here last night. Something happened in my sister's room that seems past human belief. . . ." Miles glanced up. Stephen Curtis—correct from his hat to his grey double-breasted suit, carrying a rolled umbrella over his arm—came in at a jaunty pace from the reception-hall, caught the last words and stopped short.

"Sorry I have to ring off now, Barbara," Miles said, and hung up. "It's all right, Steve. Marion's going to get well, the doctor says."

"Marion?" Steve's voice went high, and all the color drained out of his face.

"Something or someone got into her room last nigh and frightened her very nearly to death. But . . ."

Stephen was walking forward. Deliberately he lifte his umbrella high, brought it down with a smash on th edge of the table under the windows.

"It was that damned librarian, I suppose," he said "Some people cause something-or-other wherever they go." A blue, congested vein showed at his temple. *"Marion!"*

"We owe her life, Steve, to a man named Professor Rigaud. Don't wake him now—he's had a long night of it, but he's asleep in your room."

Stephen turned away. He walked over to the line of low white-painted bookshelves along the west wall. He stood there with his back to Miles, his hands spread out on the shelf-top. As he turned round a little later there appeared in the doorway the vastness of Dr. Fell.

"You and your damned Murder Club!" Stephen said clearly and viciously.

Then he was gone.

"This whole situation is my fault," Miles said. "I invited Fay Seton here. The good Lord alone knows why I did."

"Until we know what was in your sister's room, or outside the window, we can't give any kind of final verdict on Fay Seton," said Dr. Fell. "The murder on the tower and the frightening of your sister are connected. And they both in some fashion center round this odd girl with the red hair." He was silent for a moment. "Forgive the personal question, but do you happen to be in love with her?"

Miles looked him in the eyes. "I don't know. She . . ."

"Disturbs you?"

"That's putting it mildly."

Dr. Fell took a number of reflective puffs at his meerschaum. "The best thing to do is perhaps to get in touch with Miss Barbara Morell . . ."

Miles rose to his feet. "She rang up here not five minutes before you came in!"

Dr. Fell was instantly alert. "What did she want?"

"Come to think of it," said Miles. "I forgot to ask her."

"Did you ask her about Jim Morell?"

"No. Steve Curtis came in just then. But I've arrange to see her today in town." He stopped. The physician w looking in at the door.

"Mr. Hammond," he said, "before I see the patient again, I wonder if I could have a word with you?"

"Of course. Don't hesitate to speak in front of Dr. Fell."

DR. GARVICE closed the door behind him and turned around.

"Mr. Hammond," he said, "I wonder whether you would mind telling me what frightened the patient? This is the worst case of plain nervous shock in my experience."

"Doctor, we don't know what happened."

"The lady doesn't suffer from—hallucinations?"

"No. Why do you ask?"

"Well, she keeps on muttering, over and over, abou something whispering to her."

"Whispering?"

The eerie word, with its sibilant note, seemed to hang in the air between them.

"It's very disturbing," the doctor added. "I'll look i again when I've seen the patient. And I'd better look in on the other lady too—Miss Seton, isn't it? The lady wa a bit nervy early this morning and I gave her a sedative."

"Then I wonder if you will ask Miss Seton, at her convenience, to come and join us here?" said Dr. Fell.

Stephen Curtis had come into the room during t exchange and was standing slumped against the staring at Miles. Suddenly he began to shout. wouldn't give two hoots about your own siste you? No! But you *would* care everything in the world. you *would* upset everything and everybody, for an infernal little slut you picked up out of the gutter to—"

"Steve! Take it easy! What's wrong?"

A shocked, startled look passed slowly over Stephen Curtis's face. "Sorry, old man," he muttered, and punched in an embarrassed way at Miles's arm. "Can't think what came over me. I'm going to go and lie down."

"Wait a minute! Come back! Not in your own bedroom, Steve! Professor Rigaud's trying to get some sleep in there, and . . ."

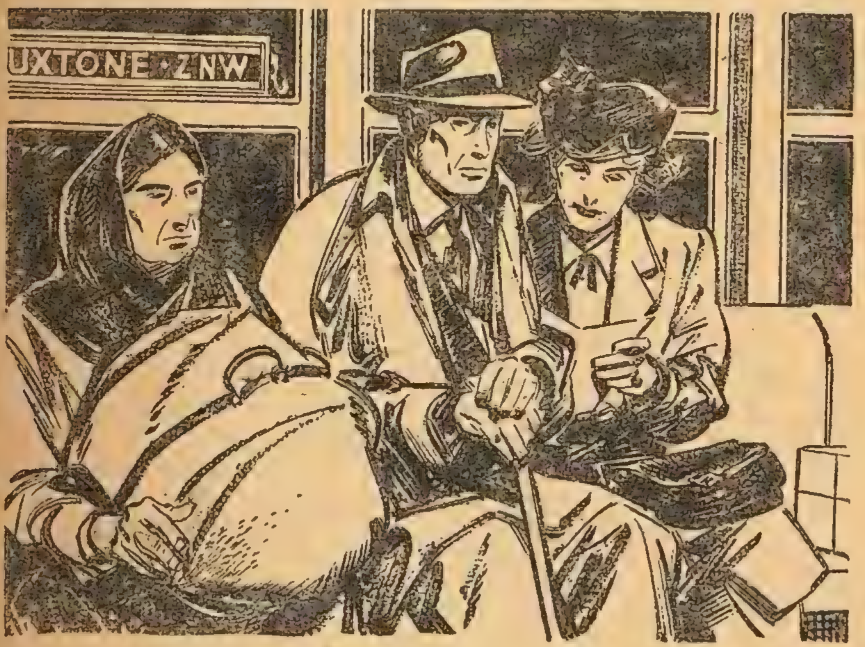
"Oh, so-and-so to Professor Rigaud!" said Stephen, and bolted from the room. Dr. Garvice reappeared.

"I thought I'd better come up and tell you," announced the doctor. "Miss Seton has gone. I found this." He handed Miles a sealed envelope. Miles tore it open and read aloud:

Dear Mr. Hammond,

I am sorry to say I shall have to be absent in London today on a matter that compels attention. I think now I *was* wise to keep my little room in town. And a brief-case *is* so useful, isn't it? But don't worry. I shall return after nightfall.

Yours sincerely,
Fay Seton.



"Oh, my *God!*" breathed Dr. Fell. "And yet I ought to have guessed it. I wonder what time she left here."

"*I* don't know," said Dr. Garvice. "Don't look at me!"

"But somebody must have seen her go!" bellowed Dr. Fell. "A conspicuous girl like that! Tall, red-haired . . ."

His words reached the nurse, who was passing through the hall. She stepped to the doorway.

"Pardon me. I think maybe I saw her just now when I was coming here on my bicycle. She was getting on the bus out in the main road."

"And what train to London could she catch by taking that bus?"

"The one-thirty," replied Dr. Garvice.

"The one-thirty?" echoed Miles Hammond. "But that's the train *I* want to catch!"

"You wouldn't make it by bus now, or even by private car unless you drove like Sir Malcolm Campbell. It's ten minutes past one now," the doctor told him.

"Listen to me," said Dr. Fell in a voice he very seldom used. His hand fell on Miles's shoulder. "You are going to catch that one-thirty train."

"But that's impossible! There's a man who does a car-hire service to and from the station—Steve always uses him—but it would take too long to get him here. It's out of the question!"

"You forget," said Dr. Fell, "that Rigaud's illegally rowed car is still outside in the drive." There was a strained look in his eyes. "It is absolutely vital for overtake Fay Seton. Absolutely vital. Are you have a shot at catching the train?"

"Hell, yes. I'll drive her at ninety an hour. But suppose I do miss the train?"

"I don't know!" roared Dr. Fell as though in physical pain, and hammered his fist against his temple. "This 'little room in town' she speaks about. She's going there —yes, of course she is! Have you got her London address?"

"No. She came straight to me from the employment agency."

"In that case," said Dr. Fell, "you have simply *got* to catch the train. I'll explain as much as possible while we run to the car. But something damnable is going to happen, I warn you here and now, if that woman tries to carry out her plans. It is quite literally a matter of life and death. You have *got* to catch that train!"

THE guard's whistle piped shrilly.

Two or three last doors slammed. The one-thirty train to London, smoothly gliding, gathered speed so that its windows seemed to flash past.

"You can't do it, I tell you!" panted Stephen Curtis.

"Want to bet?" Miles said through his teeth. "Drive the car back, Steve. I'm all right now."

"Never jump on a train when it's going as fast as that!" yelled Stephen. "Never . . ."

The voice receded. Miles was running blindly beside the door of a first-class smoking compartment. He dodged a luggage-truck with someone shouting at him, and laid hold of the door-handle. Since the train was on his left-hand side as he ran, the jump wasn't going to be easy.

He yanked open the door, felt through his back the terrifying crick-crack twinge of overbalancement as he jumped, saved himself by a reeling catch at the side of the door, and, with the dizziness of his old illness pouring through his head, slammed the door behind him.

He had made it. He was on the same train with Fay Seton.

He stood at the open window, panting and half-blind, staring out and listening to the click of the wheels. When he had partly got his breath he turned around.

The important thing was to find Fay immediately.

It was not a long train, and not very crowded. People were packed into seats trying to read newspapers with their hands flat against their breasts like corpses; dozens stood in the corridor amid barricades of luggage. But few were actually standing inside the compartments.

Working his way along the corridors, tripping over luggage, becoming entangled with people queueing for lavatories, Miles tried to work out a philosophical essay in his mind. He was watching, he said to himself, a whole cross-section of England as the train rattled and swayed, and the green countryside flashed by, and he peered into one compartment after another. After a first quick journey he was apprehensive. After a second he was panicky. After a third . . .

Apparently Fay Seton was not aboard the train.

Miles stood in a corridor gripping the window-railing and trying to keep calm. He was seeing Dr. Fell's frightened face, and hearing his last words: "Find her and stay with her! If she insists on coming back to Greywood tonight, that's all right—in fact, it's probably the best thing—but don't leave her side for a minute!"

He could never remember a longer journey. It was twenty minutes to four when the train drew in at Waterloo. Waiting for him, just outside the barrier, stood Barbara Morell.

The sheer pleasure he felt at seeing her momentarily drove out his anxieties.

"Hello," said Barbara. She seemed aloof.

"Hello," said Miles. "I—er—hardly liked to drag you over here to the station."

"Oh, that's all right," she said. "Besides, I have to be at the office later this evening."

"At the office? On Sunday night?"

"I'm in Fleet Street," said Barbara. "I'm a journalist." The gray eyes studied him furtively. "What's wrong? You look . . ."

"There's the devil and all to pay," Miles burst out. "I was supposed to find Fay Seton at any cost. Everything depended on it. Now I don't know what in blazes to do, because she wasn't in the train after all."

Barbara's eyes opened wide. "But she walked out through that barrier not twenty seconds before you did! I knew her from the colored photograph Professor Rigaud showed us on Friday night."

"But where—" And then it struck him. "She must have ridden in the baggage car. It didn't occur to me to look there. She's got a room in town somewhere, and according to Dr. Fell she'll go straight to it. *Do* you know the address?"

"Yes!" Barbara opened her handbag and took out an address book. "Five Bolsover Place, N.W.1."

"Where's Bolsover Place?"

"Off Camden High Street in Camden Town. I—I looked it up when I wondered whether I ought to go and see her. It's rather a dingy neighborhood, but I imagine she's even more hard up than the rest of us."

"What's the quickest way to get there?"

"By Underground, easily. You can go straight through from here without a change."

IN THE train he took her hand in both of his. "I've known you only a very short time; but do you mind my saying I'd rather talk to you now than almost anyone else I can think of?"

"No," answered Barbara, "I don't mind."

"I can't say how you've been spending the week-end," pursued Miles, "but we've been having vampires and near-murders, and . . ."

"What did you say?" She drew back her hand quickly.

"Yes! And you may be able to supply one of the most important pieces of information." He paused. "Who is Jim Morell?"

Clank-thud went the rush of the train, hollow-streaming through its tunnel; a breeze touched their hair from the ventilator-windows.

"You can't connect him with this," said Barbara, and her fingers tightened round her handbag. "He doesn't know, he never did know, anything about the death of Mr. Brooke! He . . ."

"Yes! But do you mind telling me who he is?"

"He's my brother." Barbara moistened her very smooth pink lips; not as attractive, perhaps, not as heady, as those of the passive blue-eyed woman they were following. Miles shook this thought out of his mind as Barbara asked quickly: "Where did you hear about him?"

"From Fay Seton."

"Oh?" She started a little.

"I'll tell you the whole story in just a minute. But there are certain things to straighten out first. Your brother . . . where is he now?"

"He's in Canada. For three years he was a prisoner of war in Germany, and we thought he was dead. He's been sent out to Canada for his health. Jim's older than I am; he was quite a well-known painter, before the war."

"And I understand he was a friend of Harry Brooke."

"Yes." Then Barbara spoke softly but very clearly. "He *was* a friend of that utterly unspeakable swine Harry Brooke."

Subconsciously Miles was listening hard for the guard's voice; listening for every slowing-down of the rumbling wheels, every sigh and jolt as the doors rolled open and the station was called.

But—utterly unspeakable swine? Harry Brooke?

"There's just one thing," he said with discomfort stirring through him but with a fierce determination to face it, "I'd better mention before I tell you what happened. I believe in Fay Seton. I've got into trouble with practically everyone for saying that: with my sister Marion, with Steve Curtis, with Professor Rigaud, even perhaps with Dr. Fell, though I'm not quite so sure where he stands. And, since you were the first person who warned me against her. . . ."

"I warned you against her?"

"Yes. Didn't you?"

"Oh!" breathed Barbara Morell.

She had drawn back a little from him, with the dark cylinder-curved walls flying past outside the windows. She breathed that monosyllable in a tone of utter stupefaction, as though she could not believe her ears.

Miles had an instinctive feeling that the whole situation was going to change again: that something was not only wrong, but deadly wrong. Barbara stared at him, her mouth open. He saw comprehension come into the grey eyes, slow incredulous comprehension as they searched his face; then half-laughter, a wild helpless gesture . . .

"You thought," she insisted, "that I—?"

"Yes! Didn't you?"

"Listen." Barbara put her hand on his arm and spoke with clear-eyed sincerity. "I wasn't trying to warn you against her. I was wondering if you could *help* her. Fa Seton is . . ."

"Go on!"

"Fay Seton is one of the most completely wronged, be devilled, and—and *hurt* persons I've ever heard of. All was trying to find out was whether she might have com mitted the murder, because I didn't know any detai about the murder. She'd have been justified, you know, if she *had* killed someone! But you could tell, from what Professor Rigaud said, that she hadn't done that, either. And I was at my wits' end."

Barbara made a brief, slight gesture.

"That woman's been in hell from lying gossip that prejudiced her in the eyes of the police, and may have ruined her life. I could have helped her. I *can* help her. But I'm too much of a coward! Professor Rigaud is good at seeing the outside of things. But he never guessed that Harry Brooke was simply a cold-hearted fish determined to get his own way. When Fay arrived there to be his father's secretary, Harry saw a chance. First he would pretend to fall in love with Fay. Then he would write his father anonymous letters about her, start a whispering campaign against her, connecting her name with Jean This and Jacques That. His parents—they weren't too keen already about his marrying anyone—would get alarmed at the scandal and beg him to break it off.

"He'd already prepared the way by inventing a story, absolutely false, that she'd refused him the first time he proposed marriage with the hint that there was some terrible secret reason why she couldn't marry him.

"So the scandal would gather, and Harry's parents would beg him to break off the engagement. Harry would only look noble and refuse. The more he refused, the more frantic they would be. Finally he would be crushed, practically in tears, and he would say: 'All right, I'll give her up. But if I do that, will you send me to Paris for two years to study painting so that I can forget her?' "

"Would they have agreed *then?* Don't we all know what families are? Of course they would have! They'd have seized at it in blessed relief.

"Only," added Barbara, "Harry's little plan didn't work out quite like that, you see.

"The anonymous letters worried his father, who wouldn't even so much as mention them to his mother. But Harry's whispering campaign in the district alm failed completely. You know that French shrug of the shoulder and the *'Et alors?'* which just about correspond to, 'So what?' They were busy people; they had crops to harvest; such things harmed no one if they didn't interfere with work; so what?"

BARBARA began to laugh hysterically, but she checked herself.

"It was Professor Riguad, always lecturing to Harry about crime and the occult, who in all innocence put Harr on to the thing these people really did fear. The thin that *would* make them talk and even scream. It's silly a it's horrible and of course it worked. Harry deliberat bribed that sixteen-year-old boy to counterfeit marks o his own throat and start a story about a vampire . . .

"Harry knew, of course, that his father wouldn't belie any nonsense about vampires. He didn't want his fath to believe that. What Mr. Brooke would hear, what h couldn't help hearing in every corner round Chartres, w a story about his son's fiancée visiting Pierre Fresnac often at night, and . . . and all the rest of it. That wou be enough. That would be more than enough."

Miles Hammond shivered.

"I don't question what you tell me," he said afte moment. "But how do you know these details?"

"Harry wrote them all to my brother!" cried Barb

She was silent for a moment.

"Jim's a painter, as I said. Harry admired him t

Harry thought—honestly thought!—that Jim as a man of the world would approve of his scheme to get away from a stuffy family atmosphere and call him no end of a clever fellow for thinking this up."

"Did you know about it at the time?"

Barbara opened her eyes wide.

"Good heavens, no! That was six years ago. I was only twenty at the time. I remember Jim did keep getting let-ers from France that worried him, but he never made any emark about it. Then . . ."

"Go on!"

She swallowed hard.

"About the middle of August in that year, I remember m suddenly getting up from the breakfast table with a tter in his hand and saying, 'My God, the old man's been murdered.' He referred once or twice to the Brooke case, and tried to find out all he could from anything that was published in the English newspapers. But after that you couldn't get him to say a word about it.

"Then the war. Jim was reported dead in '42; we believed he was dead. I—I went through his papers. I came across this awful story spread out from letter to letter. Of course there wasn't anything I could do. There wasn't much I could even *learn,* except a few scanty things in the back files of the papers: that Mr. Brooke had been stabbed and the French police rather thought Miss Fay Seton had killed him.

"IT WAS only this last week that a press photograph came into the office, showing three Englishwomen who were returning from France, and one of them was 'Miss Fay Seton, whose peacetime profession is that of librarian.' And a man at the office happened to tell me all about the famous Murder Club, and said that the speaker on Friday night was to be Professor Rigaud, giving an eye-witness account of the Brooke case."

There were tears in Barbara's eyes now.

"I knew that Professor Rigaud loathes journalists. I couldn't go to him in private unless I produced my bundle of letters to explain why I was interested; and I *couldn't* have Jim's name mixed up in this if something dreadful came out of it. So I . . ."

"You tried to get Rigaud to yourself at Beltring's?"

"Yes."

She nodded quickly, and then stared out of the window.

"When you mentioned that you were looking for a librarian, it occurred to me, 'Oh, Lord! Suppose . . . ?' You know what I mean?"

"Yes." Miles nodded. "I follow you."

"You were so fascinated by that color photograph, so much under its spell, that I thought to myself, 'Suppose I confide in him? If he wants to find a librarian, suppose k him to find Fay Seton and tell her there's someone who *knows* she's been the victim of a filthy frameup? It's possible he'll meet her in any case; but suppose I ask him to find her?' "

"And why didn't you confide in me?"

Barbara's finger twisted round her handbag.

"Oh, I don't know." She shook her head rapidly. "It was only a silly idea of mine. And maybe I resented it, a little, that you were so obviously smitten."

"But, look here!—"

Barbara flung this away and rushed on.

"But the main thing was: what could you or I actually for her? Apparently they didn't believe she was guilty murder, and that was the main thing."

"The letters don't contain any information about the urder of Mr. Brooke, then?"

"No!"

Winking to keep back tears, Barbara fumbled inside the andbag. "This is the last letter Harry Brooke ever wrote Jim. He was writing it on the afternoon of the murder. irst it goes on—gloating!—over the success of his scheme blacken Fay and get what he wanted. Then it breaks suddenly. Look at the end bit!"

t was headed, "6.45 p.m." Its words danced in front of les' eyes as the train quivered:

'Jim, something terrible has just happened. Somebody's ed Dad. Rigaud and I left him on the tower, and some- went up and stabbed him. Must get this in the post to ask you for God's sake, old man, don't ever tell anybody what I've been writing to you. If Fay went berserk and killed the old boy because he tried to buy her off, I won't want anybody to know I've been putting out reports about her. It wouldn't look right and besides I didn't want anything like this to happen. Please, old man. Yours in haste, H. B."

AT THE door to which the landlady of Fay Seton's lodging directed him, Miles lifted his hand and knocked.

"Yes?" called a calm voice.

He opened the door. Fay Seton stood in front of a chest-of-drawers. She gave a smothered cry.

A dim bulb hanging over the chest-of-drawers showed the rather broken-down bedroom furniture, the discolored wall-paper, the frayed carpet. A heavy tin box, painted black and half as big as a trunk, had been drawn out from under the bed; its lid was not quite shut, and a small padlock hung open from the hasp.

"This is Miss Morell," Miles said. "The sister of—well, of Jim Morell."

Then Miles saw what was on top of the chest-of-drawers—an old brief-case of black leather, dusty and cracked, bulging from something inside it; its straps were loosened, and the flap was partly opened. Beside it lay a large, flat packet of banknotes, stained in dry patches of rust-brown. Fay's pale face was paler yet as she saw the direction of his glance.

"Yes," she told him. "Those are bloodstains. Mr. Brooke's blood, you see, got on them when they . . ."

"For the love of God, Fay!"

Miles carefully closed the door, putting his hand on Barbara's shoulder, for Barbara was on the point of running out of the room. Fay sank into a chair, her shoulders drooping. Tears welled out of her eyes.

"We know now," said Miles, feeling numb, "that you weren't guilty of anything at all. I've just heard that all those accusations against you were a fake deliberately trumped up by Harry Brooke—"

Fay raised her head quickly.

"So you know that," she said.

"And this damned thing!" Miles strode over and picked up the packet of bank-notes. "There are three more packets in the brief-case, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Fay. "Three more. I only stole them. I didn't spend them."

"What else is in it? What makes it bulge?"

"Don't touch that brief-case! Please!"

The tap on the door, though not loud, had a peremptory sound. "I'm a police officer," said a voice. "Mind if I come in?"

Miles thrust the notes into his pocket as the person outside swung the door wide open—a tall square-shouldered man in a raincoat and a bowler hat.

"Miss Fay Seton?"

Fay rose to her feet by way of reply.

"My name is Hadley," the stranger announced. "Superintendent Hadley, Metropolitan C.I.D."

Miles had moved over to the side of Barbara Morell.

"I interviewed you once," said Barbara shakily, "for the *Morning Record.*"

"Right," agreed Hadley, and looked at her. "You're Miss Morell, of course." He looked thoughtfully at Miles. "You must be Mr. Hammond."

"And you're a friend of Dr. Fell," Miles said.

"That's right," agreed Hadley. He removed his hat, and closed the door. His gaze rested, without apparent curiosity, on the brief-case. "I've just had a 'phone conversation with the maestro," he said.

"Dr. Fell told you what happened at Greywood?"

"Yes." Hadley moved forward. "Dr. Fell asked me whether we had any means of finding out Miss Seton's address, in case you"—he looked at Miles—"in case you by any chance missed her. Naturally we had. . . . Miss Seton, do you remember what time you heard the shot?"

"No. I'm afraid I haven't the remotest idea."

Hadley swung around to Miles. "Can you help us?"

"After the shot," Miles said, "I ran up to Marion's bedroom. Professor Rigaud joined me, and a few minutes later Dr. Fell. Professor Rigaud asked me to go downstairs to sterilize a hypodermic and do some other things in the kitchen. When I got to the kitchen, the time was twenty minutes to two. There's a big clock on the wall, and I remember noticing it."

Hadley nodded.

"Your room is on the ground floor?" he asked Fay.

"Yes."

"When you heard this shot in the middle of the night, what made you think the noise came from upstairs? And from that room?"

"I heard people running in the upstairs hall. So I wondered what was wrong. I got up and put on a wrap and slippers, and lighted a lamp, and went upstairs. The door of Miss Hammond's room was wide open, and there was a light inside. So I went there and peeped in."

"When you looked into that room," Hadley told her with careful slowness, "you saw something that upset you. What was it?"

Fay whirled towards Miles. "Did you tell Dr. Fell?"

And Miles stared at her. "Tell him what?"

"What I said to you last night," Fay retorted, her fingers twitching together, "when we were there in the kitchen and I—I wasn't quite myself."

"I didn't tell Dr. Fell anything," Miles snapped, with a violence he could not understand. "And in any case what difference does it make? All you said to me was that you'd just seen something you hadn't noticed before, and . . ."

"Ah!" breathed Hadley.

Fay let out a cry.

"Why not tell us, Miss Seton?" suggested Hadley, in a tone of great persuasiveness. "Why not make full confession? Why not hand over the brief-case"—casually he pointed to it—"and the two thousand pounds and the other things as well? Why not . . ."

AND, at that instant, though nobody had touched the electric switch by the door, the light over the chest went out. With heavy black-out curtains drawn on the little windows, a weight of darkness descended on them like a hood over the face. The door swiftly opened. And something rushed at them out of the passage.

Fay Seton screamed. "Don't, don't, don't!" and there was a crashing sound as of someone falling over the big tin box. Miles lunged out in the darkness, and felt somebody's shoulder slip past him. The door to the passage banged. There were running footsteps. Someone—it was Barbara—drew back the curtain off one window. Grey rain-filtered light entered from Bolsover Place. Hadley ran to the window, flung it up, and blew a police whistle.

Fay Seton, unhurt, had been thrown back against the bed. Now she whipped round, her eyes going instinctively towards the top of the chest-of-drawers.

"It's gone," she said in a choked voice.

For the brief-case was no longer there. Fay jumped over the heavy tin box, ran toward the door, and was half-way down the passage to the stairs before Miles went racing after her.

He found the brief-case lying discarded on the floor of the passage. Fay must have run straight across it. He shouted to her. He snatched up the brief-case, holding it upside down as though to gain her eye by pantomime. There fell out three white packets of banknotes like the other in the bedroom. These landed on the floor, along with a pouring of some dry gritty substance like mortar-dust.

"It's here, I tell you! It's not gone! It's here."

Fay was about half-way down the steep stairs. Miles, leaning perilously over the balustrade, was looking down into her face as she raised it.

"Don't you understand?" he shouted. "There's no need to run like that! Here *is* the brief-case! It's . . ."

Fay's left hand rested lightly on the stair-rail. Her neck was arched, the red hair thrown back as she looked up. On her face was a faintly wondering look. Her heightened color, even the glitter of her eyes, seemed to fade into a deathly bluish pallor. Softly, she fell sideways and rolled over and over to the foot of the stairs.

IT WAS half-past six o'clock on that same Sunday evening, though it seemed days later. Miles and Barbara were sitting in Fay Seton's bedroom, where Hadley had told them to stay, when Professor Georges Antoine Rigaud came slowly up the stairs, along the pa

at the open door. He leaned heavily on the yellow swe

cane.

Miles sprang from the edge of the bed. "How did *you* get here?"

"Dr. Fell and I," said Professor Rigaud, "have arrived back by car from the New Forest. We have telephoned his friend the police superintendent. Dr. Fell goes to the hospital, and I come here."

"How's Marion?"

"In health, she is excellent. She is sitting up and eating food and talking what you call twenty to the dozen. We have heard what frightened her."

And Professor Rigaud's face slowly grew pale.

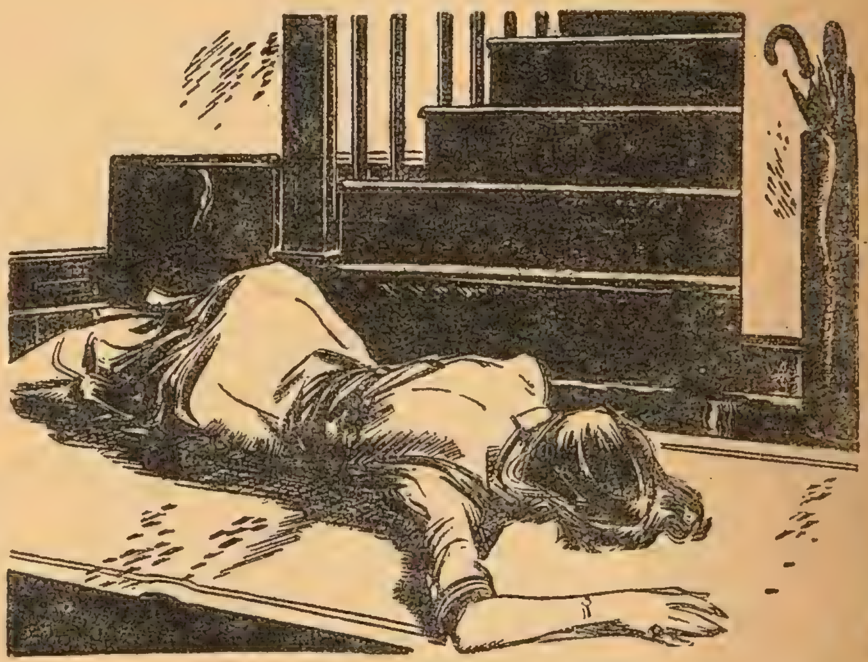
Miles braced himself.

"What did she see?"

"She saw nothing. She was frightened by something she heard and something she felt. Notably by the whispering. . . ."

Professor Rigaud broke off. Outside, with a squeal of brakes, a motor-car drew up. He stumped over to a window. He flung up his arms at what he saw down below.

"Dr. Fell"—he turned round from the window—"arrives back from the hospital sooner than I expected him. I must go."



He was not permitted to go very far, for almost at once the bulk of Dr. Gideon Fell filled the doorway.

"Sir," he began, addressing Miles, "I bring you news."

"Fay Seton—?"

"Fay Seton is alive," replied Dr. Fell. "How long she lives will depend on the care she takes of herself. It may be months; it may be days."

Barbara's fingers were pressed to her lips in an expression of horror mingled with overwhelming pity.

"Couldn't we," said Miles, clearing his throat, "couldn't we go over to the hospital and see her?"

"No, sir."

Motioning to a police-sergeant visible in the hall, Dr. Fell squeezed his way through and closed the door behind him.

"I have just come from talking to Miss Seton," he wen

on. "The whole pitiful story enables me to fill in the detail

of my own guesses. Inspector Hadley will be here pres

ently, with a certain duty to perform. Its result will b

a shock for one person now in this room. That's wh

I thought I had better come here first and warn you."

He peered at Barbara as though noticing her for th

first time. "And you must be Miss Morell!"

"Yes! I want to apologize . . ."

"Tut, tut! Not for the famous fiasco of the Murd

Club?"

"Well . . . yes."

"A small matter," said Dr. Fell. He lumbered

frayed armchair, which had been pushed near one

"I suppose Superintendent Hadley's told you w

pened in this room a couple of hours ago?"

"H'mf, yes. He's told me."

came [illegible] and found Fay standing arbara is now, with *the* brief-case and a bundle blood-stained banknotes. I—er—shoved those notes into my pocket just before Hadley arrived. I needn't have bothered. After asking a lot of questions which seemed to tend towards Fay's guilt, he showed he knew about the brief-case all along."

Miles gritted his teeth and went on. "So many hints have been made about Fay's guilt that I'd like to see justice done in one respect. Did you know, for instance, that it was Harry Brooke who wrote a series of anonymous letters accusing Fay of having affairs with men all over the district?"

"Yes," assented Dr. Fell. "I know it."

"We have here"—Miles gestured to Barbara, who opened her handbag—"a letter written by Harry Brooke on the very afternoon of the murder. He wrote it to Barbara's brother, who," Miles added hastily, "isn't at all concerned in this."

Dr. Fell reared up. "May I see it?"

Rather reluctantly, Miles thought, Barbara handed over the letter. Dr. Fell took it, adjusted his eyeglasses, and slowly read it through.

"TWO crimes were committed," said Dr. Fell. "Both of them were the work of the same criminal." He blinked across at Professor Rigaud. "Have you—harrumph—by any chance got that sword-stick here now?"

With an angry, half-frightened gesture Professor Rigaud flung it across the room. Dr. Fell caught it neatly.

"On that fatal day, Harry Brooke was writing *this* letter to Jim Morell, and he left it unfinished when he went down to the garage. His father went up to Harry's room, and presently came down again, walking slowly as though he were ill. He had read that résumé of Harry's whole scheme to blacken Fay Seton, so that the father should be tricked into giving Harry his own way. Mr. Brooke set out to meet Fay Seton at the tower, all right. He was going there to apologize."

Here Dr. Fell bent forward with great earnestness.

"Now, when Fay Seton talked to Miles Hammond last night she said that, when Harry Brooke left the house in pursuit of Mr. Brooke, *Harry snatched up his raincoat.* But when Rigaud found them Harry wore no raincoat. The sword-stick rested against the parapet. So did the brief-case, but it had become a *bulging* brief-case, though Rigaud had seen in it four slender packets of banknotes. Nothing else!"

He held up the yellow sword-cane. Carefully he unscrewed the handle, took the thin blade from the hollow tick.

"This weapon," he said, "was found after the murder ying in two halves. The police took them away, for expert examination, and they were not joined together until long after the blood had dried. Yet there are stains of blood *inside* the scabbard. And Fay Seton saw Harry and his father, *each* wearing a raincoat. She saw the yellow cane propped against the parapet, the brief-case lying on the floor. She heard Howard Brooke repeat, with a kind of incredulous disgust, all that Harry had done against the reputation of the girl who was in love with him. Then the father suddenly turned away from Harry. Harry saw he ruin of all his plans. And something snapped in his ead. He snatched up the sword-stick, twisted it out f its scabbard, and stabbed his father through the back. he wound was deep, thin—the sort that makes the ctim think he is not badly hurt. Fay Seton fled down e stairs.

"In the doorway she met Rigaud and ran from him. nd Rigaud, hearing the voices upstairs, shouted up.

"The immediate desperate wish of Mr. Brooke was to etend that nothing had happened. In the back of his n raincoat, as he saw by whipping it off, was a tear ough which blood had soaked. He rolled it up, stuffed to the brief-case, and fastened the straps. He thrust vord-blade back into its scabbard (hence the blood . He put on Harry's raincoat. Before Rigaud had the top of the stairs, Howard Brooke had the ting raincoat hidden in his brief-case. And hen he knew he couldn't get down that steep He would be found fainting here—if nothing worse—wearing Harry's raincoat, and his own pierced bloodstained raincoat in the briefcase.

"With his last strength he took his own raincoat out of the brief-case and put it on again. Harry's, now bloodstained too, he thrust into the case. On the battlements of the parapet facing the riverside were crumbling fragments of loose rock. These could be wrenched loose and put into the brief-case, to weight it. He managed to drop it over into the water below. He managed to take the sword-cane from its scabbard, wipe its handle free from any trace of Harry's touch and throw the two halves on the floor. Then Howard Brooke collapsed. Our friend Rigaud here never dreamed he had seen Mr. Brooke in two different coats at two different times. Since Mr. Brooke was found dying in his own coat, nobody else ever suspected. Nobody, that is, except Fay Seton."

Professor Rigaud got to his feet. "But after I saw Fay Seton at the door of the tower, and she ran away from me, what did she do?"

"*I* can guess," Barbara said quietly. "She'd seen Harry stab his father, but she didn't think Mr. Brooke was seriously hurt. She saw the brief-case fall from the tower and sink in the water. She dived down and got it. She carried it with her when she left the river, and hid it in the woods. I think she never realized what was going on until . . ."

"Until," supplied Miles, with an intensity of bitterness, "until Harry Brooke came rushing up to her, exuding hypocritical shock, and cried out, 'My God, Fay, somebody's killed Dad.' The Harry Brookes of this world always get away with it. It's Fay Seton who never did the least harm to anybody, who . . ." His voice rose. "I wish I could have met Harry Brooke six years ago! I'd give my soul to have a reckoning with him!"

"That's not difficult," remarked Dr. Fell. He raised his voice. *"Are you out there, Hadley?"*

Some heavy weight thudded against the outside of the closed door to the passage. The knob twisted only slightly, but frantically, as though hands fought for it. Then the door banged open, rebounding against the wall. Three men, who were trying to keep their feet while fighting, lurched forward in a wrestling group.

On one side was Superintendent Hadley, trying to grip somebody's wrists. On the other side was a uniformed police inspector. In the middle . . . Miles Hammond looked at the staring eyes, the corners of the mouth drawn back, the writhing legs that kicked out at the captors.

"Look here," cried Miles. "That's Steve Curtis, my sister's fiancé! What are you trying to do?"

"We are trying," thundered Dr. Fell, "to make an identification. And I think we have done it. For the man who calls himself Stephen Curtis *is* Harry Brooke."

LATER, over a dinner eaten rather from a sense of duty than from any appreciation of the menu, Dr. Fell looked at Miles.

"Let me show you how the whole game was played out under your eyes. On Saturday afternoon, at four o'clock, you met your sister and 'Stephen Curtis' at Waterloo Station. In the tea-room you announced you had engaged Fay Seton to come to Greywood. *Fay Seton still held the evidence which could send Harry Brooke to the guillotine. But, if Fay Seton were disposed of, there would apparently be nobody to connect 'Stephen Curtis' with Harry Brooke.*"

Miles started to push back his chair. "You mean. . . ?"

Dr. Fell waved a mesmeric hand. "During that conversation, when you and your sister and the so-called Curtis were present, was anything said about bedrooms?"

"Well, yes. Marion said she was going to put Fay in hers and move downstairs to a ground-floor room we'd just been redecorating. But Fay preferred the ground-floor room because of her heart. Fewer stairs to climb."

"But suppose," Dr. Fell suggested, "you believe Fay Seton will be in the upstairs bedroom at the back of the house. To make dead sure, you hide yourself among the trees at the rear of the house and look up at a line of uncurtained windows. And at some time before midnight you see Fay Seton—wearing nightgown and wrap—slowly walking back and forth in front of those windows. Marion is over at the other side of the room. She can't be seen. And further, suppose you creep into that dark bedroom to kill someone asleep. As you approach the bed, you catch a whiff of a perfume always associated with Fay Seton. You can't know, of course, that Fay has given to Marion the perfume bottle that stands now on the bedside table.

"Yes, Harry Brooke, alias Stephen Curtis, planned a skilful murder. And he got the wrong woman.

"The first time I ever saw 'Mr. Stephen Curtis,' he had returned, very brisk and jaunty, apparently from London. He strolled into the sitting-room while you were speaking on the 'phone to Miss Morell.

"You told him Marion had had a very bad time of it, but was going to get well. He deliberately lifted his umbrella and smashed it to flinders. 'Stephen Curtis' is supposed to be—he pretended to be—a stolid kind of person. But that was Harry Brooke not getting what he wanted.

"And a moment afterward you gave him almost as bad a shock when you told him that *another* person who knew him as Harry Brooke, Professor Rigaud, was at Greywood. Disaster lurked ahead of every step he took now."

"DR. FELL!" said Barbara softly. "Please, will you tell us what this man did that frightened Marion?"

"Yes," urged Miles. "She must have seen something! She did fire a shot at it . . ."

"Oh, no, she didn't!" said Dr. Fell sharply. "How would this do as an idea for the murder of a woman with a weak heart? The murder of Fay Seton? You creep up in the middle of the night. You gag her before she can cry out with some soft material that will leave no traces. You hold to her temple the cold muzzle of an empty pistol. And for minutes you whisper to her.

"You are going to kill her, you explain. You are holding behind you a second pistol, loaded. At the proper time (so runs your own plan) you fire a bullet close to her head, but not so close that the expansion of gases will leave powder-marks on her. You will then put the revolver into her own hand. After her death it will be believed that *she* fired at some imaginary intruder and that no other person was there at all.

"After Marion Hammond was found ostensibly dead, there were two lamps taken into the room. One was carried by you"—Dr. Fell looked at Professor Rigaud—"and the other"—he looked at Miles—"was carried by you. Think, now, both of you! Where did you set those lamps down?"

"My lamp," said the professor, "I placed on the bedside table beside one that was not burning."

"On the chest-of-drawers," said Miles.

"And now tell me, if you please, what was also on that chest-of-drawers?"

"A big leather picture-frame, containing a big photograph of Marion on one side and a big photograph of 'Steve' on the other. I remember the lamp threw a strong light on those pictures—"

"A photograph of 'Stephen Curtis,' brilliantly lighted," said Dr. Fell. "*That* was what Fay Seton saw as she peeped in at the doorway after the shot. Probably she didn't guess how the trick had been worked. But she did know the attempt had been made on her and not on Marion Hammond, because she knew who was behind it. Marion Hammond's fiancé was Harry Brooke.

"My first move, of course, was to put Miss Fay Seton in a corner and make her admit all this. I asked Dr. Garvice, in the presence of 'Curtis,' whether he would be good enough to send Miss Seton to me. He returned with some information which thoroughly scared me. Fay Seton had gone. The note she left, especially that line 'A brief-case is so useful, isn't it?' let the cat out of the bag. Hammond read the note aloud in tones which carried to 'Stephen Curtis,' who had just left the room. And," added Dr. Fell, turning to Miles, "he went along with you in the car to the station. Didn't he?"

"Yes! But he didn't get aboard the train."

"Oh, yes, he did," said Dr. Fell. "By the simple process of jumping in after you did. You never noticed him because you were searching so feverishly for a *woman.* You failed to find Fay Seton either, for which you must blame your own overwrought state of mind. There was nothing in the least mysterious about it.

"Fay went to London in a blank hysteria of rage and despair. She was going to end all this. She was going to tell the truth about everything. But then, when Superintendent Hadley was actually in her room urging her to speak, she still found she couldn't do it," said Dr. Fell.

Professor Rigaud interrupted. "When and how did Harry Brooke become Stephen Curtis?"

"My own guess," said Dr. Fell, "is that Harry Brooke in France at the outbreak of the war couldn't endure the threat constantly hanging over him. He couldn't stand the idea of Fay Seton with that evidence. In the chaos of that time, I think he assumed the clothes and papers and identity of a real Stephen Curtis who probably died in the retreat of Dunkirk." Dr. Fell blinked at Miles. "Do you remember what he asked you, in the tea room at Waterloo, after he'd got over the first nauseating shock?"

"He asked me how long it would take Fay to catalogue the books in the library."

"If it had taken only a week or so, he might have found some excuse for keeping out of her way. But you swept that away by saying it would take months. So the decision was made like *that.*" Dr. Fell snapped his fingers.

"Had Harry Brooke," demanded Professor Rigaud, "any other such ingenious plan in his head when he followed Fay Seton to London this afternoon?"

"No," said Dr. Fell. "He was merely going to kill her and destroy *all* the evidence. I shiver to think what migh have happened if he had got to Bolsover Place befor Hammond and Miss Morell. But 'Curtis' hadn't found Fa in the train either. So he had to follow them.

"Then Hadley arrived. And 'Curtis,' who could hear everything from the passage outside the room in Bolsover Place, lost his head. His only idea now was to get that raincoat—the blood-stained raincoat, the one thing utterly damning to him—before Fay broke down and exposed him.

"He threw the main electric switch in the fuse-box outside in the passage. He got away in the dark with th brief-case, and dropped it in flight because he was clingin so hard to the raincoat still weighted with heavy stone He ran straight out of that house into a policeman. W arranged matters over the telephone to be prepared anything like that happened.

"I HAVE told you all Fay Seton's story now," purs Dr. Fell, "or nearly all. These past six years ca have been a very easy time for her. There was so quality in that girl's nature—call it generosity, call it a thing you like—that would *not* let her speak out, ev the end, and denounce a person who had once bee friend. She feels that an evil destiny has got he will never let her go. She has at best only a few m more to live. She lies now sick and without hope.'

Miles rose to his feet. "I'm going to her," he sa

Barbara Morell pushed her chair back, her eyes w

"*Miles, don't be a fool!*"

"I'm going to her," he said.

And Miles Hammond went out into the rain

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

RHUBARB by **H. Allen Smith** is the rollicking tale of a cat who inherited a baseball team. Into it Smith has thrown everything from a Park Avenue female weight lifter to a bookie who kept his records on a poster in front of a theater and was ruined the day they changed the show.

Rhubarb himself was a most unusual cat, who first came to millionaire Thad Banner's attention by his disconcerting habit of attacking Jackson Heights dogs. Ailurphiles may take exception to Smith's portrait of Rhubarb, but ailurophobes will be able to read the book with enjoyment. Artist Leo Hershfield has completely caught Rhubarb's special aura in his jacket drawing.

H. Allen Smith

The cat's inheritance was not won without a struggle. Thad Banner's will was contested by his daughter, Myra, and Rhubarb had to be examined by a lunacy commission consisting of two psychiatrists, one of whom ruled him a drooling schizoid while the other insisted he was entirely sane. However, all of Rhubarb's friends rallied to his cause and Judge Loudermilk, who until this trial had had to keep himself awake by translating Faith Baldwin into Greek in his mind, decided the case in the cat's favor.

Doubleday and Company, Inc., Garden City, N. Y. Price $2.

THE hero of **Howard Fast's The American** is John Peter Altgeld, one-time progressive governor of Illinois. The book is really fictionalized biography and as such it is a powerful and moving picture of a great man.

Howard Fast

John Altgeld was a remarkable person. The child of illiterate German parents, he was largely self-educated, but managed to become first a teacher and then a lawyer and in 1892 he was elected Governor of Illinois. It was while he was governor that he became famous for pardoning the three anarchists who were accused of having incited the famous Haymarket riot.

It is this episode in Altgeld's life that is the crux of Fast's novel.

Howard Fast possibly lets his own deep political convictions interfere with his very real writing gift, but his obvious sincerity gives strength to his work.

Duell, Sloan & Pearce, New York. Price $3.

PLEASE SEND ME, ABSOLUTELY FREE is **Arkady Leokum's** idea of the advertising business. Mr. Leokum's hero is a young man who wants to write The Great American Novel, but who "prostitutes his art" writing copy for Hanzer's Crispi Crust Bread. Somehow Gene Winter is a completely unappealing character. You don't care whether he ver writes a book—in fact, you even remain quite nmoved when his wife dies in childbirth.

This is a much less exaggerated account of a zany usiness than The Hucksters, but it is also a much uller one.

Harper and Brothers, New York. Price $2.50.

ARGUERITE STEEN'S Bell Timson is a strangely old-fashioned book, almost Victorian in con- t. Bell was an energetic masseuse who struggled antly to give her two daughters every advantage. lway in her career she added a dangerous but ly profitable skill to her trade, a skill that boomnged when her youngest child fell in love with a ndrel and became pregnant.

leday & Company, Inc., Garden City, N. Y. Price $2.75

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane

F	A	C	E	S	■	C	E	N	T	I	P	E	D	E
O	R	A	T	E	■	H	A	I	R	T	O	N	I	C
O	■	T	O	R	■	I	G	L	O	O	■	N	A	R
T	A	■	N	U	T	■	E	L	D	■	Z	U	L	U
B	E	T	■	M	A	R	R	Y	■	L	O	I	S	■
A	R	I	A	■	N	I	L	■	B	U	G	■	■	■
L	I	N	E	R	■	N	Y	L	O	N	■	E	L	F
L	A	N	S	I	N	G	■	O	A	T	M	E	A	L
S	L	Y	■	L	I	S	P	S	■	S	O	R	R	Y
■	■	■	N	E	T	■	R	E	D	■	B	I	D	S
■	E	G	A	D	■	B	A	S	E	S	■	E	E	P
P	R	I	G	■	B	U	N	■	W	E	T	■	R	E
A	R	M	■	H	A	T	C	H	■	A	I	R	■	C
C	O	M	M	I	T	T	E	E	■	T	R	U	C	K
T	R	E	A	C	H	E	R	Y	■	S	E	E	D	S

Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

1 Who danced for the head of St. John?
7 Debarnacle-ize
13 Hercules stole the girdle of Queen Hippolyte. She was a what?
14 What can be used as food, is a symbol of abundance, was sacred to the Druids, and can be lucky?
15 City in Georgia, Mississippi, and Illinois
16 Deems Taylor wrote a what called Peter Ibbetson?
17 Complete: I never —— I could love anybody, honey, like I'm lovin' you!
19 What are lodgical tithes?
20 What college degree signifies you know a little about a lot of things and a lot about very little? (abbr.)
22 Blinkers worn by humans
24 What can be used to form abstract nouns, ordinals, or verb variations?
26 What's the most disgusting thing an Indian can say?
28 Topgallants, royals, and flying jibs are whats?
29 What word is Molotov's foreign policy said to be based on?
30 Whitelaw who was a famous American journalist?
32 What power-ful publicly owned institution is a hot political issue? (abbr.)
33 What was Othello's race?
34 What must be bent to show true humility?
35 If a ballplayer goes 0 for 5 in a game, it means he hasn't had a what?
36 What can be fine, useful, industrial or mechanical ? (pl.)
37 And (Latin)
39 Nourishers, branch railroads, or troughs
42 What wind might bring rain? (abbr.)
43 What tree has highly valued wood used in instruments?
44 Complete: —— the weary night will be ended, —— two hearts as one will be blended!
46 What's the singular of one of the weapons of outrageous fortune Hamlet soliloquized about?
48 They fought hard at the peace confab to do what to the world?
51 Complete: The —— isn't much if the pitcher leaks!
53 Sprier
54 The perfect stooge is the perfect whatter?
55 Hairlines do what after thirty?

VERTICAL

1 Name Penrod's closest friend
2 Eucharist wine receptacle
3 Minus quantity
4 What's formed when a silent electrical charge passes through oxygen?
5 Pengos, dinars, sesterces, and stivers are names of whats?
6 Kind of gland
7 What's called the Rice, Palmetto, Swamp, and Iodine State? (abbr.)
8 Mare's tails, polar bands or Noah's ark are cirrus whats?
9 Evil-scented stogies
10 *Save* for farewells (anag.)
11 Kind of son
12 We're now living in the atomic what?
18 "Occluded front" is a term used by what prognosticators?
19 Set dial (anag.)
20 What Englishman eloquently protested Britain's coercion of the American colonies?
21 Business stooge
23 Overemotional color tinge
24 Slang nickname
25 A Palomino is a variety of what?
27 Hustle
29 Name a general in the Polish underground who began a premature liberation of Warsaw
31 Voltaire may not agree with you, but he does what to your right to have your say?
33 Name one of the most ancient secret orders
40 What bird mates for life, builds a permanent penthouse, was Napoleon's favorite, and goes furthest on money?
41 Beet-tinged powdered chalk would be what?
43 Baby swallows
45 What river is called both white and blue?
46 A lummoxy bucolic youth is just being what?
47 New Guinea battlefield
49 Quizz-ical fellow
50 Palindromous timely adverb
52 What is the nervous orator's favorite expression?
58 See Bible: Isaiah 15:1

1	2	3	4	5	6	■	7	8	9	10	11	12
13						■	14					
15					■	■	■	16				
■	■	17			18	■	19				■	■
20	21	■	22			23				■	24	25
26		27	■	28					■	29		
30			31	■	32			■	33			
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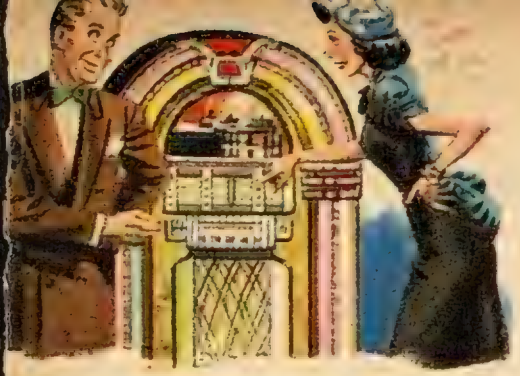
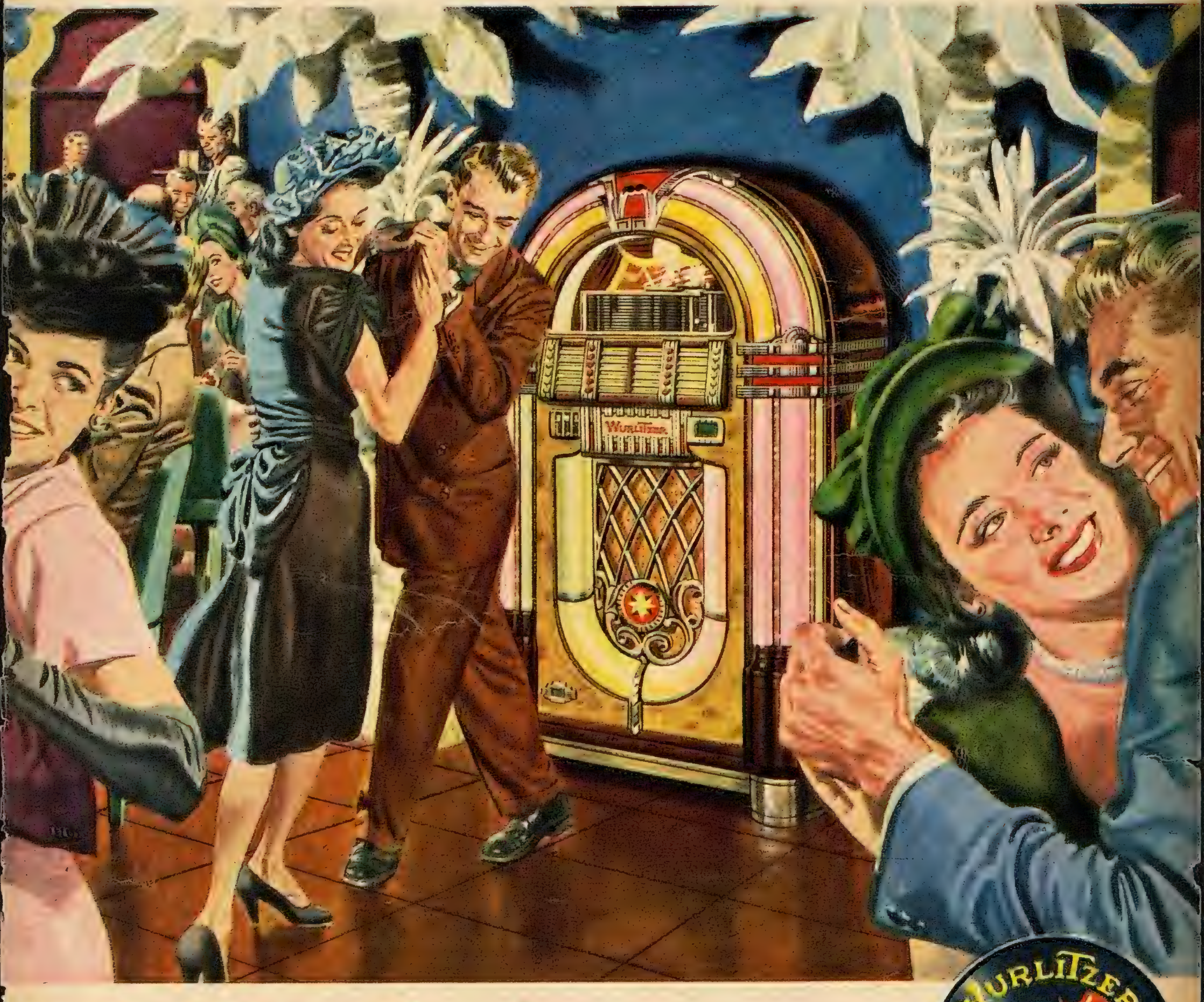
■	■	42				■	43			44	■	■
45	46				■	■	■	47			48	49
50					51	■	52					
53						■	54					

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



Good Tip for a Good Time —
WURLITZER MUSIC



Look for the Sign of the Musical Note

the mood for music? Want to have fun? Here's a tip that guar-
tees a good time. Stop where you see the Wurlitzer Sign of the
usical Note. It's a gay little sign that says, "Here you'll have fun
cause we have Wurlitzer Music."

s music by the best bands in the land that works magic in stimulating
iety... in stirring up fun... in assuring a grand time for everyone.

ke your pick of 24 tunes. New hits, old favorites, novelty num-
rs—they're all there for your pleasure. As you listen you'll learn
y folks of all ages vote Wurlitzer Phonograph Music America's
vorite musical pastime. The Rudolph Wurlitzer Company, North
nawanda, New York.

The *Sign of the Musical Note* identifies places where you can have fun playing a Wurlitzer.

WURLITZER
PHONOGRAPH
MUSIC

THE NAME THAT MEANS *Music* TO MILLIO

The music of Wurlitzer pianos, accordions, electronic organs, and juke boxes is heard "'round the world." Wurlitzer is America's largest manufacturer of pianos all produced under one name... also America's largest, best known manufacturer of juke boxes and accordions.

LEONORA GETS OUT THE VOTE

Continued from Page 17

Mr. Daniels wondered mildly how Professor Agnew would react to a redheaded lady all dressed up, and her daughter nearly all undressed.

He turned to Carlotta. "I do wish you'd tell me what this's all about."

Carlotta elevated her booted heels in the air. "Sure. Our darling Leo's running against that horrid little mutt. They both want to be selectmen."

"Quite so. But doesn't a town like this choose a lot of selectmen at once?"

"You bet they do. Only, all the others are natives and sure of re-election. But nice old Mr. Phillips dropped dead, and the only people who seem to want his place are Leo and the Carteret creature. So that's that, and now I've got to go up and wash."

Mr. Daniels decided to view his hedge.

He went slowly down the drive. The grounds of Connemara greatly resembled a wilderness. Nothing seemed to have been done to them since the death of Leonora's first husband, Major Drew.

The hedge looked more horrid than ever and he went out into the road to get its full effect.

A horn brayed behind him, and there, leaning from a showy red motorcar, was a medium-sized gentleman who seemed to bristle all over.

"Hi, you!" roared that individual. "Come here."

Even to a charitably minded person such as Mr. Daniels, the medium-sized gentleman looked a great deal like a bad-tempered pig.

"I expect to have my letters answered," snapped he, "and I'd thank you to exercise some proper supervision over your wife and brats. Get out of the way."

Colonel Carteret's car roared off, leaving Mr. Daniels to consider all the cutting things he might have said if he'd only happened to think of them.

As he walked angrily back to the house, he began to see that the worst fate that could befall such a repellent character as the colonel would be to have Leonora defeat him for selectman. If there was anything he could do to aid his wife's political aspirations, he most certainly would.

He arrived at the terrace, and his wife and Louise had returned.

"Well, how did it go?"

Leonora patted Alcibiades, the huge boxer dog, while Peter, the striped cat, purred in Louise's lap.

"Oh, Georgie, it went wonderfully! They promised me their fullest support, and Professor Agnew told me about Aristotle and the baby's rattle."

Mr. Daniels began to enjoy himself. "Aristotle didn't concern himself with babies' rattles, dear."

"Oh, yes, he did. Some Greek invented them and Aristotle said it was a splendid idea because it would occupy young children so they wouldn't smash up the furniture. I never knew he had so much sense."

Mr. Daniels said, "I'm heartily in favor of your being a selectman, Leonora, and if there's anything I can do to help—"

Leonora's eyes were like dark pools. "Oh, darling, I'd so much rather you didn't. You don't know the local situation."

Mr. Daniels felt crushed and his wife opened her handbag. "But maybe you'd like to see one of the post cards that Carteret person is sending out."

The picture on the post card was probably that of Colonel Carteret, because it had such a piggish look. Beneath it there were large black letters:

HONESTY! INTEGRITY!
EXPERIENCE!
COL. HORACE CARTERET
FOR SELECTMAN!

"Nuts!" said David, who had come up to stare over Mr. Daniels' shoulder.

Mr. Daniels thoroughly agreed. The colonel did not look in the least honest nor as if his integrity would damage him much. Mr. Daniels thought that politicians were horrible people, and then remembered that his wife was one.

"And what do your post cards look like, dear?"

Leonora shook her handsome head. "I haven't any. I shall go and call on everybody instead. But I've had some lovely posters made, Georgie. Go get one, will you, David?"

Mr. Daniels regarded the poster with horror. It was red, white, and blue, with a photograph of Leonora looking radiant.

Below that there was a line of screaming scarlet letters:

PROTECT THE AMERICAN HOME!
MRS. GEORGE DANIELS
FOR SELECTMAN!

Mr. Daniels wondered how the American home had got into it. And he did have the unworthy wish that if Leonora were going to support that institution, she would start with her own and do something about the horrible hedge and the grounds.

"Er—er," he said. "Very striking, I'm sure."

Leonora smiled blandly. "Yes, dear, isn't it? I just told the printer to put some suitable sentiment on it. So he did. I'm going over to call on that nice Pease family after lunch, and maybe you and Louise and Carlotta wouldn't mind tacking some of these posters to trees and telegraph poles and things."

Mr. Daniels minded very much.

At luncheon, Leonora appeared in such splendor that all her family blinked.

"Gosh, Leo," said the startled Carlotta, "you didn't put on all those clothes for the Peases, did you?"

"Yes, dear. Poor people are always insulted if you don't dress up when you go to call on them."

Mr. Daniels was still meditating on that when his wife said that after her family had finished tacking up posters, they might call for her with the car. She shot out the door and Carlotta and David promptly vanished into thin air.

"Filthy pigs!" said Louise pleasantly. "Come on, Georgie. We'll have to handle the political business alone."

Mr. Daniels discovered that her

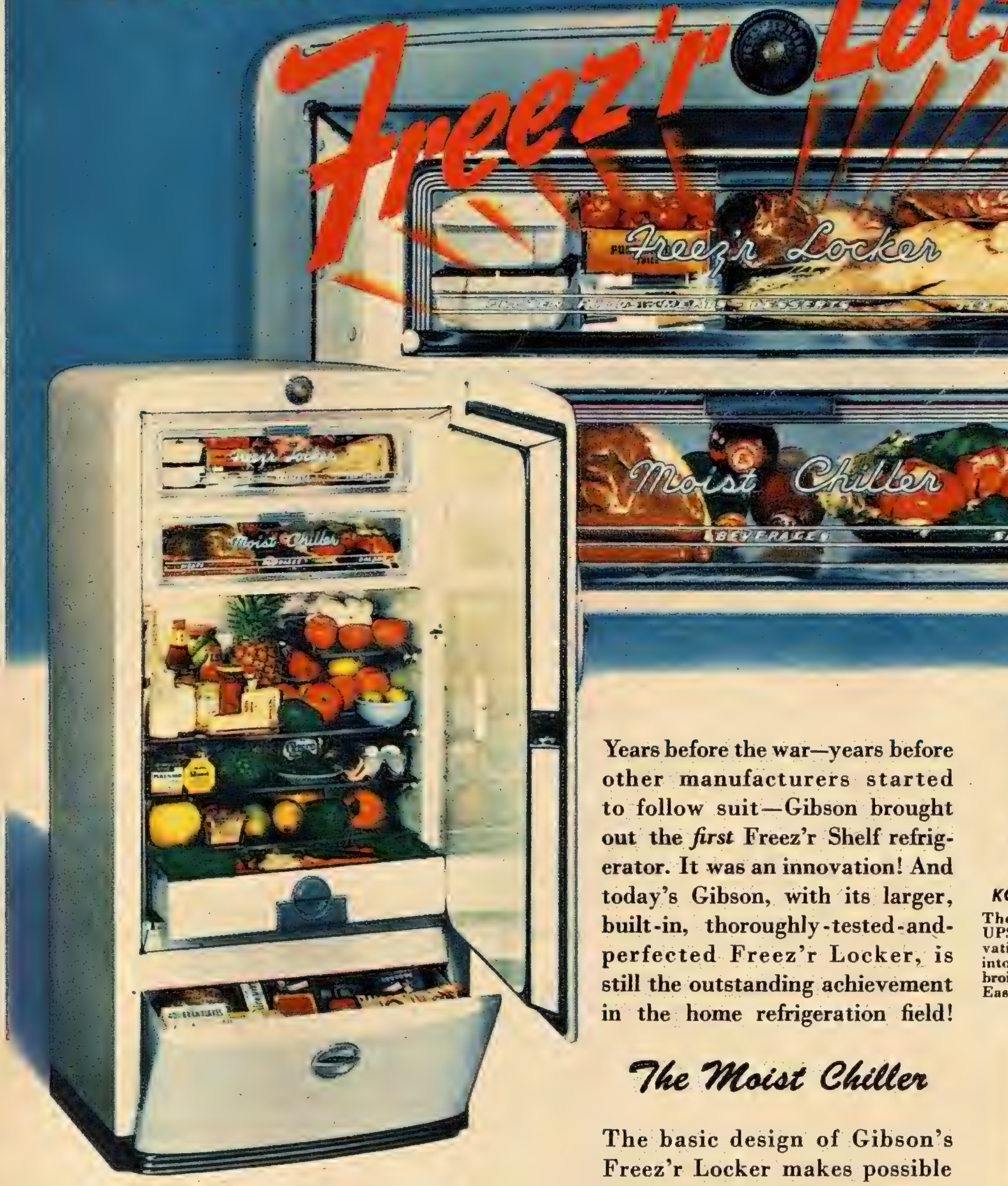
(Continued on page 54)

HARDTACK
Reamer Keller
LIBERTY

Gibson

FREEZ'R SHELF REFRIGERATORS • KOOKALL ELECTRIC RANGES

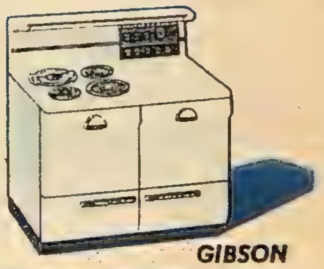
MAKES IT BETTER BECAUSE GIBSON MADE IT FIRST . . .



Years before the war—years before other manufacturers started to follow suit—Gibson brought out the *first* Freez'r Shelf refrigerator. It was an innovation! And today's Gibson, with its larger, built-in, thoroughly-tested-and-perfected Freez'r Locker, is still the outstanding achievement in the home refrigeration field!

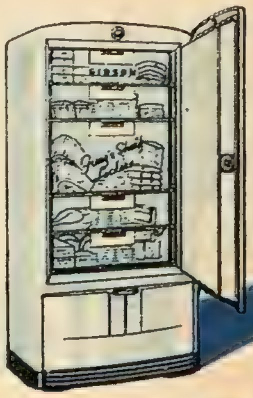
The Moist Chiller

The basic design of Gibson's Freez'r Locker makes possible another great Gibson advance—the *Moist Chiller*, a big, wall-to-wall compartment for meats, vegetables, fruits and salads. Here food retains its vitamins, its natural color, its crisp, delicious, farm-fresh taste! To get the original, the genuine Freez'r Shelf Refrigerator, see your nearby Gibson dealer today!



GIBSON KOOKALL ELECTRIC RANGE

The only range that features UPS-A-DAISY, the Gibson innovation that brings electric ranges into their own! . . . Waist-high broiler . . . Banquet-size oven . . . Easy-clean porcelain on steel.



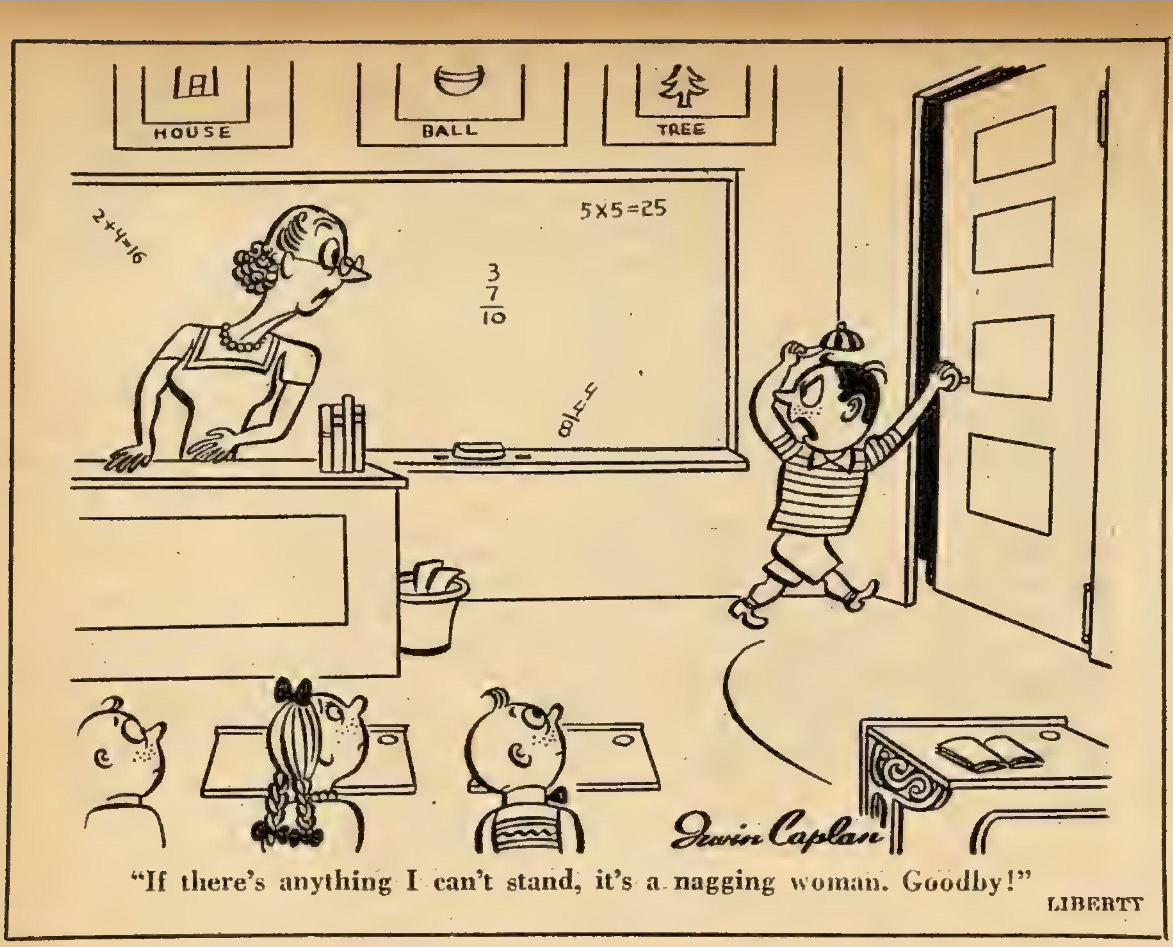
GIBSON HOME FREEZER

No more stooping, fumbling or diving for frozen food packages! The Gibson is *upright* for downright convenience! Scientific freezing and preserving of frozen foods at zero temperatures—keeps meats, fruits and vegetables farm-fresh for months!

**GIBSON
REFRIGERATOR
COMPANY**

GREENVILLE, MICHIGAN

**Export Department, 201 N. Wells Street, Chicago 6, Illinois
Canadian Distributor, Rogers Majestic, Ltd., Toronto**



"If there's anything I can't stand, it's a nagging woman. Goodby!"

LIBERTY

(Continued from page 52)

ideas of putting up posters were peculiar. She would stop the car under a likely tree or pole and then nap placidly while he did all the work. He was quite glad when they finally arrived at the Pease farm.

UPON its sadly sagging porch sat Leonora in spirited converse with the elephantine Mrs. Pease, who seemed to have at least four chins. In the yard were six or seven children, all smeared with chocolate.

Mr. Daniels flinched. Louise did not. "Hi, kids!" she called. "Candy?"

"Yeh, that ol' Carteret come over and give us choc'lates."

Louise betrayed a lively interest. "Are they any good?"

"Naw. Stinkers," said the eldest and most repellent child.

Louise inquired politely, "How are you, Mrs. Pease?"

Mrs. Pease said she was poorly and that the washing machine had broken down. She stared darkly at Mr. Daniels and then at Leonora. "Maybe your man can fix it, Miz Daniels."

"Of course he can," Leonora told her, and Mr. Daniels shook his head violently.

Louise asked unexpectedly, "Where is it?"

"Shed," said Mrs. Pease.

Mr. Daniels found himself in a dirty outbuilding, contemplating a rusty object about which he knew nothing.

A delighted glitter came into Louise's eyes. "Just hand me that wrench, Georgie."

Mr. Daniels stared in amazement while his stepdaughter tore the machine apart and got herself very greasy in the process. In the doorway the assorted children made comments more pungent than polite.

Mr. Daniels thought of the large pile of unposted posters still in the car. He pulled a dollar from his pocket and advanced on the dirtiest child.

An hour later, Louise, black from head to foot, reported the washing machine was running again.

"I had no idea you were so talented," Mr. Daniels told her.

Louise wiped her hands on her shorts. "Well, I am. I can fix almost any kind of machinery, but don't tell anybody or I'll have to do it at home. Let's go rescue Leo."

Mr. Pease was now also on the porch, lean, long, and glum. He stared at Louise's greasiness with some wonder.

"All fixed," she proclaimed. "Hi, Mr. Pease! Are you going to vote for mother?"

"Been studyin' about it," said Mr. Pease and spat.

Mrs. Pease's four chins quivered. "Paw, Miz Daniels' man got the washin' machine to goin' again. An' Miz Daniels's a right smart woman."

Mr. Pease leaned against a post. "Eeee-yah! Never did like that Carteret nohow."

Mr. Daniels was glad it was now time to go. He was less glad when the car reached the main road, for the landscape was much changed. The Pease children had certainly obeyed his instructions to tack up Leonora's posters, but in an excess of zeal they had also decorated those of Colonel Carteret not only with beards and mustaches but with epithets of a libelous and profane nature.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Daniels weakly, and Louise slowed the car as the white gateway of Carteret Court came into sight. Upon it the Pease children had plastered six posters proclaiming Leonora's intention to protect the American home.

Staring at them popeyed was Colonel Carteret.

Mr. Daniels, inspired, leaned out of the car. "Looking at our next selectman, colonel?" he called. "Well, well, well!"

Louise stepped on the accelerator as the colonel began to turn violet.

"How utterly lovely, Georgie!" said Leonora, patting his hand. "And what a splendid lot of posters you put up!"

Mr. Daniels almost began to enjoy electioneering.

However, he was very glad that no one seemed to expect him to do any more of it. And next afternoon he retired to the barn and found some tools with which he hoped he could clip the horrible hedge. In his mind's eye he saw long lawns and lovely gardens.

From behind him a clatter of hoofs came down the drive and Leonora reined in a large chestnut horse. "I'm going over to get that sweet Mr. McNeill to vote for me," she proclaimed.

Mr. Daniels was much startled, for Mr. McNeill was not only a hermit but he was the most fiery kind of Communist as well.

It did not seem to Mr. Daniels that if you were going to ask a short-tempered Communist for his vote, it was very wise to appear in a hunting derby, a black coat, fifty-dollar breeches, custom-made boots, and English spurs.

"You'd better be careful, dear," he advised. "Mr. McNeill isn't supposed to be a nice sort of person."

"But he has a vote just the same as anyone else," said Leonora.

Mr. Daniels shook his head as she went down the road at a gallop. He had a vision of Mr. McNeill putting her off his property at the point of a shotgun.

He sighed and started to work on the hedge.

AT the end of an hour he had very sore hands and the hedge was hairier than ever. So he sat down on a grassy bank to rest himself.

He was so tired that he didn't look up until a rough voice hailed him: "Are you the husband of the redheaded lady?"

There stood an angry young man, very tall, very thin, with deep lines in his forehead and a wild lock of black hair hanging over that. It was undoubtedly the Communist hermit.

Mr. Daniels was much alarmed. "Did my wife see you, Mr. McNeill?"

Mr. McNeill looked decidedly antisocial in his torn black sweater and dirty gray trousers. "She did, and I'll vote for her any day. Why wouldn't I? Coming to call on me in the country as a lady should, on a fine horse, in a fine habit. I haven't seen anything like it since I was home in Scotland. And do you know what that low-bred Carteret did?"

Mr. Daniels didn't.

Mr. McNeill doubled his hard hand into a fist. "Walked in on me with his oldest clothes on, looking down his nose as if I was dirt. Your wife said you were trying to trim a hedge. What the devil do you think you've been doing to it?"

Mr. Daniels had never seen such a fierce young man.

Mr. McNeill rapidly became worse. "When the Soviets take over, a parasite like you'll never last a second." He waved a hand at the wilderness. "A fine country seat and what have you done to it? Let it go to rot and ruin!"

An indignant David appeared around the corner of the hedge. "You stop blaming Georgie for it. It's been that way for years. Georgie has a hard enough time trying to civilize us."

Mr. Daniels was much obliged. "My son, David," he said. "You'll have to excuse his manners."

Mr. McNeill's face became merrier, softer. "And what for? Mine are worse. He'd be a bonny child if he were clean."

During the next hour Mr. McNeill performed miracles with the hedge and learned that Mr. Daniels, besides being a parasite on the body politic, was vice-president of a publishing house and now taking a week's rest. Mr. Daniels learned that Mr. McNeill was not as sour as he seemed and that he was an expert with shrubbery.

LEONORA came swinging down the drive. "Dear me, the hedge does look better. I never noticed it much before."

Mr. McNeill wiped his hands. "You should be ashamed of yourself then."

Leonora remained unconcerned. "Should I? Do stay to dinner, Mr. McNeill."

Mr. McNeill's dark face twisted into a scowl, and Mr. Daniels gathered he was about to denounce the inhabitants of Connemara and the whole capitalistic system as well.

David put his dirty paw in Mr. McNeill's. "Sure he will."

"I might as well," said Mr. McNeill. "I've not much to eat, myself."

Mr. Daniels thought that dinner would be a most explosive meal.

He was quite wrong, because Mr. McNeill approved of the dog and cat appearing at table, admired the old mahogany, and failed to be startled by Louise in shorts or Carlotta in overalls. Furthermore, his manners were remarkably good.

He addressed Leonora: "I suppose when you're a selectman, you'll improve the lot of the lower classes."

Leonora shook her head. "I shan't do anything of the sort. People don't like to be improved."

David pointed at Mr. McNeill with his fork. "I know. You're one of the black McNeills of Barra."

Mr. McNeill gave one of his rare smiles. "My ancestors were. And how would you know a thing like that?"

"I've just been reading a big book on Scotland."

Mr. Daniels grinned. David, who remembered everything he read or heard, had a remarkable store of information under his straw-colored

(*Continued on page 57*)

TELESCOPE PRECISION *Spotlights the new*

WEAREVER

*Zenith**

$1.95

In rich maroon, coachman's green, navy blue and black

Pen and pencil set, illustrated at right, in rich gift box...$2.75

By America's Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturer

It's in the spotlight—deservedly in the spotlight—the superb new Wearever Zenith. Graceful as a shaft of light. Efficient as a bomb sight. Produced with the same devotion to precision that characterizes a fine telescope. The value of Telescope Precision is reflected in the durability of Zenith...in its finely wrought 14-carat gold point...its exclusive "C-Flow"* feed...in the very beauty, balance and write-ability of this exquisite writing instrument. See, try, buy the guaranteed Wearever Zenith. Made by David Kahn, Inc., North Bergen, N. J. (Est. 1896)

Other selections: Wearever DeLuxe Pen $1.00, set $1.90; Wearever Pacemaker Pen $2.75, set $3.75

FOR RELIABLE WRITING CHOOSE WEAREVER REFILL LEADS

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A of a lot more —but still not quite enough for every
EVEREADY
PRESTONE
TRADE-MARK
ANTI-FREEZE
DOES NOT BOIL AWAY
PREVENTS RUST

$2.65 PER GAL.

SAME PRODUCT—SAME PRICE

Yes—there is more "Prestone" anti-freeze this year than at any time since 1941—but more people seem to want it too!

● Today, any car that *runs* is a good car, whether it's a '46—or '36. It deserves protection from freeze-up—and the best is "Prestone" anti-freeze. One shot lasts all winter, because it doesn't boil away or foam off. Prevents rust and corrosion too.

There's a lot more "Prestone" anti-freeze this year . . . more than at any time since 1941. But, with demand exceeding supply, *some* motorists are going to be "left out in the cold." To avoid freeze-up damage, get your "Prestone" anti-freeze early.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation
UCC

The words "Eveready" and "Prestone" are registered trade-marks of National Carbon Company, Inc.

WHY

there's still a "Prestone" anti-freeze shortage:

1 "Prestone" anti-freeze, like most other products, depends on the utilization of raw materials and equipment drawn from many fields. Recent industrial dislocations have affected our plant-expansion program, which was not authorized during the war. Planned for years, it is well advanced; but the real benefit will not be felt in 1946.

2 "Prestone" anti-freeze must be produced and *packaged* long before cold weather. Last spring and summer the food shortage diverted packaging materials to the need of starving millions, and adversely affected our ability to meet 1946 requirements. So your dealer may be selling "Prestone" anti-freeze from 5-gallon cans in addition to the familiar 1-gallon cans.

PRESTONE ANTI-FREEZE

TRADE-MARK

"YOU'RE SAFE AND YOU KNOW IT!"—ONE SHOT LASTS ALL WINTER

(Continued from page 55)

thatch. Mr. McNeill stared up at a faded print of St. Andrews University that hung on the wall. "Looks familiar."

"St. Andrews man?" asked Mr. Daniels.

Mr. McNeill astonished him by saying, "Yes, sir."

"You have something in common with Carlotta, then," Mr. Daniels told him. "She's going to a small university pretty soon to major in English literature."

Mr. McNeill stared at Carlotta's shirt and overalls. "It will do her little harm."

He turned to David. "Laddie, how'd you like to come out with me some day and see the wild rabbits in the woods? And I know where the deer come down to drink."

David nodded violently and Carlotta asked, "Could I come too?"

"If you'll be verra, verra quiet," said Mr. McNeill.

He'd mellowed a lot in a few minutes, and Mr. Daniels suddenly saw why it was. There was a warmth and charm that came from this old house called Connemara, and that must be partly because his family—his rather rude, roistering family—were really such happy, good-hearted people.

"There's a thing I'd like to do," said Mr. McNeill. He'd lost all his sourness and was just a darkly handsome young man. "I'd like to lay you out a proper lawn and gardens where that wicked tangle is. A fine house shouldn't be set in such an eyesore."

"Is it?" said Leonora vaguely. "I never noticed."

Mr. McNeill's eyes flashed. "Then you're a verra ignorant woman." He stopped. "I beg your pardon. It's only that I like making a garden better than anything else in the world."

An hour later Mr. Daniels thought that great good had come from his wife's running for selectman. For he had engaged Mr. McNeill to lay out gardens and landscape the grounds.

Mr. McNeill was just leaving. He held out his hand politely, almost shyly, to Leonora.

"I apologize. I've better clothes than these. I should have worn them."

He bolted headlong into the night.

Carlotta stared after him. "He's really quite nice, Georgie, when he'll let himself be. And he's awfully well educated. What d'you suppose suddenly turned him so queer he lives in a horrible shack in the woods?"

Mr. Daniels put an arm around her. "I don't think it's any of our business."

THAT Tuesday he had to go on a trip to see two troublesome authors. He returned thankfully on Thursday, for he found he missed the gay old house and the delightfully startling ways of his wife and stepchildren.

He first sensed that something was wrong as he sat at dinner that night. A strange sort of gloom seemed to have set in.

He wondered what the matter was. It couldn't be anything about Louise, for she was eating in a wholesale style. It couldn't be Carlotta or David, for they reported that Mr. McNeill had actually shown them some deer. He stared at Leonora and she seemed livelier than ever.

He cornered Carlotta in the hall immediately after coffee. "Am I mistaken or is our home about as cheerful as a morgue?"

Carlotta sat on the stairs. "Leonora's going to get beaten for selectman. The Garden Club's come out against her."

Mr. Daniels was considerably confused. "The which?"

Carlotta tapped her finger on her knee. "I know it's fantastic, but in our fair village the Garden Club is all-powerful politically. It consists of the wives of our more well-to-do residents and some sour old maids. And the wives will damn well make their husbands vote the way they want 'em to."

Mr. Daniels was still puzzled. "But what on earth do they want to support that abysmal Carteret for?"

Carlotta grinned. "Not because they love Carteret more but Leo less."

Mr. Daniels could see that. The ladies of the Garden Club would be likely to resent the dashing Leonora. Yet he was unconvinced.

"But she's got a lot of support."

Carlotta began counting on her fingers. "She's got the Communist vote—that's Doug McNeill; and the colored vote—that's about ten people; and the intellectual vote—that's three; and the farm vote. But that's not enough."

Mr. Daniels realized he knew nothing at all about small-town politics. "You mean those Garden Club women can swing the election?"

"They'll lick the pants off Leonora," Carlotta advised him.

Mr. Daniels said that would be a shame.

THE next morning he was still meditating on the situation as he sat on the terrace. Beside him, Carlotta and Peter the cat were plunged in gloom.

Up the driveway came David, engaged with an all-day sucker.

Carlotta rose. "Dave, where'd you get that filthy thing?"

David went on licking. "Mr. Scanlon, the chain-store manager, gave it to me 'cause I was sympathetic."

"What were you so sympathetic with Mr. Scanlon about?"

"'Cause he says he's between the devil and the deep sea. They always paint the front of those stores red and he was just going to when the Garden Club ladies came around and said if he did, they'd boycott him. They said it would be unartistic and ruin the looks of the town."

David took a long lick at the sucker. "So if he does paint it red, nobody'll buy anything; and if he don't, the president of the company'll fire him."

Mr. Daniels remembered the store, and it hadn't been open more than a week or two. He remembered the name of the chain that ran it—

He jumped out of his chair. "Carlotta! Look up the next train to the city! Call the taxi! Where's my hat?"

His family had never seen him so excited before. But they sprang into action.

Carlotta called from the hall. "Train in twenty-five minutes. I told the taxi to hurry like hell. Which hat d'you want?"

Thanks for the Memory

AMELIA EARHART (1898-1937) had the idea that women must try to do things as men have tried. That idea cost her her life when she and her navigator, Fred Noonan, were lost flying from Lae, New Guinea, to Howland Island, July 3, 1937. There was some speculation that the Japs had found her and were holding her and Noonan prisoners because they had flown over islands that the Japs were busily fortifying in preparation for war. Later investigation has not supported this belief.

Amelia took to the air after several years in social-service work, and, in the company of Wilbur Stutz and Louis Gordon, in 1928 was the first woman to fly the Atlantic. In May, 1932, she flew the Atlantic alone, crossing from Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, to Londonderry, Ireland.

This gallant aviatrix lost her life for what she so greatly believed in and so nobly dared.—*Allan Witwer.*

"Any." Mr. Daniels turned on his small stepson. "What color do those women want the place painted?"

"Blue," said David.

Mr. Daniels returned home that night too late for his family to ask what he had been up to. And immediately after breakfast next morning he adjourned to the terrace to await events. He heard the telephone ring and Leonora answer it. And then she burst out the door in jade-green pajamas.

"The Garden Club is going to support me! That was the president. She's very grateful because I got something painted blue instead of red. I don't remember putting blue paint on anything. Did I?"

Carlotta sat back on her heels. "No, darling, you didn't. But I'll bet Georgie did."

Mr. Daniels blushed. "David really did it. When he spoke about the store, I remembered I went to college with the man who owns the chain. So I just dropped in to see him."

Carlotta gave him a searching look. "And I don't suppose you had him write a letter to the Garden Club ladies, telling them it's all due to Leo that the place is going to be a bee-yootiful blue?"

Louise loped out, eating a banana. "What's all the row about?"

"Leo's sure to be a selectman," Carlotta informed her. "And our Georgie did it all. He got the Garden Club to support her."

Leonora kissed her husband. "I always did say Georgie would get me elected, didn't I?"

A TRUCK roared up the driveway and a redheaded youth deposited a crate of oranges on the steps.

"For Missus Daniels," he said.

A blue ribbon was tied about the crate and a card contained the compliments of Mr. Scanlon.

Leonora dreamily regarded it. "How sweet of him!"

Mr. Daniels shifted in his chair. "Er—yes, dear. I wonder if you'd mind telling me now why you ever decided to be a selectman anyway?"

Leonora's eyes were limpid pools of innocence. "Yes, darling. It's the snow."

Mr. Daniels awaited further enlightenment.

"The town always plows our road out last, and sometimes they don't do it at all. And it would be nice to have them clear the driveway too."

Mr. Daniels could see that perfectly. Any snow-plow crew would naturally favor a town official. On the other hand, there was the delightful probability that they would now ignore Colonel Carteret's property entirely and leave that piglike person deep in drifts all winter.

Mr. Daniels gazed with much admiration at his dashing wife, her flood of copper-colored hair, her red, red cheeks—

She would make a lovely selectman.

THE END

VETERANS' Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

"HAVE you a job for the handicapped veteran?" is the theme of President Truman's proclamation designating the first week of October as National Employ the Physically Handicapped Week.

Of the 1,260,595 veterans receiving disability pensions, there are, according to the Veterans' Employment Service, approximately 230,000 disabled actually seeking jobs. If these 230,000 are to secure employment, the employers of this nation must adopt policies that are just to them. Employers' personnel men must make an extra effort to find places for them. Labor organizations must open up more training opportunities in the skilled occupations. Workmen's compensation and other legislation must be reviewed to determine the effect upon the employment of disabled veterans.

HELP
WANTED

Lend a hand!

Contact and experience have brought it home to us able-bodied vets that we can never do enough for our handicapped buddies. Therefore we should, whenever possible, take sole responsibility in hiring and in campaigning for them.

As it is, the general public offers them very little. Even its most fervent expressions of sympathy they detest. What they want is to be placed on an equal basis with able-bodied competitors. What they hope for is to walk into an employer's office and be given a square appraisal. Artificial leg or glass eye must not in the least offset their real qualifications.

They are not temperamental. They will make an earnest effort to help themselves. Records show that physically handicapped veterans intelligently placed in suitable jobs are among the most reliable of workers. Even some who are totally blind have been employed in industry for the past forty years. According to the Civil Service Commission, there has not yet been a major compensable accident in any of the many plants and factories in which they are employed.

The productivity and reliability of physically impaired workers has been investigated in many surveys. All have demonstrated that such a worker has a record in production, absenteeism, and job turn-over that is, in general, equal or even superior to his unimpaired neighbor's. In fact, the recent Bureau of Labor statistics of 300 employers indicated that the absentee record of disabled workers was as good as or better than that of able-bodied workers; 89 per cent reported the turn-over record, and 95 per cent reported the efficiency record of their disabled as good or better than their able-bodied workers; 80 per cent vouched likewise for the accident record.

More employers need to be convinced of the advisability of selecting physically handicapped veterans for jobs which they can do satisfactorily and for which they are at least potentially qualified.

Disabled American Veterans is playing a leading role in this all-out campaign for jobs for the disabled. Its staff of "salesmen" go far and wide. Millard W. Rice, DAV's National Director of Employment, hit the nail on the head when he said:

"It is to the advantage of all taxpayers, and therefore of all employers, to convert all our handicapped employable veterans from community disabilities into community assets by extending to them ample opportunities for suitable, useful, gainful, continuous employment."

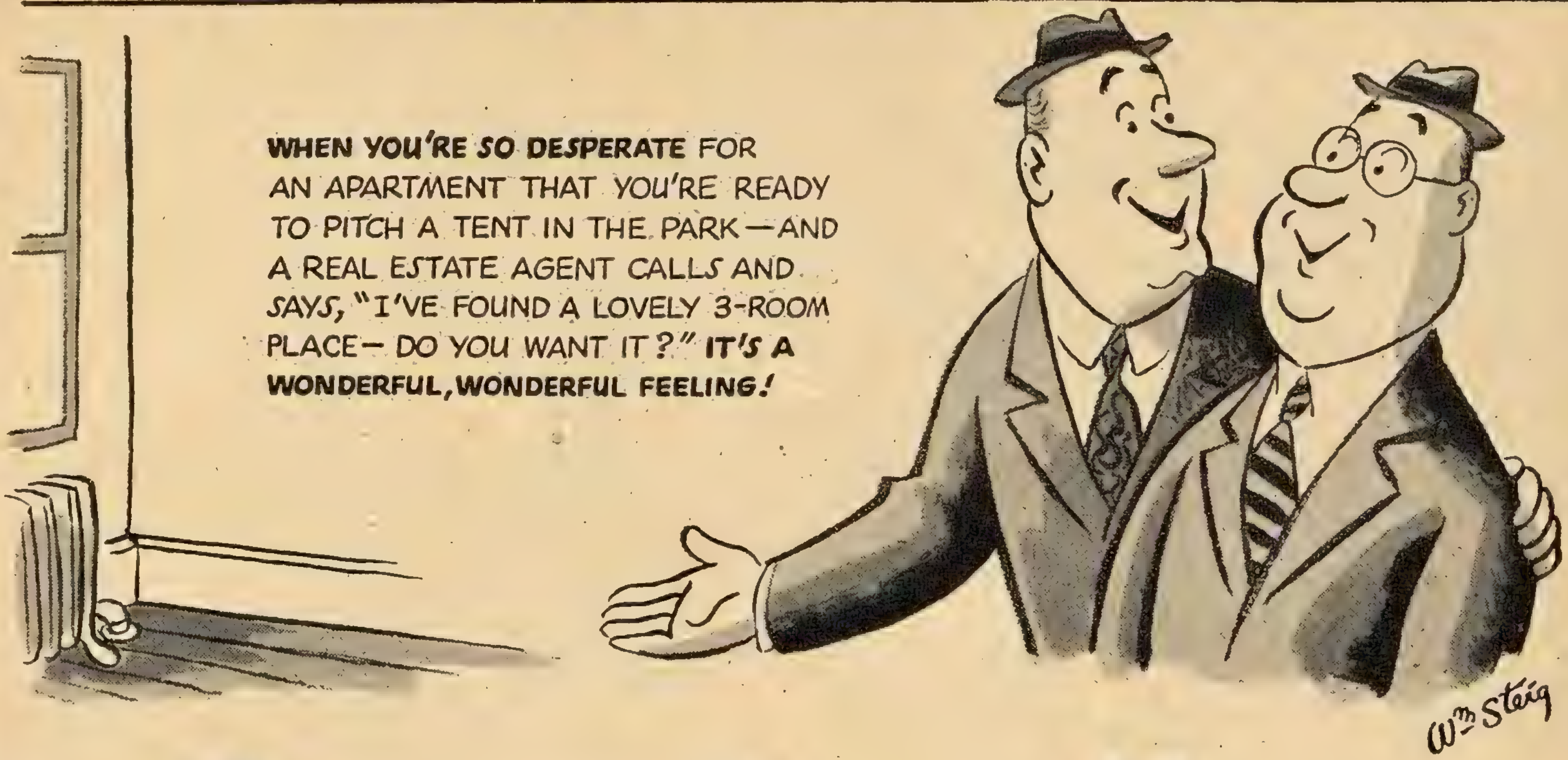
* * *

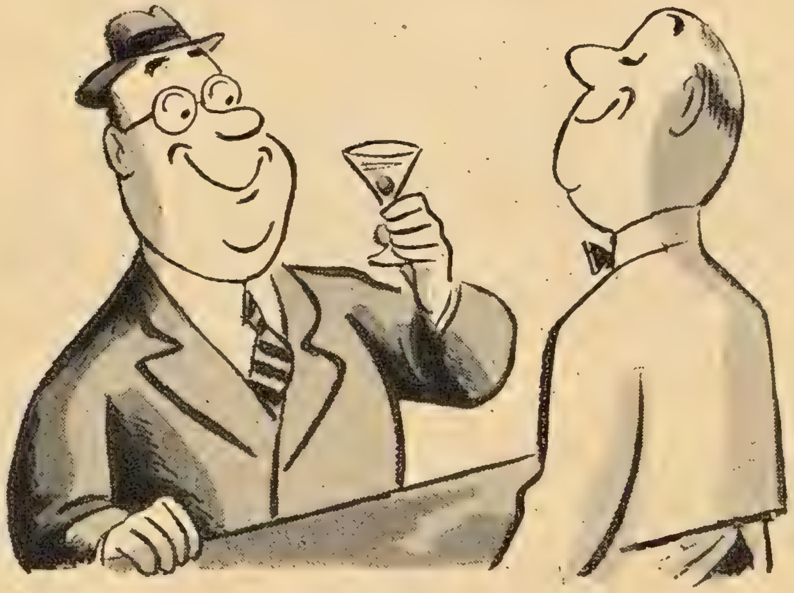
John Trader, Macon, Ga. You can sit back and relax, John, because the Veterans Administration tells us a veteran's compensation or pension is not subject to seizure by a creditor.

VETERANS: The Bulletin Board is *your* department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!

WHEN YOU'RE SO DESPERATE FOR AN APARTMENT THAT YOU'RE READY TO PITCH A TENT IN THE PARK—AND A REAL ESTATE AGENT CALLS AND SAYS, "I'VE FOUND A LOVELY 3-ROOM PLACE— DO YOU WANT IT?" **IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!**





WHEN YOU CELEBRATE YOUR GOOD LUCK BY ORDERING A MARTINI—AND YOU EXPECT JUST ANOTHER COCKTAIL—AND INSTEAD IT'S MADE WITH KINSEY, THE **GENIAL** GIN—SO SATIN SMOOTH AND UTTERLY DELICIOUS—**IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!**

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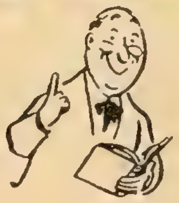
KINSEY *the Genial* GIN



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IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL GIN-*TRY IT!*

Clothes Clinic
By P. B. Juster

MORE CARE, MORE WEAR

TAKE care of your clothes and they'll take care of you. Given proper attention, your garments will look fresher and wear longer.

Thousands of dollars' worth of clothing is ruined by moths each year, so spray your closet or hang mothbags. Hang your suits with space between them.

Hang your coat on a broad curved wooden hanger (not a wire one), and the trousers, by the cuff, on a pants hanger. Wrinkles and bagginess will smooth out.

If you're a pocket stuffer—too bad. A man's habit of stuffing his pockets not only wrecks his appearance but ruins his clothes as well. Get rid of that habit.

Give your clothes a brush-off once a day with a soft-bristle brush, out of doors if possible. Spots are much easier to remove if you tackle them right away, too.

Yes, a stitch in time . . . Ripped pockets, open seams, loose buttons, and cuts, breaks, and tears need immediate attention to forestall more extensive repairs.

Clothes get tired, just as you do. Give them a rest by alternating suits. It gives the garments a chance to get back into shape. They'll look better and wear longer.

On its next appearance, P. B. Juster's Clothes Clinic will be expanded to two full pages. Watch for it in the November 9 issue.

SNEAK PUNCH

Continued from Page 33

She nodded miserably. He said, "O.K. Now get out of here. Don't come back. Don't telephone. Don't do anything."

"Joe, please. I—"

"There's no other way you can help me now. If—when things work out, I'll get in touch with you. Until I do, keep your fingers crossed."

He lifted her to her feet, kissed her quickly, spun her around, and pushed her toward the door. She struggled, trying to turn to him.

"Don't, Ginger." His voice was harsh. "Make it easy for me."

Her struggles stopped. Without looking at him, she said firmly, "I'll be waiting to hear from you," and opened the door.

THE hotel room seemed dreary when she had gone, but it was still a haven. He put out the Do Not Disturb sign, locked the door, dropped on the bed, and slept soddenly for three hours. The tap on his door jerked him awake with a start.

"Who's there?"

"Me."

Jeff's scratchy voice was unmistakable. Joe let him in.

Jeff carried the black bag that contained tape and collodion and styptics for the split eyebrows and lips of the fighters who trained on his farm. He whispered hoarsely, "Ginger told me to make like a doctor, but I thought it was a gag. What happened to your face?"

"Nothing. I had to hide it."

"I'll say you did." Jeff put the black bag down. "Every cop in California is looking for you. How do you figure on getting out of this?"

"If things break right, I'll walk out."

"What do you mean, if things break right?"

"I'm going to pin Curly's murder on Julio Morosco."

Jeff looked at him.

"That fight was fixed," Joe said. "Curly was paid to take a dive, and the referee was paid to see that nothing went wrong in the ring. Mack and Julio Morosco put up the dough to cover all the two-to-one money on Curly they could find. But Curly got sore at me and went out to win, and Julio bumped him off for the double-cross."

Jeff was still unable to grasp it. Joe said, "You knew I was licked after the seventh round; everybody knew it. Why didn't Billy stop the fight? Why didn't Mack throw in the towel, instead of yelling at Curly for three rounds—at Curly, Jeff, not at me. And Julio told Ginger he dropped a wad of money on me. Did you ever hear of him taking a short-end bet unless there was a fix?"

"There could have been a fix, all right," Jeff said doubtfully. "If there was, Julio wouldn't laugh off a double-cross. I just don't see him as a neck-breaker, that's all."

"He didn't do it himself. He had his muscle boys follow Curly home from the ring, and I happened to be the first sucker to walk in after they left. I don't think they meant to frame me with it, but that won't keep me out of prison. I've got to clear myself before they catch me."

Jeff spread his hands in a hopeless gesture.

"O.K. What do you want me to do?"

"Bring Billy Parsons here."

"Billy?"

"He's the soft spot. I can make him talk."

"He isn't going to come here on my say-so."

"Snatch him, then." Joe's thin-lipped mouth was set hard.

Jeff said slowly, "Snatching is bad business. You know what it means if you're wrong."

"If I'm wrong I'll be a long time in prison," Joe answered. "Do you want to quit now?"

Jeff flushed a brick red, turned on his heel, and left the room.

Joe slept again when Jeff had gone. There was nothing else for him to do. As he dozed off, he heard a newsboy on the corner shouting: "Extry! Extry paper! Police Hunt Apache Assassin in Glendale! Get your extry paper!" He put his hands over his ears.

IT was early evening when he awoke. He felt refreshed, stronger. He dressed, except for the shoes, and began to lope noiselessly around the room, kicking his knees high and shadow-boxing to limber his muscles. He was doing push-ups when he heard Billy Parsons' voice complaining in the hall. When he opened the door, Billy stumbled into the room. Jeff followed.

Billy was a round middle-aged man with thinning hair. He stared at Joe's mask of bandages. He did not recognize the man who faced him.

Joe said, "Hello, Billy."

"Joe Sundown!"

Billy cast a frightened glance over his shoulder. Jeff's big body blocked the doorway.

Joe said, "Sit down."

"I won't sit down." Billy spoke up bravely. "I don't know what this is all about, but you boys are going to get yourself into trouble dragging me here. Let me go, or—or—"

His nerve failed. The brave speech stopped.

"Sit down."

Billy sat down. His hands were shaking.

Joe said, "I want to hear about that fight. I know already that Curly was supposed to throw it and that you and Mack kept me in there as long as I was on my feet. Who paid you off?"

Billy's face was the color of dough.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

Joe cupped his left hand at the back of the referee's neck and doubled his right fist.

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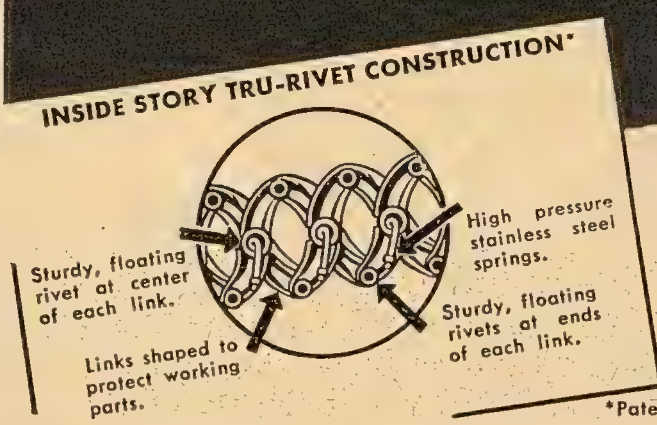
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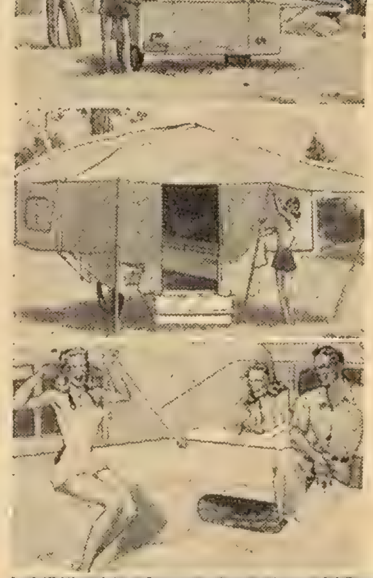

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"I'm going to break your nose, Billy. They'll take splinters of bone out of your face with tweezers, and they'll put tubes in your nostrils so you can breathe, only you'll breathe through your mouth to keep stuff from running down into your throat. They'll clean you out with pieces of cotton that they ram right up behind your eyes. It hurts like hell, Billy."

Billy's lips were bloodless, but he kept them tightly closed. Joe drew his fist back.

"Wait." It was a croak. "What do you want to know?"

"Who paid you?"

Billy wet his lips. The fist was still poised. He said, "Mack."

"Did he pay Curly?"

"I don't know. I think so."

"Where did Julio Morosco come into it?"

"He put up the money."

"Was anybody else in it?"

"I don't know. They didn't tell me much."

"Who did Julio send to kill Curly?"

The other questions had been only preliminaries. Joe played for the pay-off now. Billy's startled eyes jerked up to meet his.

"D-didn't you do it?"

Joe released him and turned away, beaten, sick with fury and disappointment. Billy's surprise had been the real thing.

THEY could get no more out of him. When they let him go, Joe said, "Before you tell anybody about this, remember that I can talk in prison as well as outside. If I do, you're through in the fighting game."

"I won't say anything, Joe. Honest. I never had anything against you. I—we wanted you to win, see? We were just—"

"Beat it."

Jeff locked the door after the referee had scurried from the room.

"You've got to get out of here, Joe."

Joe sat down on the bed. His shoulders sagged. He said nothing.

"You've got to get out of here," Jeff repeated urgently. "The town is swarming with cops. The longer you stay here the less chance you've got to get away."

"I'm beat, Jeff. That was my Sunday punch."

"You're not beat. But you've got to run."

"It's too late now to make a getaway. I guess there's only one thing left to do."

He reached for the phone.

Jeff hit him on the side of the head. The blow, catching Joe off balance, was hard enough to knock him off the bed. He looked up at Jeff from the floor, dazed.

"The Kickapoo Kanvasback all over again!" Jeff's face was white. "The gutless wonder! One bad break and you're ready to quit! I ought to kick the stuffing out of you!"

Joe shook his head to clear it. Jeff said, "You reach for that phone again and I'll break your arm. If you haven't got enough brains to get yourself out of this, I'm going to do it for you."

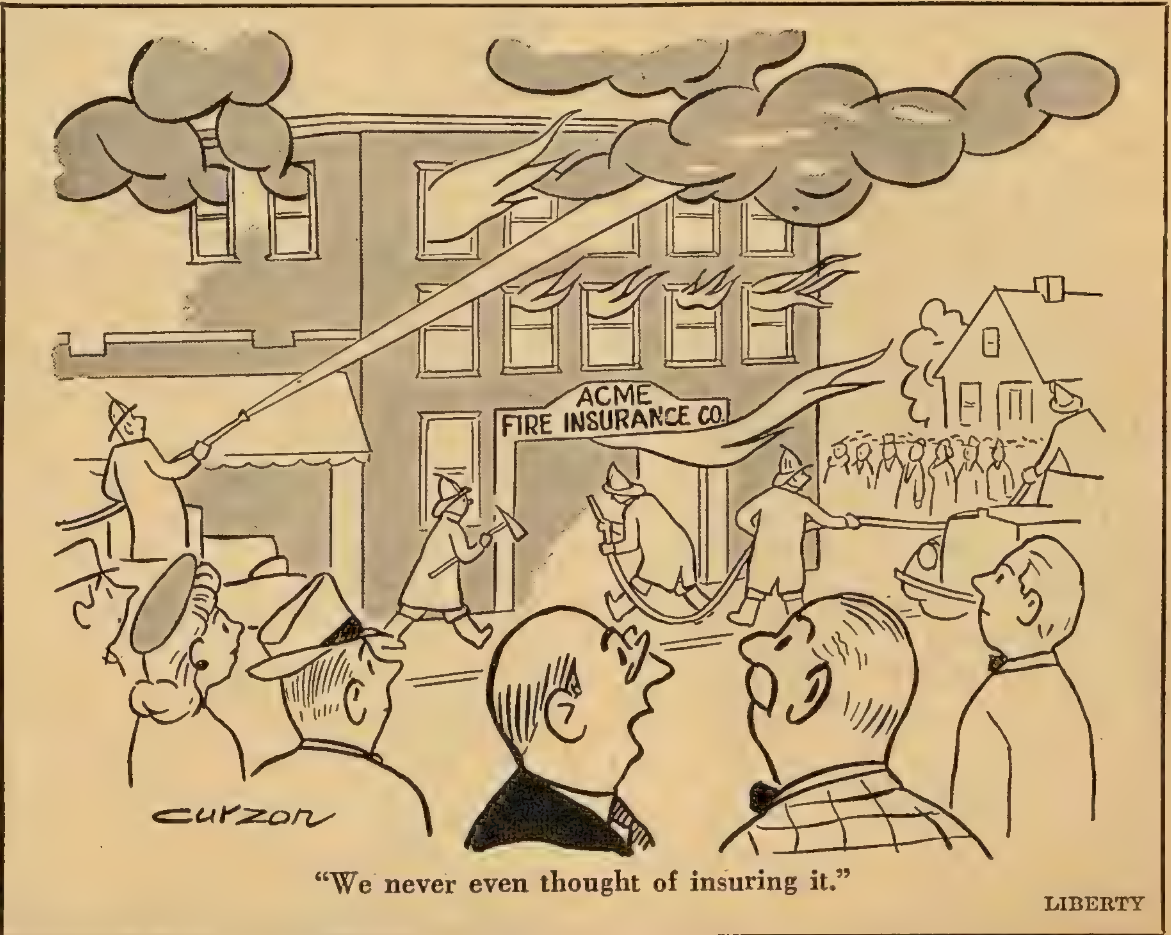
Joe's head was working better now. Still on the floor, he said, "What do you think you can do?"

"Smuggle you over the border into Mexico."

"Mexico?"

"That's what I said. I'll take you out to the farm, hide you there until the pressure is off, and drive you across the border. You gabble Spanish pretty good, and you look like a Mex. They'll never catch you there."

"You know what our chances are of making it, don't you?" Joe said slowly. "You'll go to prison if we're caught."



"We never even thought of insuring it."

LIBERTY

AT DAWNING

(Not to be confused with At Dawning)

Rise, arise, my sluggard love;
Now the fair Aurora
Tippy-toes—a morning dove!—
Featly through the flora.

Eastern sky! How faint the flush
Surging softly through it!
Do not break the magic hush
As you rush to view it.

You must dig and you must delve.
(That's why men are men, dear.)
You must catch the 7.12
Or you'll be docked again, dear.

Rise—but quietly!—and go
(No more may Morpheus drug you!)
Without a word, on tippy-toe.
(Wake me, and I'll slug you.)
—*Ethel Jacobson.*

"They won't catch us," Jeff said.

For a moment Joe looked at Jeff's set face. Without another word he got up and reached for his shoes.

"Here's what you do, then. They already think you're a doctor, downstairs. You go pay my bill, tell them you found hospital room for me, and bring your car around to the door. Then come back for me."

"That's the fighter!" Jeff grinned at him. "Now you're punching. You'll pull out of this yet."

Joe was bending over, lacing his shoes. He said, "Maybe I will at that."

They got away from the hotel without attracting any more attention than a stare or two at Joe's bandaged face. In Jeff's old coupé, Joe slumped down in his seat and pulled his hat low. Jeff followed side streets and back alleys across town, dodging corners where traffic signals might hold them up. They came out on San Fernando Boulevard at the edge of town and turned into the stream of traffic.

Joe said, "If they catch me—"

"They aren't going to catch you."

"I know. But even if they do, I've got enough to raise a stink. Billy will talk again under pressure, and that means Mack can be squeezed on a bribery charge. If Mack talks, he'll bring Julio into it. After that—"

"They aren't going to catch you," Jeff said grimly.

AT that exact moment they saw the red lights. Several drivers in front were already slowing to pull into the single line of automobiles forming on the highway ahead. Farther along, where the red lights winked, uniformed men were moving in and out of the glare of headlights.

"It's a dragnet!" Jeff said hoarsely. "They're searching cars!"

"Slow down!"

Joe was already looking around for a way out. They were past the outskirts of town, in a neighborhood of auto courts, gas stations, billboards, and hot-dog stands. The blockade that barred their way had been set up at a spot where there were no side roads by which a car might circle the dragnet, and to turn around on the highway was out of the question.

"Here, Jeff! Quick!"

Jeff had seen it too. He braked and pulled the coupé off to the right. A bright red neon sign suspended over a driveway flashed MARIPOSA MOTEL at them as they passed beneath, and then they were in a graveled dimly lit court surrounded on three sides by dingy cabins. Jeff stopped the coupé.

"That was close," he said shakily.

"It's still close," Joe said. "Hop out and rent a cabin before somebody comes around asking us what the hell we want. Hurry."

Jeff got out of the car. Joe watched him go into the cabin where a sign said MANAGER.

Joe cursed silently. He had counted on getting as far as Jeff's farm. The dragnet killed that chance; every road out of town would be blocked, every car searched, every pedestrian questioned. But the scheme that had been growing in his mind would still work if they could get a cabin. If he got just this one break—

Jeff backed out of the manager's cabin and closed the door. He approached the coupé.

Joe said, "Get it?"

Jeff silently held up a key. Joe slid out of the car.

THE cabin was one of the ten or twelve square boxes set in a U shape around the bare court. It was furnished with an iron double bed, an oil heater, two chairs, and a table. One bare globe suspended from the ceiling furnished light, and there were two windows. Joe pulled down both shades before he turned on the light.

Jeff grinned feebly.

"They hurt us with that one, kid, but we're still in there fighting. They can't knock us out."

"We're still fighting," Joe said. The swinging globe made black shadows dance on the wall. "We don't have to kid ourselves, though."

Jeff's grin faded. Joe said, "I can't get through that blockade, and slugging me isn't going to change my mind this time. I'm finished."

"Joe, boy!" Jeff put his hand on Joe's arm. "Don't talk that way!"

"They think I've got a gun. The first trigger-happy cop that sees me is going to start shooting. I'd rather be alive in jail than dead out there on the road."

"But—"

"Don't argue with me, Jeff. You've got to clear yourself now. You've got to turn me in."

"No!"

"Yes."

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COMING THIS WINTER

A SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

The tone was flat, final, and irrevocable.

The swinging light moved more slowly now. Jeff's eyes followed the shadows on the wall. He said heavily, "Well—" and gave up.

"There's one more job I want you to do first," Joe said. "Get Mack out here."

Jeff looked at him quickly. Joe said, "I'm not going to try any rough stuff. I've got enough to get him for bribing Billy, and that means prison. He can help me get a pardon by selling Julio out. If he does, I'll try to protect him. If he doesn't, I'll take him down with me, that's all."

Jeff said nothing. Joe went on:

"You can't snatch him the way you did Billy, and I don't want him to know I'm here before I've had a chance to talk to him, so you'll have to sucker him. Tell him you've got a prospect you want him to look at, a good heavyweight boy. It has to be tonight, right now, because the kid is red hot and there are others trying to sign him, see? Talk it up and he'll bite."

"He'll bite, all right."

"O.K. Get going."

Jeff did not move.

"Get going. I want to wind it up."

Jeff said slowly, "You're making a mistake, kid. I wish you'd let me try to get you through that dragnet."

"I know what I'm doing."

JEFF started to speak and changed his mind. He picked up his hat and left the cabin.

Joe thought his plan out carefully for ten minutes before he left the cabin.

There was a gas station up the road a hundred yards, away from the blockade. Joe loitered along until he saw a car drive in for service, then walked swiftly. The attendant, busy at the gas pump, waved toward the station when Joe asked for permission to use the phone. Joe went inside and called his home.

The bell rang several times before Virginia answered. Joe said, "It's me, Ginger."

He knew from the way she caught her breath that somebody else was on the line. He said, "It's all right. I know they're listening, and I want them to get this. I'm giving myself up."

"Joe!"

"Listen." He spoke slowly and carefully. "First of all, the police have got to come quietly, keep out of sight, and surround this—place I'm going to tell you about, inside of half an hour. They'll have plenty of time. Fifteen minutes or less after that, two men will drive up and go into the—place. Exactly five minutes after that, Ginger, I want you to stand outside and call me, so I'll know everything is set. I'll come out, unarmed. The time is important. Don't make a move until the men go into the place, then give me five minutes before you call. Got it straight?"

Virginia did not answer. But a calm male voice on the wire said, "We got it straight, Joe. Where are you?"

"Will you play it my way?"

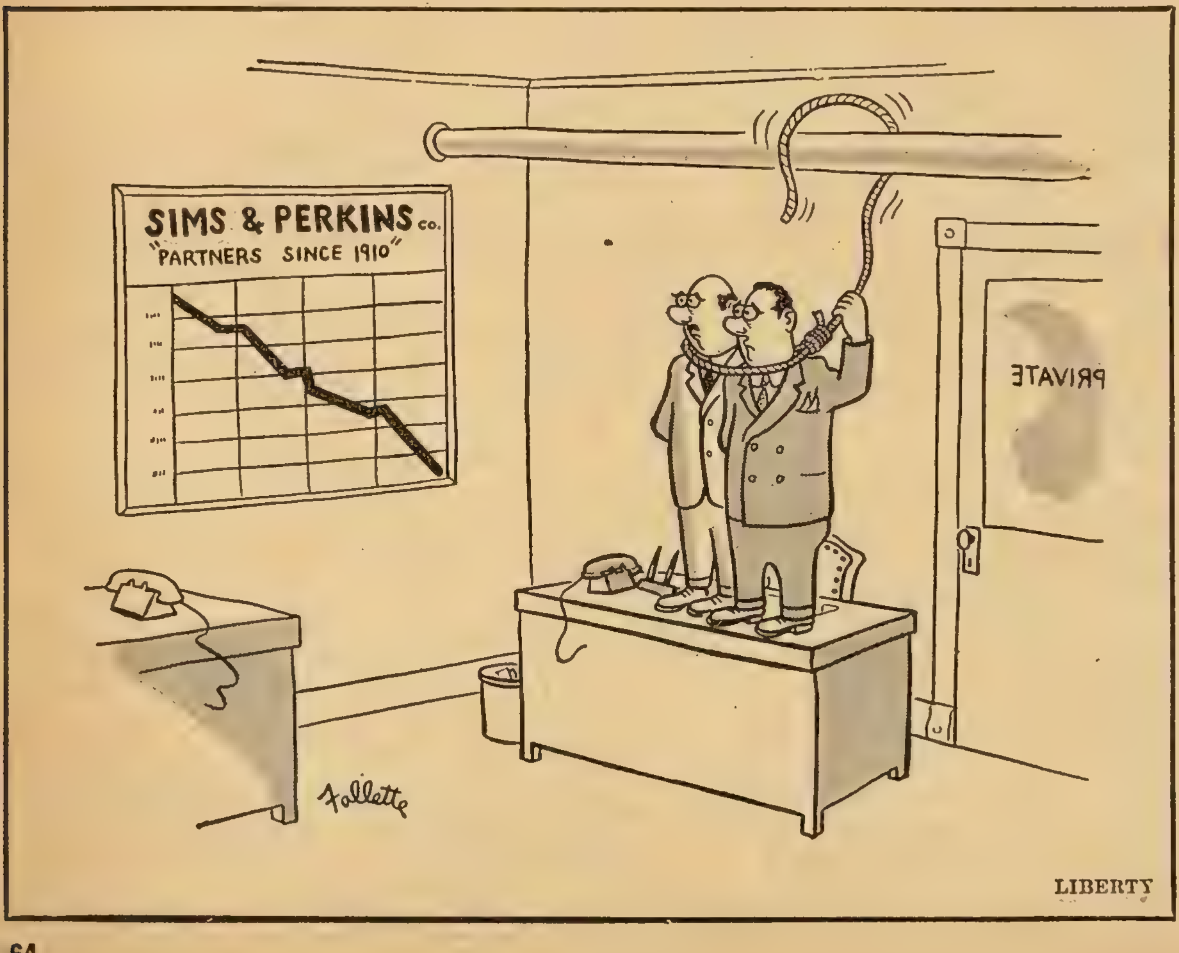
"Maybe. Where are you?"

"I can be ten miles from here before you catch up with me, if you're having the call traced. Give me a break."

There was no reply for a moment. The voice said cautiously, "What's the gag?"

"I didn't kill Curly Legrand, and I'm trying to prove it before I go to prison." Joe heard the footsteps of the attendant coming into the station behind him. He said hurriedly, "It's on the level. You've got nothing to lose. Do it my way."

"All right. We'll do it your way. But no monkey business, because we'll have your wife with us and she might get hurt. Where are you?"



"Mariposa Motel, Cabin D. It's on the San Fernando Highway, about a mile past Glendale, on the right side of the road going out."

The male voice repeated it after him. Then there were noises at the far end of the line, and Virginia's voice said frantically, "Joe, wait! What are you doing?"

"Taking a chance, Ginger. Sing loud when you call me."

He hung up.

The station attendant was wiping his hands on a piece of waste when Joe turned around. He said, "That'll be five cents, Jack," and stared curiously at the bandages. "You must of had an accident."

"I wrecked my car up the valley." Joe gave him a nickel. "Went through the windshield. What's all the fuss down the road?"

"They're looking for that Indian, what's-his-name. Sunshine. Got the whole town blockaded off."

"Oh, him. Well, thanks for the phone."

"Sure thing, Jack. Look out for windshields."

Back at the auto court there was nothing Joe could do but wait—wait and hope that nothing went wrong.

When he heard the scratch of tires in the court and the motor of Jeff's old coupé died outside the window, he got up, his belly muscles crawling together into a tight shield over his abdomen. Footsteps crunched on the gravel outside.

JEFF came in first. Mack followed and kicked the door shut with his heel.

Mack made no attempt to pretend surprise at finding Joe there. He wore a light topcoat, and he kept both hands in his pockets. Joe knew that he was holding a gun.

Joe said, "Hello, Mack."

"Hello."

Mack stood there, his elbow close to his side, his lips tight. Jeff was as far away from Joe as he could get. Mack was a shield between them.

Joe said, "You made good time."

The glaring light picked out little wet reflections on Jeff's forehead. He gave no sign that he had heard.

"We don't have to stall around any more, Jeff. I know you killed Curly."

The moisture stood in beads on Jeff's face.

"You must have been pretty sore. How much did it cost you?"

"It wasn't the money." Jeff's voice was a harsh whisper.

Joe sneered at him.

"It wasn't the money!" Jeff shouted. His face was streaming sweat. "I had every dollar I owned riding on you when the bastard sold us out, but I wouldn't have killed him just for that. It was the way he beat you up, tried to make a bum out of you. He knew Billy wouldn't stop the fight, and he cut you to pieces for the hell of it, when he could have put you away any time. I killed him for that, Joe! It wasn't only because of the money!"

"My pal."

"I didn't know you were going to get hooked for it!" There was agony in Jeff's eyes. "I wanted you to get away! I did everything I could to get you away!"

"Sure. You would have done anything to get me away when you saw I knew enough to tip over the applecart if I talked to the police. You'd even have risked running that dragnet, taken a chance on a bullet or a jail sentence. That was funny for a man who was scared white when he thought I was going to turn myself in. Funny as hell."

Jeff stared at him. Mack stood motionless, his eyes fixed on Joe's face.

"I wasn't going to telephone the cops at the hotel," Joe said softly. "I was going to call Mack and try to make a deal with the rat. But you didn't know that, and when I saw how scared you were, I started thinking. Maybe too late, but I got smart at last. You're both rats."

Mack said, "Maybe you'd have been better off if you weren't so smart, Joe."

Joe looked at him. For the first time a glitter came into Joe's eyes.

"*You* never fooled me, punk."

It was nearly his last mistake. Mack's elbow jerked and the gun came half out of his pocket. It stopped there. He had never killed a man before, and it would take him a little time to work up to it.

Joe said, "What are you going to win? Jeff's the one who's headed for the gas box. Killing me will put you right there with him."

"Killing you will save me a stretch in the pen for fight-fixing," Mack said bitterly. "You always were too smart for your britches, anyway. To hell with you."

He took the gun out of his pocket.

THE blind over the open window billowed at Joe's back. The breeze was cold.

"You're an escaped convict," Mack said. "You're armed and dangerous. Anybody who kills you is doing a public service. It isn't murder."

"I'm not armed."

"I don't know that."

Light glinted on the barrel of the gun.

Joe heard his own heart hammering, Jeff's tortured breathing, the flap of the window blind.

"Ginger knows."

The gun barrel wavered. Mack said furiously, "What about Ginger?"

"She'll know it was murder. You'll never get her if you kill me."

It stopped Mack's finger on the trigger. As he hesitated, the call came clear and loud from outside:

"*JOE!*"

There was terror in Virginia's voice. Joe spun on his toes and dived at the bellying blind as the gun roared.

He hit the gravel on his shoulders, came up on his feet in a forward roll, and kept running. The first shot

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had missed him. The second caught him in mid-stride, spun him off balance, and sent him skidding into the gravel. There was a bright glare of light all around him. He tried to get up and run from the light, but his whole side was numb. He heard shouts, commands, running feet. Somewhere in the distance Virginia was frantically calling his name. He tried to get up, but the numbness was creeping up behind his eyes. He put his head down on the gravel and blacked out.

THEY were taking him to the dressing room again. Flat on his back. He could feel the bump and jiggle they made carrying him, and his ears were full of noise. Sirens this time, instead of bells.

Something across his middle held him down. Virginia's voice in his ear said, "Lie still, Joe. Everything is all right."

He was in an ambulance, swaying and rocking behind screaming sirens. Virginia sat beside him, holding his hands. The rest of the ambulance was full of cops and men in white coats. One was doing something to Joe's side.

It wasn't so numb now. The wound was beginning to hurt. Joe said, "How bad am I hit?"

The man in the white coat said, "You'll live."

"Be quiet, Joe." Virginia held tight to his hands.

"Did they get them?"

"Yes. Please be quiet."

Joe saved up some more strength.

"Have Billy Parsons picked up for taking a bribe, Ginger. He'll talk. And Jeff will talk as soon as—"

"Jeff already spilled everything he knows," one of the cops said. "We couldn't shut him off once he got started. You're clean as a whistle."

"Did Mack—"

"Will you for Pete's sake keep quiet?" the man in the white coat said angrily. "Mrs. Sundown, can't you shut him up?"

Mrs. Sundown shut him up the best way she knew how. Joe didn't mind the salt tears on her lips. They tasted good.

THE END

AMBITION

I wouldn't mind if I could be
A book on anthropology.
I'd like to be a Kelvinator
Or a new perambulator.

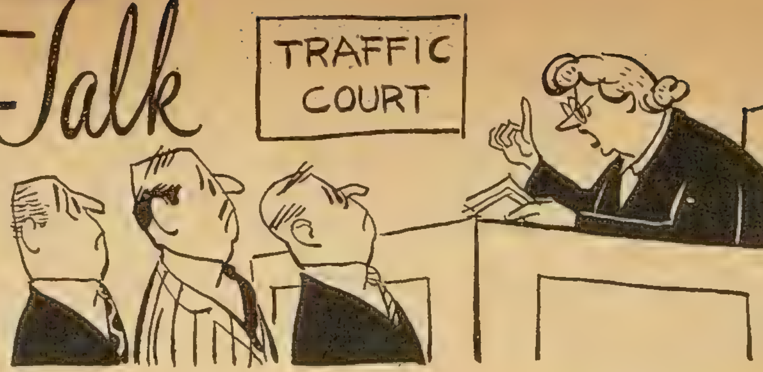
What fun to be a poem by Shelley
Or spots upon a leopard's belly.
How nice to be the Taj Mahal
Or Capulet's garden wall.

But what's the use of aspirations
And absurd expectations
When it's plain as plain can be
That all I'll ever be is me?

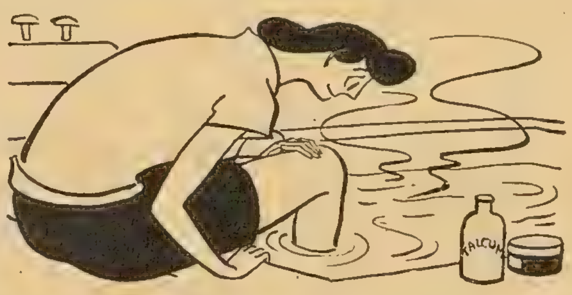
—*Barbara Rhetta Stabins.*

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK



BAD FEET?—The National Association of Chiropodists offers these tips on the care of the feet: 1. When they're tired and achy, give them a hot-cold treatment, using hot water first, then cold. 2. Massage them vigorously with cream or baby oil. 3. Put on fresh stockings and a different pair of shoes. 4. Dust with powder to help prevent athlete's foot, especially if your feet perspire. 5. Help relax the feet by picking up marbles or pencils with curled toes. Or cross legs and make a circle with foot in the air thirty times. Repeat, using the other hoof. The Association's sixth dictum is "Visit a chiropodist now, and regularly." . . Dr. Joseph Lelyveld, podiatrist of Rockland, Massachusetts, says growing children should not be allowed to wear toeless and heelless sandals. Feet are not completely grown until they reach the age of eighteen or nineteen. If youngsters wear sandals with no protection for toes and heels, they will get weak ankles and feet. As for grown-ups, extremes in footwear, such as ballet slippers and French heels, should be avoided for constant wear. Dr. Lelyveld also suggests frequent change of shoes.



HANDY RABBITS: Some genius contrived a neat trick when he or she dreamed up the small leather "button-on bunnies" with which the shoulder straps on children's overalls, jumpers, and sun suits may be lengthened about three inches without recourse to needle and thread. Each bunny has a button at the bottom and slits for eyes. When Junior outgrows his overalls, Momma, quick like a rabbit, buttons the straps through the bunnies' slit-eyes, and the front buttonholes of the overalls connect with the rabbits' buttons. The card on which the bunnies are sold bears the imprint Allan M. Steig Co., 900 West Van Buren Street, Chicago 7. Macy's in New York sells them for 27 cents a pair, plus tax.

BETTER STAY HOME, GIRLS!—Since February the Y.W.C.A. in New York City has been sending out a discouraging letter to all girls who write for information about accommodations. "Stay away from the city until the situation becomes a little more normal," the letter cautions. "This may take a year or so." Of 869 girls who applied for rooms during one month this summer, 363 came in more than once. The director of the Three Arts Club estimates that she turned away 1,000 girls in three months. The Travelers Aid reports its handling of such cases is at an all-time high. Every day hundreds of disappointed girls leave dejectedly for home.

LOVE LYRIC TO A MAID AWAY ON VACATION

Oh, gentle creature, nobly planned,
Oh, fairest female in the land,
If on occasions I've been cross,
Forgive your limp, remorseful boss.
I know you now for what you are—
A pearl, a diadem, a star!
I bend my penitential head,
And as I make each rumpled bed
And mop each sooty city floor,
I love you more and *more* and MORE!

MAD MONEY: Fashion jewelry turns practical in Ernest Steiner's new pieces adorned with real down-to-earth U. S. dough. You can wear it—or spend it, if you're caught short, or want to leave your escort flat. The metal "Mad Money" bracelet with its fifty-cent piece attached, is priced at $5, plus tax. The "Mad Money" heavy link chain belt also has a fifty-cent piece attached, and is $7, plus tax. The belt adjusts to any waistline. Other bracelets consist of link chains with disks a-dangle. There's a disk in the shape of a phonograph record with space to engrave the name of your favorite record or your favorite man; and a date clock with movable hands; and another adorned with two discreet little see-nothing, hear-nothing monkeys. These innovations may be found at Saks Fifth Avenue in New York, and at Frank R. Jelleff's in Washington, D. C.

THE LONG FALL

Continued from Page 31

her father. On her part, it was a hard little thrust with disapproval in it. Then she turned and Russ saw her pick up a water bucket and go out the back door.

Stevens cleared his throat. "I was wondering if you'd like to find somebody to take over this contract of mine." When Russ merely stared, he explained. "You run into a set-up like this sometimes. I don't know what it is. Nothing seems right, nobody makes any money. When that happens, the best thing seems to be to break it up."

Russ gave him a long, studying glance. "Seems to me you're making it pretty complicated. If the Kembles are all that are holding you back, why haven't you done something about them before now?"

Stevens hesitated. Then he grinned. "I told Janey there was no pulling the wool over your eyes! You may as well have it, Russ. I'm a low-down gyppo—a thirty-day logger. I haven't spent over three months on a job in twenty years. I thought maybe if I got into something of my own, I'd stick around long enough to line my wallet. But now the wind's talking to me again, and I've got the itch to hear what it's saying."

Russ understood now, but he couldn't sympathize. He didn't mean to lose a sawmill because Al Stevens wanted to listen to the wind in the trees. He said, "I'm sorry, Al. But if you leave me holding the bag, I'll see that you don't work any camp in California for a long time."

"Suppose I find somebody to take over my contract?"

IT'S A TIE!

Hand-painted views on men's cravats
Now draw more stares than ladies' hats;

A man walks east, while on his chest
The sun sinks slowly in the west;

At rainbow's end there sits a pot—
Or could it be a gravy spot?

A bathing beauty—nearly nude—
That man *would* wear a vest, the prude;

Young artists earn the food they seek
By painting neckties, tongue in cheek;

Ah!—leaves and buds—at last it's spring!
And in the branches birdies sing.

I thought that I should never see
A necktie lovely as a tree.

—*Loyd Rosenfield.*

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"If you want to stand behind them."

Stevens rubbed his jaw. "I know some boys in Oregon that might take it over. I'll write them."

Russ was disturbed. He found it hard to picture this bluff easygoing Irishman as a transient worker. The idea of Janey's leaving was unsettling, too.

Janey came back and they sat down to eat. Russ noticed a photograph on a shelf, one of those embalmed sepia portraits. It was of a good-looking boy about twenty. "Relative?" he asked.

Stevens looked at the picture. "That was my boy, Ed. He was killed two years ago."

Russ was sorry he had spoken.

"I guess," Stevens said, "it comes to all of us that haven't got enough sense to get out of the trade. He was a rigger."

It was all that needed to be said. There was a saying that riggers didn't die because they fell so far, but because they landed so fast.

RUSS had a room in the hotel at Washington, a ghost town across the river from the mill. At four o'clock he changed his clothes and returned to the mill. Already the canyon had entered its brief summer twilight. Janey Stevens rode down with the driver of the other truck. She was wearing a thin white blouse and a light skirt, with a red coat over her arm.

They walked out to the pond, where his car and the truck were parked. The way her dark hair moved gently on her shoulders, the young clean grace of her body made him forget everything but the luxury of being with her.

Voss and another man were on the pond, poling out to a half-submerged log. Things were bad when they had to retrieve sinkers.

"What'll you drive?" Russ asked her. "A Chevvy coupé or a Diesel that handles like an Irish Mail?"

"I'll take the Chevvy. I haven't driven an Irish Mail in weeks." She slid under the wheel and started the motor. Russ lingered. Then he realized she was watching Voss and the other man on the pond.

Suddenly he heard Voss shout. He turned in time to see him stagger from the log and disappear under the brown surface scum. He saw the tongs, tracing a wild arc at the end of the high line, swing away from him. He knew what had happened. Somebody had brought them up behind the foreman without warning.

The other man on the log lost his balance and plunged in too. He came up instantly, but Voss stayed under.

The car with Janey at the wheel moved away so suddenly that Russ, still leaning on the door, was whirled around. It shot away, the tires hurling gravel, made a skidding turn, and crossed the lot. It was still gathering speed when it hit the road. Russ swore, watched a moment, and ran to the edge of the pond.

The man out there kept yelling for help. He was clinging to the slowly revolving log with one hand and dragging something up out of the water with the other. Voss's head came into view. The workman had him by the hair. Russ started out over the logs, moving with a sure, practiced grace. Others were coming out too. Among them, they were able to get the foreman across a log and move it in.

Voss came around in a few minutes. Color surged back to his face. "Damn greenhorn millhands!" he swore. "I wouldn't give you four bits for all of 'em in California. Well, what're you standing around for?" he demanded. "We're makin' lumber, ain't we?"

Russ, walking back to the truck, was still cold with the shock of what he had seen in Janey's eyes. Of her and his car there was only a drifting fog of dust on the road across the canyon.

Now, at last, he knew that it wasn't Al Stevens who was the thirty-day logger, but Janey. Janey, to whom the violence and danger of the woods was like a dark pocket in her mind.

He drove the truck as fast as he dared. He reached the highway, and after that it was straighter running. He drove with the fear of seeing a tan coupé crumpled against a tree on some sharp turn.

Maybe he was overexcited. Maybe it was normal for a girl to run like that from an accident. He didn't think so. He thought she was running away from something that had happened long ago. He remembered what Al Stevens had said: "That was my boy, Ed. He was killed two years ago. I guess it comes to all of us—"

He reached Nevada City in an hour and drove to the garage. The town was held in a little cup of hills, one of the half-lost hamlets left over from the Mother Lode days. His car was in front of the garage with Janey still at the wheel. He left the truck and hurried outside. Janey got out and consulted her watch.

"I've been waiting," she said, "exactly thirty-nine minutes."

"And I've been waiting," Russ said, "to find you piled up in the ditch."

Janey laughed. You could forget how terrified she had been, if you were willing to accept the sham she displayed. She took his arm and they started up the steep main street.

"Aren't you curious about whether we pulled Voss out?" he asked.

"You wouldn't be here if you hadn't. How is he?"

"Alive and mad. Why did you run off like that?"

"I've seen them hurt before. I hate it. It's the way I am."

THEY went into the Clover Leaf. The food wasn't much, but Janey liked it because it had the only juke box outside of the saloons. She objected when he started to guide her to a booth. "Aren't you going to buy me a drink after hauling logs for you all day?"

At the bar, he glanced at her, perched on the high chrome stool with her heels caught on the rung, moving the rim of the cocktail glass against her lower lip.

He knew by now that direct questions would get him nothing. Yet he was not willing to drop it. He said, "This is the third time we've been out, but all I know about you is that you love hot jazz and you can't drive a truck for sour apples."

"A word picture," she said. "But let us not forget that I graduated *magna cum laude* from Cedarville High. I'm the one in front who shut her eyes just as the camera clicked. And I like Mozart as well as I like Muggsy Spanier, so there! I like olives, too, only I get so tired of

TOM HENDERSON

"Better turn around now, Bud. Here comes the pie you ordered!"

LIBERTY

drinking those old Martinis to get them. In fact, I like about everything except people who call me baby."

"And the trees," Russ added.

Her glance was quizzical.

"You forgot the trees. You don't like them, either, do you?"

"I don't follow. I wouldn't live in the woods if I didn't like trees, would I?"

"Even the high ones?"

Someone had fed a nickel into the juke box. Janey slipped down off the stool. "I'm sorry I'm not psychic. I guess I'd have to be, to get that one." She held out her hands.

Russ was outmaneuvered. They danced. In his arms she was light and warm and exciting.

Just before the music ended, Russ said, "Janey, let's stop sparring. My heart didn't beat from the time you ran away until I found you."

"'Your heart stood still—' that's from Connecticut Yankee, isn't it?"

"I don't know what it's from. But this is from me: You're acting. You've been acting for two years, ever since you saw your brother killed. That's why you ran today, isn't it?"

She was out of his arms with a little wrench. "I don't know whether it was or not. And I'm not sure it's any of your business." She walked to the bar and retrieved her bag.

Russ caught up with her. He said, "Janey, please—" And then she put her hand on his arm.

"Why, there's Harry Kemble!"

Kemble, elder of the two brothers to whom Stevens had let the falling contract, was standing near the door. He approached them, a blond humorless man with gray eyes in a long, tanned face. He glanced at Russ then turned to Janey.

"Am I going to have to buy you a date book?" he asked.

"Harry! It wasn't tonight—"

"This is Friday, isn't it?"

Janey glanced at Russ, coloring. Russ merely stared. "I don't know what to say!" she exclaimed. "It's just that I forgot everything after I wrecked the truck."

Kemble looked at Russ. His fingers began to turn over some coins in his pocket. "A busy man like you, Martin," he said, "ought to be in bed early, anyway."

"I could be busier," Russ said, "if I had anything to work on."

Kemble winked at Janey. "Will I do?"

Janey said, "I don't know why we can't just all go on together—"

Russ gave her a slow stare. He knew she had not forgotten. Yet he was not angry. "No use making it complicated," he said. "If it was Harry's night, that's all there is to it." He paid for the drinks and left.

HE did not see Janey for three days. He heard that Stevens' gang had cleaned up the last of the logs around the old site. The cat-and-arch were foraging higher, bringing back loads of recently cut timber. Russ tried to get out the

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HARRY LAMPERT

"Would you mind taking care of your children tonight? . . . Ma and I would like to go out."

LIBERTY

monthly report, but Janey kept coming between him and his work.

Tuesday morning Stevens called him. "I heard from those friends of mine in Oregon," he said. "They'll take over my contract, all right. I'm leasing them my equipment. I expect Janey and I will leave by the end of the week."

"You're losing out on a good thing, Al," Russ argued. "Why not let me find a couple of fallers to replace the Kembles?"

"I guess not, Russ. Janey's kind of set on going."

RUSS lit a cigarette. He threw it away and lit another. He went out onto the sawing floor. Then he saw Voss coming toward him.

"Want to see something?" he said.

They climbed a short flight of stairs. At the top, a dripping log lay ready for the deck saw. Voss put a tape on it. "Fourteen feet," he said.

Russ could feel the pressure building. At last something had importance besides Janey. He turned and went back down the stairs. Fourteen feet. The yards wanted nothing under sixteen-foot-lumber. Kemble had been cutting fourteen-foot logs up there ever since Stevens had told him to produce or get out. He was getting out, but he was having his joke first. The Lord only knew how many trees he had slaughtered.

Russ drove the twelve miles to the loading-out camp in twenty minutes. Kemble might not be made to pay for his fun, but he was going to leave some skin from his nose when he left.

Some impulse caused him to stop before the Stevens cabin. Janey came to the door, her hair pinned up and a dish-towel apron snug about her hips. Russ walked up the path.

He could see the packing boxes in the middle of the room. "Don't tell me you can't take fifteen minutes for a ride," he said.

She hesitated. Russ reached around her and untied the apron. She let him take her to the car, but her chin was high. "I *love* masterful men!" she said.

He sent the car on up the road. "I don't know which makes me madder," he said. "To have the Kembles buck my timber to fourteen feet, or to have you keep acting like a little-theater ingénue."

Janey didn't answer. Russ stopped the car under a scarred fir. He took her hand, but she pulled it away. "Let's quit kidding each other," he said. "I know why you ran away when Voss was hurt. And I know Al isn't the thirty-day logger, but you. It's no disgrace to be afraid of something, Janey."

She was breathing hard. She turned to open the door, but Russ held it shut. She whirled on him. "All right! It was my brother. I saw him fall and bounce like a doll. When I think about anything I think about that. Because of that, I'm a coward. Is that what you're trying to bring out?"

He clung to an elemental straw of logic. "I know you can't lick it by running away. If you'd only stop and look at it and stare it down—" he held her hands. "Everybody's more or less afraid of the trees. Why do you think we pay a rigger fifteen dollars a day? Because there's nothing between his wife and widowhood but the belt he's hanging back on. But unless you carry that fear around with you, it's good for you; it keeps you on the jump."

The darkness went out of her eyes, but now there was nothing at all for him to see. "If you're going to be so technical, professor," she snapped, "I'm going to start cutting classes."

Russ swung back into the road. The Kemble business now seemed unimportant. "I'm sorry," he said. "It was none of my business, but I cared enough to make it mine."

It was another fifteen minutes to the falling camp. The first impression was of a battlefield littered with slain giants. He told Janey to wait in the car.

It was rough climbing over the massive debris of logs and branches littering the slope. A little way up he stopped to listen. Someone was coming through a grove of young firs at his right. Whoever it was sounded as though he were running. Leo Kemble, Harry's brother, stumbled out of the trees. He saw Russ and stopped, his arms hanging.

"Russ!" he said. "Harry—Harry's—" He moved numbly toward him. "He's hung up. Spitted!" he said. "He was topping a big one. The trunk split when the top went down!"

Russ saw at once that Leo could help only by keeping out of the way. "My car's down below," he said. "Tell Janey Stevens to drive you back for help."

But as he ran on, he wondered how much one man could do to help Harry Kemble.

THE tree stood at the edge of a clearing. About the base lay the branches Kemble had trimmed off in his ascent. From the ground, he appeared so small that the monstrous agony he was undergoing was inconceivable. But his moans were audible, and his voice, when he looked down and saw Russ, was a thin sob.

"Leo, you lousy, yellow— Get your spikes, damn you!"

Russ saw that he supported his body by his elbows on the ragged table left by the topping. His safety belt hung loose. A gigantic splinter had snapped from the trunk and penetrated his body above the hip.

Russ found a jumble of equipment near by. He had no illusions about being able to carry him down. He would have to be lowered by ropes. He lashed a block to a log. The other he slung over his shoulder, with the heavy coil of rope to make fast at the top. He was buckling the spikes on when he saw Janey.

He ran toward her, but she had already seen Kemble. He caught her in his arms and turned her face from it. He said, "I told Leo you were to drive him down!"

Her voice was flimsy: "I thought—you might need me."

Need her! He needed her a hundred miles from here. He was suddenly confronted by his own preaching: "If you'd only stop and stare it down—" He looked at her a long time, then he led her to the lower block and put the rope in her hands. There was no denying that he needed someone on the ground; but Janey!

"If I can work him loose," he said, "I'll need you to lower him. Look at me, Janey—don't try it if you can't do it. It wouldn't help you, or Harry, either."

She was staring up at Kemble. "Russ—help him!" she whispered.

As he ascended, bark fell in repeated showers. He went slowly, disciplining himself. He was conscious of the ground falling away. He was above the spires of the second growth and still climbing. Something bumped his head. He looked up at the hobnailed soles of Harry Kemble's boots.

He made his safety belt secure. Kemble's pale eyes did not know him. Russ talked as he made the block fast. "I'm going to lift you off that splinter. We'll have you down in five minutes."

Kemble spoke. "Don't move me!"

Russ brought the rope around his body and cinched it. He set his spikes firmly, standing beneath him, and put both hands on Kemble's hip. Suddenly his own knees began to shake. He had to stop and close his eyes. Then he lifted.

Kemble screamed. His body slacked and suddenly all his weight was in Russ's arms. Russ raised him until he saw the splinter, slender and tough as a rapier, come out of his hip. Then he gave Janey the signal to lower him. Kemble began to drop away. Russ was ready to hang on the rope himself if it began to run away; that would be no fun, either, but they'd get down somehow. He could see Janey's face turned up to him. He watched her pay out the line hand over hand through the block. He saw Kemble twist and swing, his head rolling.

TO A SELF-APPOINTED BRIDGE CRITIC

I know that my bidding's atrocious,
That I can't finesse with finesse;
I know that my leads are ferocious
And so is my sloughing, I guess.

And I always thought a convention
Was something you held in a hall;
And I don't pay any attention
To cards that my partner lets fall.

I never rely on old Eli
Or Blackwood or Lenz or that bunch,
For, somehow or other, I feel I
Can do just as well on a hunch.

You're right, sir, my game is terrific,
And yours, I admit, is sublime.
But tell me—and make it specific—
Just why do I win all the time?

—*Leon L. Carroll.*

But the hands down there did not falter, and when Harry Kemble came slackly upon the earth, Janey ran to loosen the rope around his shoulders. They made no attempt to bring him to consciousness. He seemed better off as it was.

Russ made Janey sit against the trees and gave her a drink from the canvas water bag. She sat there until the rescue gang arrived.

THE doctors at Nevada City did not care to stake their reputations on Harry Kemble's recovery. But after a few days the opinion was ventured that he would live to buck a few more logs before he died.

One day Russ went up to see Janey. He hadn't been back since the accident; he was almost afraid to go.

He had heard about people conquering a fear just by being forced to contemplate it long enough. But sometimes those things backlashed.

They walked along the creek. She was quiet, but with a quietness like that of the water, betraying, by a race of moving glints, the swift cool heart of it. Suddenly he had to know. "I've still got a rain check for last Friday," he said. "How about that steak at the Clover Leaf?"

Janey took his arm. She said that would be grand. "But couldn't we go some place where it's quiet?"

Russ stopped and turned her face up to him. "It's pretty quiet right here," he said. "I don't think the trees would tell on us."

She closed her eyes, waiting. "Let's see if they do," she said.

They didn't.

THE END

Hank Berger

When you see "The Thrill of Brazil" you will see the happiest combination of talent in years: Evelyn Keyes, Keenan Wynn, Ann Miller, Allyn Joslyn, Tito Guizar, Veloz and Yolanda, Enric Madriguera and His Orchestra. Screenplay by Allen Rivkin, Harry Clork and Devery Freeman. Directed by S. Sylvan Simon. Produced by Sidney Biddell. A Columbia Picture.

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★ ★ ★ ★

Van Johnson, who is now in the van of all male screen stars, adds to his reputation in this one.

★ ★ ★ ★

And Keenan Wynn wins a new title: F.M.I.P.—Funniest Man In Pictures.

★ ★ ★ ★

There's a newcomer to the screen—curvaceous Pat Kirkwood, with an infectious voice and incandescent lamps.

★ ★ ★ ★

Two orchestras. Count them—two—Xavier Cugat and Guy Lombardo provide the irresistible melody.

★ ★ ★ ★

And in addition the film offers Edward Arnold, Marie Wilson and Leon Ames.

★ ★ ★ ★

"No Leave, No Love" was produced by Joe Pasternak, outstanding musical picture creator. This one has the Pasternak knack.

★ ★ ★ ★

Directed by Charles Martin who, along with Leslie Kardos wrote the screen play, "No Leave, No Love", fulfills all anticipations of good entertainment.

★ ★ ★ ★

Incidentally, you will notice Marina Koshetz, the "countess" from Texas.

★ ★ ★ ★

And hear some tunes that are hummable humdingers, such as "Love on a Greyhound Bus" and "All the Time".

★ ★

"No Leave, No Love?" The answer is very definitely "Yes".

—Leo

Pick of THE PICTURES

BY VIRGINIA SPIES

Roz Russell first depicts Sister Kenny as an Australian nurse in her younger days.

SISTER KENNY

HERE'S the triumphant portrait of a great woman—told with simplicity and splendidly acted. Rosalind Russell comes up with a vibrant once-in-a-lifetime performance as Elizabeth Kenny, the courageous sharp-tongued Australian nurse who, for the past thirty-five years, has fought to revolutionize the treatment for infantile paralysis. And writer-producer-director Dudley Nichols, avoiding the mush-and-miracles approach that has corned up many a film biography, has fashioned the movie with honest gusto.

When the twenty-two-year-old Elizabeth goes off to the bush country to become a nurse-on-horseback, she plans to marry her dashing army captain (Dean Jagger). But a polio epidemic breaks out and the panicky young nurse stumbles on an unorthodox technique of massaging paralyzed muscles instead of imprisoning them in the conventional splints. Inspired by her results, Elizabeth launches a lifelong crusade and, because an Australian nurse must give up her profession if she marries, keeps putting off the wedding with Jagger.

Neither love nor service in World War I distracts Elizabeth from her big fight against medical doubting Thomases. With only brusque Dr. McDonnell (versatile Alexander Knox, who rewrote this part to suit himself) backing her up, Sister Kenny (Aussie army nurses are called sister, and the name stuck) throws away the textbooks, cures thousands of children, and wins world-wide acclaim. The movie leaves her in Minneapolis where the Kenny Institute flourishes despite a brush-off from conservative U. S. doctors.

Though the picture is jam-packed with crippled kids (all but one—six-year-old actress Doreen McCann—were actual patients brought west from the Institute), Nichols' restrained treatment saves it from being a tear-jerker. Nevertheless, a lump will come to your throat when Doreen, as a cured polio victim, turns cartwheels to cheer up a tiny boy dependent on tinier crutches.

Rosalind Russell, Sister Kenny's own choice to play the vigor-and-vinegar role, took an intensive course in the Kenny Method. She got the nurse's magic hand motions down pat, and her aging is a fine job for which she and RKO's make-up experts share honors.

After the California preview, Rosalind called Sister Kenny to tell her the movie was a hit. The tireless humanitarian wasn't at her home in Brisbane, but she was soon traced to a busy polio clinic in the same little bush town where the film began.

Sister Kenny returns from the wars to greet her staunch advocate among physicians.

Brilliant make-up transforms Miss Russell into a striking likeness of Sister Kenny today.

OTHER PICTURES WORTH SEEING

THE KILLERS (Universal). Producer Mark Hellinger has expanded the famous Ernest Hemingway short story into one of the year's most exciting films.

BLUE SKIES (Paramount). A top-notch musical, with Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, and Joan Caulfield doing justice to twenty-eight tunes by Irving Berlin.

THE STRANGE LOVE OF MARTHA IVERS (Paramount). Barbara Stanwyck, Van Heflin, and Lizabeth Scott make this an absorbing melodrama.

HOLIDAY IN MEXICO (M-G-M). A lavish Technicolored songfest starring Walter Pidgeon, José Iturbi, plus teen-agers Jane Powell and Roddy McDowall.

RENDEZVOUS WITH ANNIE (Republic). This is a pleasant little comedy with Eddie Albert as a veteran who has more than his share of postwar problems.

THE BIG SLEEP (Warner Brothers). Raymond Chandler's hard-boiled whodunit is a perfect backdrop for the talents of Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall.

NOTORIOUS (RKO). Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant spy and sigh their way through Alfred Hitchcock's engrossing south-of-the-border thriller.

MR. ACE (United Artists). An amusing poke at ladies in politics, with Sylvia Sidney and George Raft capably holding down leading parts.

CLAUDIA AND DAVID (20th Century-Fox). A sequel to Claudia, this movie gives Dorothy McGuire and Robert Young a new batch of crises and chuckles.

⑤

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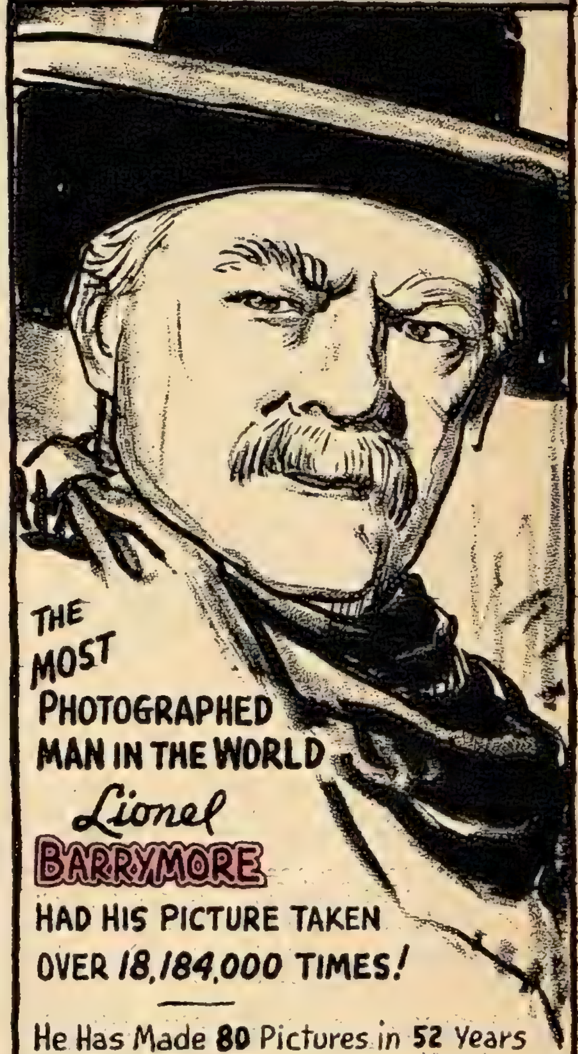

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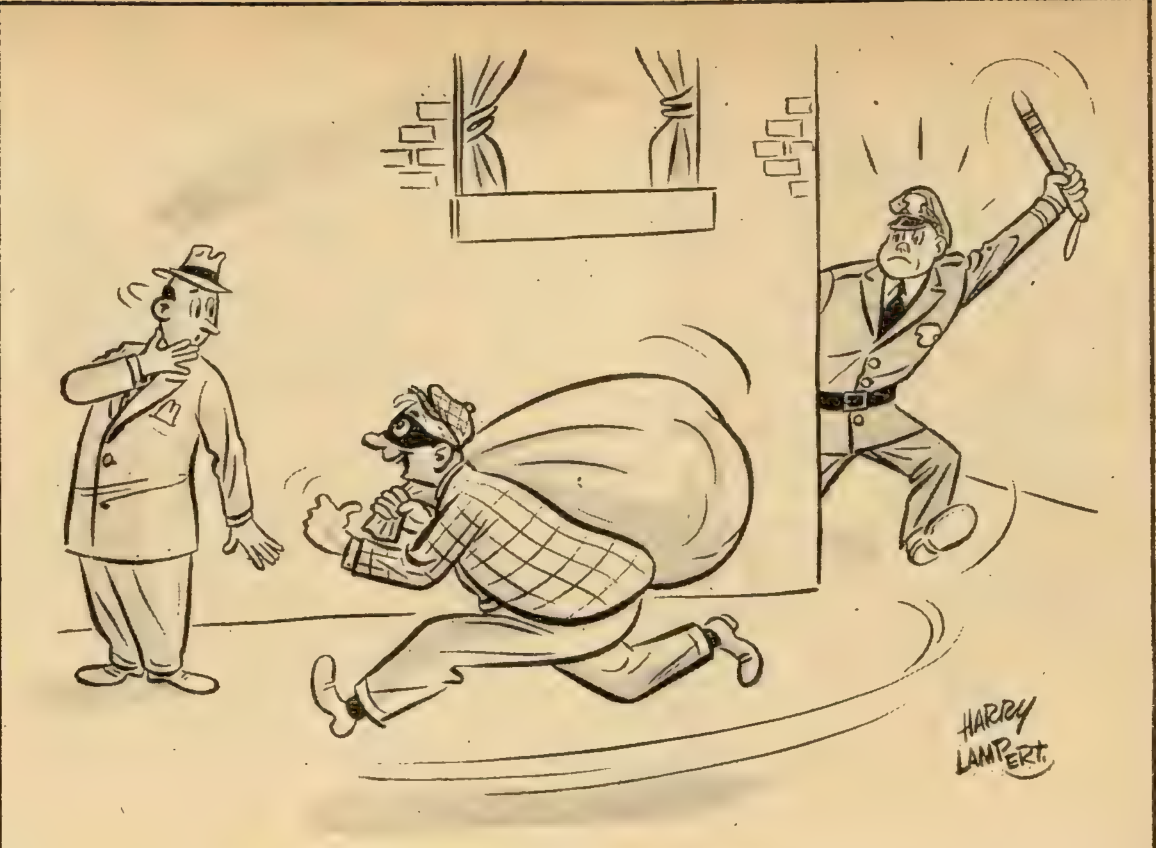


"It's just my dirty laundry—but I have more fun this way!"

LIBERTY

THE MOST HUNTED MAN IN PALESTINE

Continued from Page 15

the Sternist point of view—a chance no correspondent could turn down.

At the appointed hour I walked into the Café Pilz. Three couples were having a late breakfast, two British officers were lounging at the bar, and on the terrace a woman was knitting industriously. I sat down at a table along the wall and studied the menu.

A few moments later I looked up to see a smiling young man, hatless, black-haired, and powerfully built, coming toward me. He stretched out his hand. "I am Mr. Liberty," he said, and sat down. His next words were totally unexpected: "Have you ever been in England?" I said yes, in 1936. "Good," he said. "My name is Paul Dove. You knew me in London when I was a student. Now you are in Palestine and you have looked me up. Yes?"

I was digesting this when a pretty young blonde woman came to our table. Mr. Dove rose, smiling. "This," he said, placing his arm about her waist, "is my wife. I asked her to come along so it will look better." Then: "I am happy to tell you that I shall be with you until seven o'clock, when I will take you to your appointment."

"Seven o'clock!" I exclaimed. This was a new development. "That's impossible," I said flatly. "I must be back in Jerusalem this afternoon."

Mr. Dove looked acutely distressed. "I am very sorry," he said, "but those are the orders and they cannot be changed."

He spoke with such finality that I was taken aback. Suddenly I recalled that Friedman-Yellen reportedly never showed himself in daylight. Obviously, the idea was to keep me under surveillance until the last moment, lest I tip off the police or wittingly or unwittingly lead them direct to Friedman-Yellen. I looked at Mr. Dove. "What are we supposed to do for the next eight hours?"

His face brightened. "Please," he said, "do not worry. I have arranged an excellent program." He turned to a waiter. "Three teas, please."

TOWARD noon we left the Pilz, taking a cab to a small hotel in a town some distance away where the three of us lunched pleasantly. We dozed in the sun until four o'clock, when another cab took us to the private home of a patriarchal gentleman who gave us tea and a thorough briefing on housing, population, and taxes. Half an hour later we were whisked off again, but without Mrs. Dove, who had left us to prepare dinner for their six-year-old son. Mr. Dove and I were taken on a tour of classrooms, and finally found ourselves back in Tel Aviv shortly before seven o'clock. Now, in the darkness, Mr. Dove took my arm and we strolled along until we came to a small bookshop. There we stopped. It was two minutes to seven.

Mr. Dove asked me to stand so that the window illumination made me clearly visible. Suddenly, a note of suppressed excitement in his voice, he said, "If you walk to the corner behind us, you will find an automobile waiting to your right. Go into the back seat without hesitation." He walked rapidly away. I obeyed and found an automobile, motor running, doors open, waiting about fifteen feet from the corner of the dark side street. As I stooped to enter it, I was conscious of men emerging from the shadows and converging upon me. It was as though this were a Hitchcock mystery film and I the cameraman looking down from a great height, perhaps a roof, into a dark street, to see conspirators converging from all directions upon a waiting automobile. Then I was inside, two men were seated on either side of me, the doors closed, and we were off.

I was surprised to find that the man on my right was Mr. Dove. "Here," he said, "put these on." "These" were a pair of spectacles with cloth-covered lenses. I put them on. I could see nothing.

I was in a state of curious unreality. I listened to the echoes of our motor as we moved swiftly through the night. Now a constant *flappety-flap, flappety-flap*—we were passing through a street of shops or houses. Then we were in open country. I heard only the motor's steady hum, and now and then a sharp *flap* as we passed a lone building. We made many turns. Then we were in a city again, but whether it was still Tel Aviv or a near-by town, whether I was ten miles from the bookshop or around the corner, I do not know. Twenty minutes more and the car halted. I stumbled out; Mr. Dove guided me up steps. A door creaked somewhere ahead of us. I heard a woman's low voice. I was led forward four or five steps, turned to the right; another door opened. Despite my dark glasses, I was conscious of a great light. We took two steps forward and a door closed behind us.

Mr. Dove removed my glasses. I blinked against the light. We were in a room about fourteen by sixteen feet. A large cloth-covered table stood in the center, spread with food—hors d'oeuvres, sandwiches, bottles of wines and assorted liquors, cakes, a huge bowl of fruit.

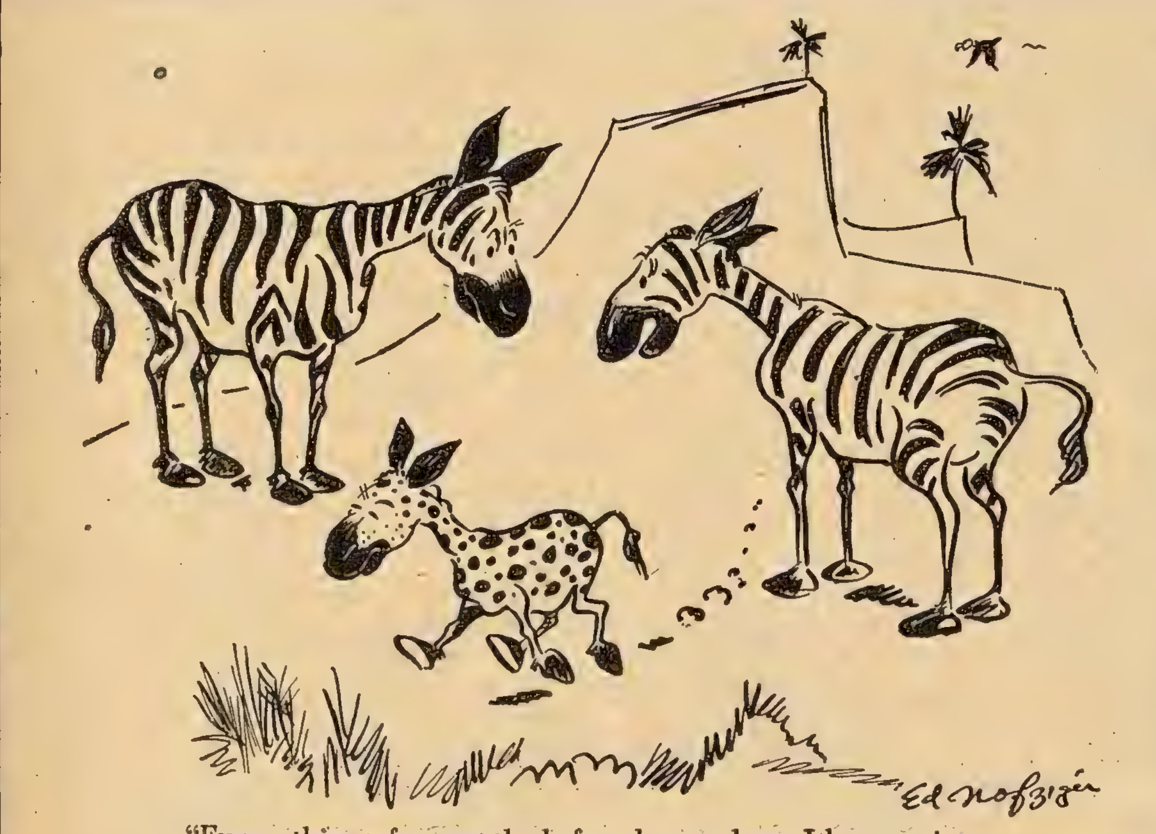
Mr. Dove put out his hand. "Now I must leave you," he said. "Good-by and good luck." The door closed behind him.

I looked around. There were two chairs on either side of the table. On the wall hung a large family tintype, but I could make nothing from the faces of the man, woman, and child. I remembered an old photograph of Friedman-Yellen I'd seen in the Palestine Post files. It showed a slight, bespectacled man who, the caption said, had been born in Poland and once edited a weekly called The Deed. In 1944 he and other Sternists tunneled their way out of Latrun prison camp in a daring escape.

At this moment the door opened and Nathan Friedman-Yellen walked in briskly.

HE was a surprisingly big man. He wore a neat black suit, a white shirt, a dark tie. He was carrying a sheaf of papers. He shook hands firmly, without a word, then walked around to the opposite side of the table so that he faced me. He gestured for me to sit down, and then sat down himself, placing his papers carefully before him. "I am glad to meet you," he said.

He spoke English haltingly, in a thin high voice. I stared at him. He was obviously disguised. His eyes were half concealed behind massive shell-rimmed spectacles. But it was the lower part of his face that fascinated me. Friedman-Yellen must be in his late thirties, but the lower half of his face was that of a boy of twenty—wrinkleless, placid, round-cheeked, with perfect teeth that seemed almost too full for his mouth. A man might look like that, I thought, if his face had once been smashed in an accident and rebuilt by plastic surgery. Had it not been too fantastic, I would have told my-



"Funny thing—for months before he was born I kept seeing spots before my eyes!"

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A CELLULOSE FIBRE FILLER

self, *This man's wearing a mask—this isn't his face at all.*

He had been studying his papers. Now he looked up with a faint smile. "I am familiar with everything you have written about us, I believe," he began. "I must tell you, therefore, that you have made a number of errors. In December, 1944, you wrote in the American publication, the Nation, that the majority of our members are Polish born, also that many are deserters from the Polish army. Neither of these statements is true." Precise and unhurried as a schoolmaster, he cited chapter and verse. I had once described the Sternists and the Irgun Zvai Leumi—he quoted the words—as "a bizarre conglomeration of youngsters in their teens and veteran terrorists, combining the technique of Chicago gangsters with the posturings of comic opera."

Friedman-Yellen looked at me. I felt very uncomfortable.

"I do not think that is a proper description," he said mildly. Nor was it true that his followers "extorted" money from merchants. "We do not use American gangster methods," he said. I had written, too, that the Sternists had only 150 to 200 members. He shook his head. "We have many more than that." He spent at least five minutes straightening out the record. Then he poured cognac into two glasses and pushed one toward me. His hand trembled slightly. He wet his lips with the liquor, and resumed: "Let me first make this statement to you: Our link with our land is a link of blood, not of ink. We are fighting against extermination. We need—"

From somewhere came the sound of a muffled knock. I heard footsteps in the hall outside. I looked at the door. There had been a thin sliver of light just above it. Now it was gone. I sensed people about, waiting tensely. Friedman-Yellen's head was up and he was listening. Then came a woman's voice, a shuffling of feet again. The thin sliver of light reappeared.

"WE need a Jewish government," Friedman-Yellen went on calmly, "to concentrate in our land millions of men and women who long to come here. Our brethren in Europe are now objects of philanthropy. In Palestine they will be members of a nation, in dignity."

He continued steadily. The Jewish right to Palestine could not be debated any more than the French right to France, or Britain's right to the British Isles. A nation belonged to that soil on which it came into existence, from which sprang the "national consciousness." It was therefore "both painful and comic to condition the destiny of our homeland upon this or that meaning of a British declaration, or of a mandate, or of a decision by an Anglo-American committee."

He paused, and I managed to get in my first question:

'Mr. Friedman-Yellen, how do you justify terrorism?"

He drummed gently on the table. "We are not terrorists," he said. "Terrorism is an attempt to intimidate one into acting counter to justice or morality. In our acts there is no more terrorism than in the acts of any fighters for freedom in any land, whether it be Italy at the time of Garibaldi, or America at the time of Washington, or France at the time of the Nazi occupation. It is the British who are the terrorists here: they seek to intimidate us, to frighten us from doing our duty and fighting for our right to exist. Their rule is a rule of terror. The instruments of that rule are torture, concentration camps, imprisonment without trial, and emergency laws."

"Whether your acts are terrorism or not," I said, "why do you use violence? Why was Lord Moyne assassinated?"

"Lord Moyne had much to answer for," he said slowly. "As the man responsible for British policy in the Middle East, he had the blood of many innocent hundreds on his hands. As for us, our enemy fights us with every possible means, so we must fight him back with every possible means. We must strike at the enemy at every place where we are able to meet him, and since we are the smaller force, we must determine where the place of meeting is to be. Thus we must use the element of surprise."

NOW and then there was the same muffled knock, the same blacking out of the corridor light—but at no time were we disturbed. I was hungry, and interrupted my note-taking long enough to eat several small sandwiches and drink some beer. But Friedman-Yellen touched no food. He spoke steadily, without pause, as if his words were long prepared. At intervals he moistened his lips with cognac.

"We have tried to fight in other ways," he said. "We have tried petitions, speeches, appeals—all with no result. History has taught us that people achieve their rights only by fighting. So it was with the thirteen colonies. So it was in Ireland. Do not think we would not prefer to use our energies to build and construct, to fight against the desert and disease. We would prefer not to blow up a building containing guns to be used against us, not to take the life of a man who has been ordered to take our own." He adjusted his spectacles carefully. "If, to enjoy the present, we forget the perspective of the future and blind ourselves to the horror of the past, we or our children will suffer the destiny of all Jews who have lived as minorities everywhere. We cannot stop our fight."

Weren't the British in Palestine as a result of the Balfour Declaration and the Mandate for Palestine, I asked. As the mandatory power, weren't they obliged to maintain orler? Did he not recognize British ights in Palestine, a British manate?

"British rights?" His voice rose or the first time. "We Jewish sons f Palestine fought for our counry's independence long before there as a Balfour Declaration. Palestine s a Jewish land and its sons need o British declaration to tell them o. That was only a piece of British mperialism which they used for heir own ends. British rights!" He epeated the words. "To accept Brit sh rights in Palestine is to accept he Machiavellian theory that might nakes right. We know why Britain s in Palestine. She wants a path to ndia, she wants Palestine as an outet for her oil pipe line, as a strategic ase for her imperialism. But what re these for Britain? They are uxuries. And what is Palestine for s? It is the earth upon which we tand, the air we need for breath. Shall we accept a death sentence or our nation because the British want luxuries at the expense of our ife? Such a demand is immoral!"

He rose and walked slowly back nd forth. "Once Britain thought it was her right to make the United States a British colony and pay her axes. But the Americans thought therwise. They fought British rule nd freed themselves. Were they not orrect? Has not history hailed hem?"

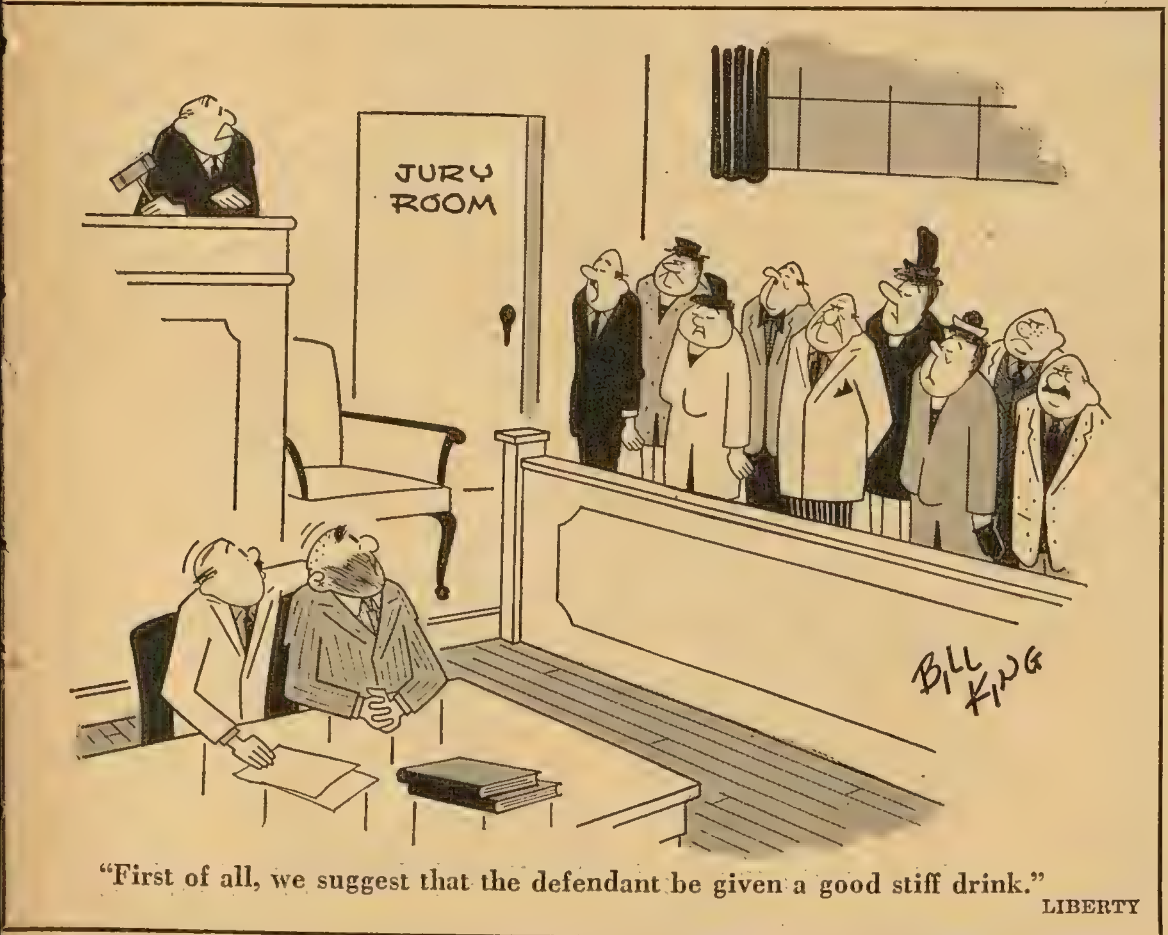
"America is a great democracy," I aid. "Do you think the approach of our group is a democratic one?"

Friedman-Yellen caressed his ound boyish chin. "We know there s a struggle in the world today beween totalitarianism and democracy," he said. "But if we are not llowed to exist in this world, we re not interested in that struggle. f a man is starving and a well-fed man asks him about the merits of a meat diet against a vegetable diet, what will he say?" He paused, and seated himself again. "The British certainly cannot talk about democracy. Do they reign on the basis of democracy in India, Burma, or Malaya? There millions oppose them and yet they, the few, rule over the many. The British government on our Palestine soil is a criminal government oppressing us by force against our will. Either we shall throw them out of Palestine or they will throw us out. That is the aim written on our banners."

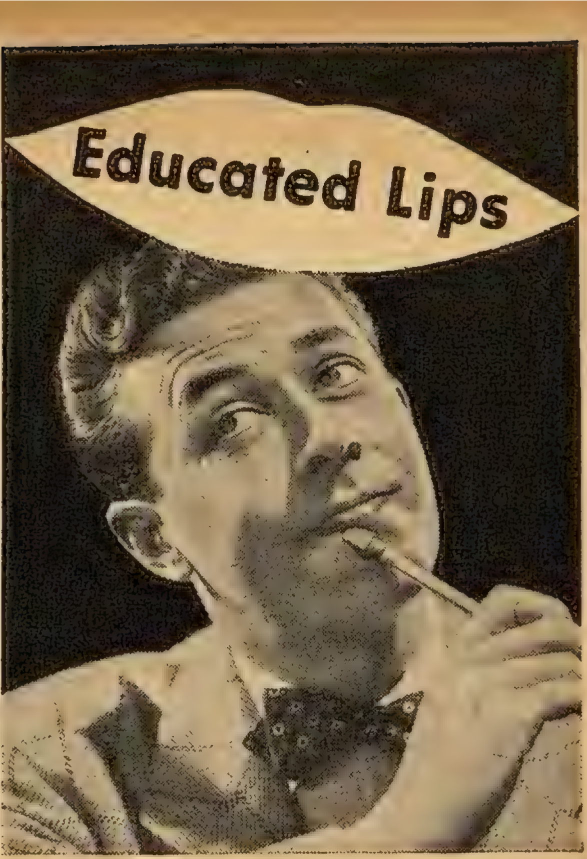
"But you are completely outnumbered," I said. "Do you expect to defeat the entire British Empire?"

"The outnumbered Irish fought the British and won," he replied. "We know the enemy is stronger, but there are facts which make a correction in our favor. Our fight is a fight for life; our back is to the wall; we have no possibility of retreat. We are fighting for the right while the enemy is fighting for ignoble interests. He tries to paint us as terrorists and criminals. But we are not. We are idealists. When our men stand before military courts, they are the accusers, not the accused. They receive death sentences with songs on their lips and they go to the gallows singing. Our men have been tortured and beaten, but they have not given away our secrets. They have asked no rewards —not a word of pity, not a single, bombastic funeral. They know how to live in anonymity, to fight in anonymity, to give their lives in anonymity. Such men make revolutions. They will execute the greatest revolution in the history of our nation. They will ensure freedom in our land. We say that all free men should support them."

I recognized the same impassioned



"First of all, we suggest that the defendant be given a good stiff drink." LIBERTY



"I'm back at college. I've tossed aside my army kit—but little old 'CHAP STICK' is still my pal."

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MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

note that had sounded in the speeches of Sternists and Irgun members at their trials, speeches described in dispatches by a phrase censorship made popular, "political harangue."

"Is it true each member knows only two or three other members?"

"A man who comes to us as a candidate knows only the man who brought him. Then we investigate him. Later—that depends on his assignment as to how many others he works with. In fighting groups, he must know many, of course."

"Where do you get your weapons?"

"We buy them and we raid British depots. We do our own repairs."

I asked, "Why do you not accept the discipline of the recognized Jewish spokesmen for Palestine?"

"We are not responsible to anyone for what we do nor when we do it," Friedman-Yellen declared. "We take orders from no one. We are Jewish sons of Palestine fighting for the independence of Palestine—of all Palestine, on both sides of the Jordan. I repeat, we are patriots, Jewish sons of a Jewish land, and no patriot needs to be told when to fight when an aggressor is on his soil."

And the Arabs?

"Our fight is not against them," he said. "They are victims of British rule, too. The Arab masses will have more rights in a Jewish state than they could have in an Arab state, which would be a puppet state under the same British rule which oppresses us now. The Arab child will enjoy an education and have a chance to live a decent life in a Jewish state. He has neither now."

IT was growing late. Friedman-Yellen rose. "We would like to tell the British people," he said, "to take their sons out of Palestine. They do not belong here. They do not wish to be here. We do not wish to have them here. It is not their fight."

"One last question," I said. "Many persons call you Jewish Fascists. What is your reply to that?"

Friedman-Yellen smiled broadly for the first time. "If we were Fascists," he said, "the British would have joined forces with us long ago as they did in Greece and elsewhere."

Then I was in the corridor, the dark glasses were on me again, I was led down the stairs and into a waiting car. A stranger sat beside me.

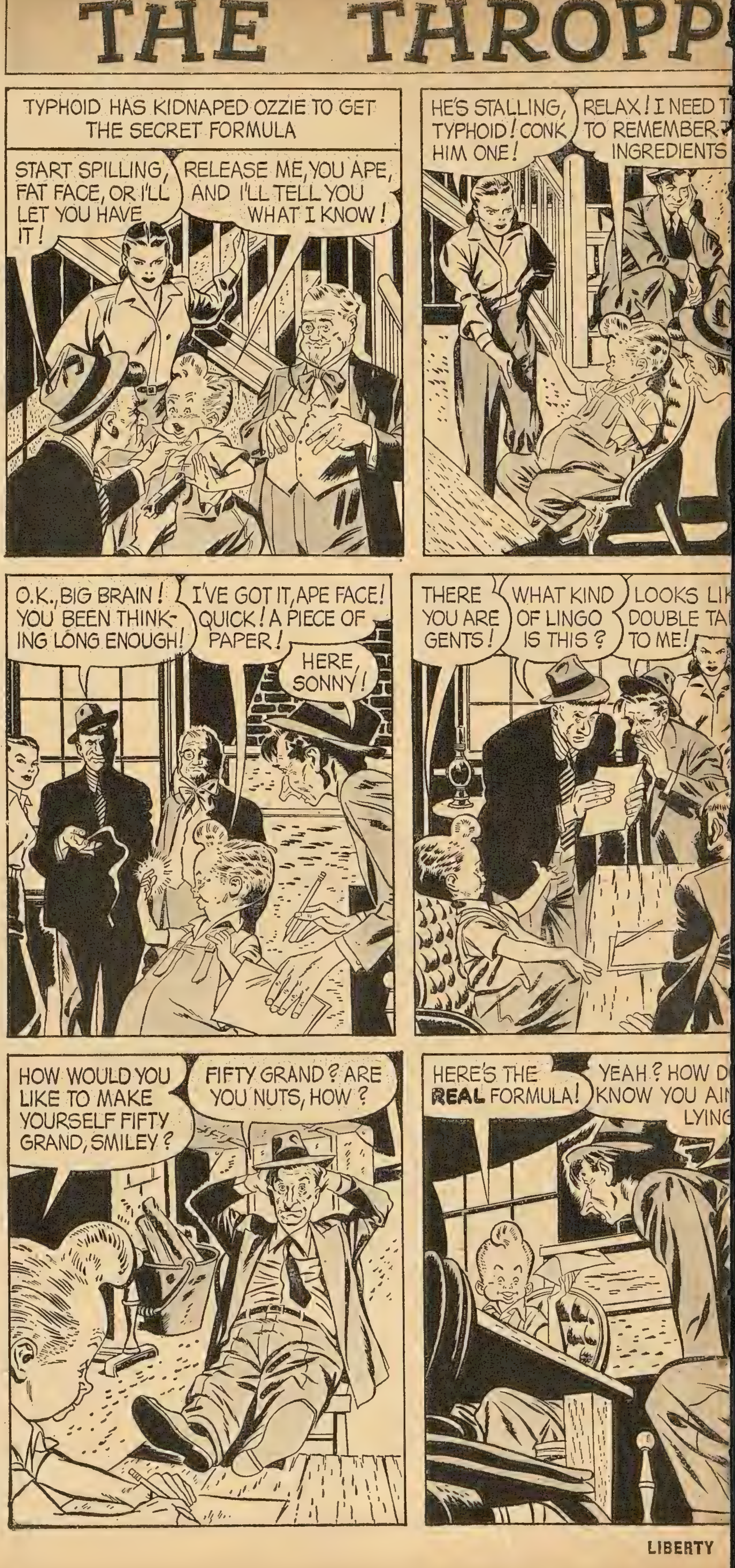
"Where do you wish to go?" the driver asked. I gave the name of a hotel used as an American officers' billet during the war.

On the way the man beside me said suddenly, "Take off your glasses. It is the police."

I snatched them off. The car slowed to a stop. It was a British road block. A British policeman, tommy gun in hand, flashed his light full upon my face and upon that of my companion. He spoke to the driver. The latter showed him a card.

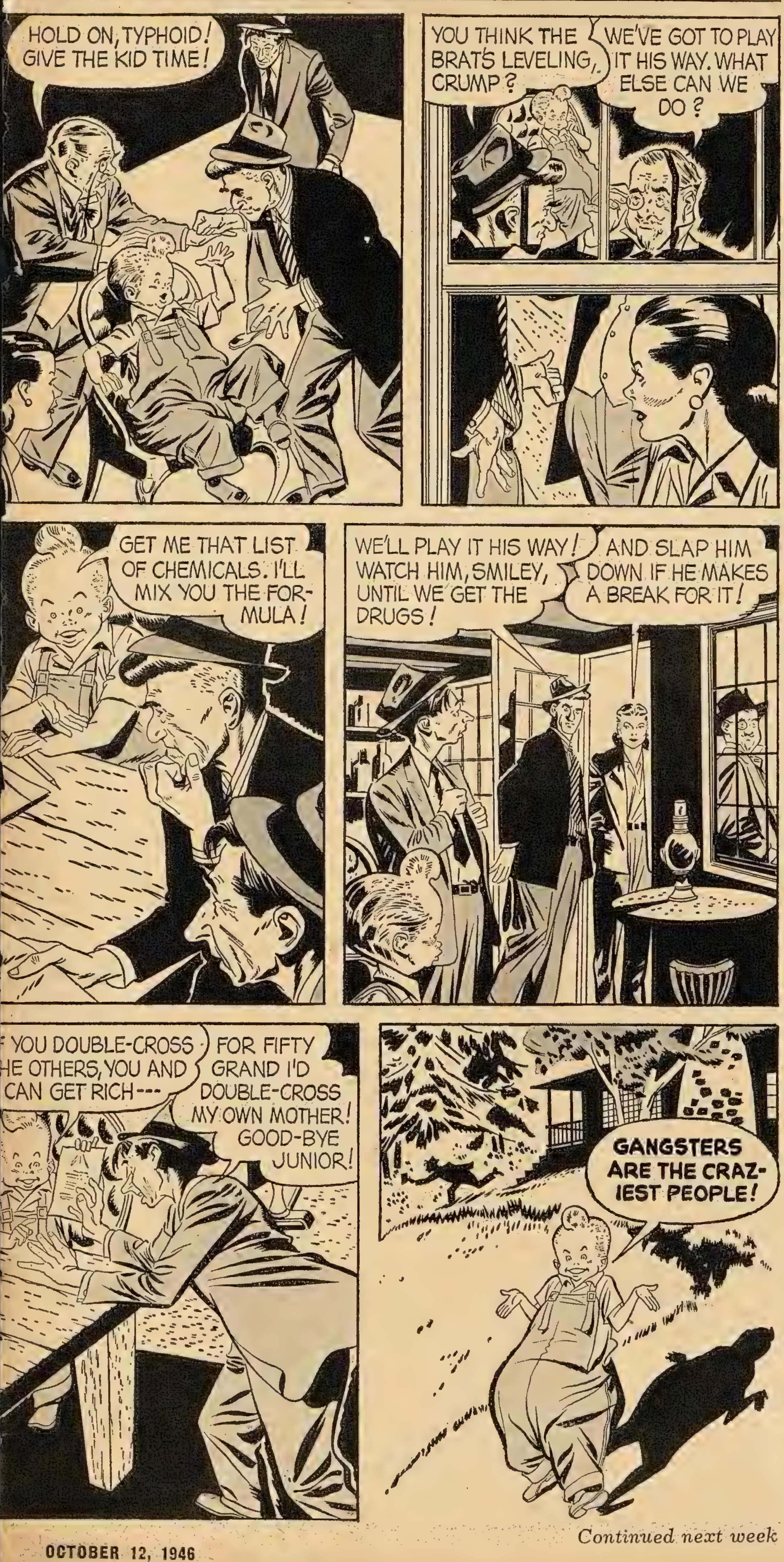
"Righto," said the policeman. "Go ahead."

THE END


THE THROPP
TYPHOID HAS KIDNAPED OZZIE TO GET THE SECRET FORMULA
START SPILLING, FAT FACE, OR I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT!
RELEASE ME, YOU APE, AND I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I KNOW!
HE'S STALLING, TYPHOID! CONK HIM ONE!
RELAX! I NEED T TO REMEMBER INGREDIENTS
O.K., BIG BRAIN! YOU BEEN THINKING LONG ENOUGH!
I'VE GOT IT, APE FACE! QUICK! A PIECE OF PAPER!
HERE, SONNY!
THERE YOU ARE GENTS!
WHAT KIND OF LINGO IS THIS?
LOOKS LI DOUBLE TA TO ME!
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO MAKE YOURSELF FIFTY GRAND, SMILEY?
FIFTY GRAND? ARE YOU NUTS, HOW?
HERE'S THE REAL FORMULA!
YEAH? HOW D KNOW YOU AI LYING

FAMILY

Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**


HOLD ON, TYPHOID! GIVE THE KID TIME!
YOU THINK THE BRAT'S LEVELING, CRUMP?
WE'VE GOT TO PLAY IT HIS WAY. WHAT ELSE CAN WE DO?
GET ME THAT LIST OF CHEMICALS. I'LL MIX YOU THE FORMULA!
WE'LL PLAY IT HIS WAY! WATCH HIM, SMILEY, UNTIL WE GET THE DRUGS!
AND SLAP HIM DOWN IF HE MAKES A BREAK FOR IT!
F YOU DOUBLE-CROSS HE OTHERS, YOU AND CAN GET RICH---
FOR FIFTY GRAND I'D DOUBLE-CROSS MY OWN MOTHER! GOOD-BYE JUNIOR!
GANGSTERS ARE THE CRAZIEST PEOPLE!

Continued next week

America finds a new, easy way to save

Out of the war has come a great lesson in thrift—the success of the Payroll Savings Plan.

Under this Plan, during the war, millions of wage earners set aside billions of dollars for War Bonds through "painless" weekly pay deductions.

Under it today, millions more continue to use its easy deductions to buy U. S. Savings Bonds . . . to put away the money for new homes, new cars, new appliances.

Suggestion: Why not let this new, easy way to save help *you* save too?

SAVE THE EASY WAY... BUY YOUR BONDS THROUGH PAYROLL SAVINGS

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TRAFFIC IN HOPE

Continued from Page 19

they were stamped "Supposed to contain matter prohibited importation." Then they were sent on to the city to which they were addressed. The Post Office Department is never permitted to open mail.

One of the letters was addressed to a man in Washington, D. C. The postmaster there requested that the addressee come in and open the letter in his presence. Sure enough, it contained lottery tickets, together with Mr. Fraguela's Cuban address. The solicitor of the Post Office immediately directed that a fraud order be issued, under the terms of which all mail addressed to Mr. Fraguela is prevented from leaving the United States. Any person who tries to send money or anything else to Mr. Fraguela will have his mail returned to him. If there is no return address on the envelope, the letter will be sent to the dead-letter office. But, as Post Office authorities explain, "Lottery agents make a practice of changing their names and addresses frequently. We spot one and shut off his mail only to have him pop up again under another name." Yet the Post Office considers fraud orders the most effective weapon at its disposal.

In the old days, when postal agents spotted a wholesaler of foreign lottery tickets operating in this country, they asked the local U. S. district attorney for a search warrant and walked in on him—if he was still there. More often than not, by the time the law was able to cut the red tape that permitted it to raid an office, the ticket salesmen were operating safely from another headquarters.

WHEN the Post Office sleuths did catch up with an agent, they faced the problem of producing proof that he had "knowingly" violated the law by using the mails to transmit lottery material.

In the decade between 1930 and 1940, the heyday of foreign operations, only three or four men went to jail in the whole country, and only one of these was sentenced to more than eight months.

The small fines and suspended sentences handed out to the few lottery-law violators who have ever been brought to trial are a pretty obvious indication that judges incline to be lenient about lottery-law violations. This leniency reflects public opinion. Not only is there no well-defined national policy on gambling, but the law is often inconsistent.

New York City is pleased to take a sizable cut of the money bet at race tracks inside the city limits, yet the New York police recently raided an annual school fair where spinning wheels and such devices were being used to raise money to send poor children through school. And it is conceded that more money is risked on church bingo, an out-and-out lottery, than any other single form of gambling in the United States.

MARCHING SONG FOR A PICKET LINE

Pickets picketing pickets in jurisdictional dispute.—*News Item.*

Let's picket the pickets
Who picket the pickets!
Let's get in the fun;
Let's not be outdone!
Let's pick up a placard,
A pickax, a pike;
Picnics are peachy,
But give me a strike
Where you pummel the foe
Till he's limp as spaghetti,
And pass out concussions
Like so much confetti.
Let's prance on like picadors
Prodding a bull!
Last man's a goop.
The patrol wagon's full!
Why must the public
Just watch, like a jerk?
Let's picket each other!
Who wants to work?

—*Ethel Jacobson.*

Prewar surveys confirmed that Americans like to gamble, whether they are breaking the law or not. A Gallup poll showed that in 1938 more than half the adult population owned up to gambling in some form. A Fortune poll taken three years earlier reflected public interest in the current efforts of Representative Kenney of New Jersey to put through Congress a bill authorizing a national lottery. According to the Fortune count, 55.3 per cent of the people favored a national lottery, 32.5 per cent opposed it, and 12.2 per cent didn't have an opinion. In the large cities, 71.6 per cent favored the lottery.

The Kenney Lottery Bill failed to pass, but Representative A. J. Sabath of Illinois tried again in 1942. His bill would have instructed the Treasury Department to run a lottery to help pay for the war. Again Congress turned the idea down. In 1944 there was still so much pressure for wartime drawings of some kind that the Treasury Department issued a statement as to why it could not consider a lottery. General Counsel of the Treasury Paul pointed out that "the war finance program is conducted on a highly ethical basis with its roots in church, educational and family circles, built on a thrift appeal," and that "serious legal problems would arise because 26 states prohibit lotteries." The Treasury's last and most interesting objection was that ". . . people who had already bought bonds might find the lottery plan so attractive that they would cash in the bonds and play the lottery."

The Russian government has no such scruples about lotteries. On May 4 of this year they launched a 20,000,000,000-ruble (nominally $3,744,000,000) bond issue which offered an elaborate series of lottery prizes instead of interest. The drawings were based on the serial number of the bonds. The purchaser of a 100-ruble bond could win as much as 50,000 rubles. One third of all bond buyers supposedly win a prize. The remaining two thirds may redeem their bonds at their face value fifteen years hence.

The use of lotteries to collect money for governmental uses is by no means a new idea. The Roman emperor Augustus used lotteries to help finance the architectural masterpieces for which Rome is famous. Louis XIV of France financed his grand-scale living largely through state lotteries.

BACK in America's youth, lotteries were legal in this country and a favorite means of raising money for worthy causes. In 1748 Benjamin Franklin and a group of prominent Philadelphia men held a lottery to buy a battery of cannon for the defense of the city. John Hancock was one of the managers of a series of lotteries to restore Faneuil Hall, "the cradle of liberty," which burned in 1761. George Washington managed a lottery to build a road over the Cumberland Mountains, and he was also active in a national lottery sponsored by Congress to raise money for the Continental Army.

By the early 1800s, Americans had more than 400 drawings a year offered them. But by that time the control of most of the lotteries had passed into unscrupulous hands. There was so much cheating and general skulduggery that in 1833 the New York State Legislature mustered enough votes to pass the first state law prohibiting lotteries. In time most of the other states voted similar statutes. But it wasn't until the scandal of the Louisiana lotteries that an all-inclusive federal law was enacted. The Louisiana Lottery promoters had offices from coast to coast as well as in Mexico, Canada, and Europe, and ran their business up to more than $2,000,000 a month. But there was so much bribery involved in keeping their state franchise, and the operators so blatantly fixed the drawings in their own favor, that the public sentiment of the whole nation turned against them.

In 1890 the federal government passed the law which denied lotteries the use of the mails. That broke the back of the Louisiana Lottery and marked the end of all legal lotteries in this country.

The U. S. Postal Anti-Lottery statute has not prevented Americans from buying lottery tickets, any more than the prohibition law prevented them from drinking. But it has had the unfortunate effect of leaving those who buy tickets without recourse when they discover that their money has been pocketed by an agent. The Post Office Department believes that at least half of the more than a billion dollars which used to be spent annually on foreign lotteries never found its way to a drawing of any kind—it went into the pockets of unscrupulous ticket salesmen.

Here are the facts about one group of operators brought to trial by Post Office authorities in 1941. The meth ds of this gang are typical.

The group started out by hijacking a large quantity of genuine Irish Sweepstake tickets which had already been smuggled into this country. These pasteboards, as every lottery fan knows, consist of three parts: the ticket proper; an attached stub which is torn off and mailed back to the purchaser when his money reaches the Hospital Trust in Dublin; and a depot slip. The depot slip is a separate printed sheet which instructs the purchaser where to send his money.

This gang printed counterfeit depot slips instructing ticket buyers to send their money to the mailing address of a gang confederate in Ireland. Hopeful Yankee money made a round trip to Ireland and back here into the pockets of the hijackers.

These same men also counterfeited tickets for the Jamaica British West Indies Sweepstakes, and printed on the depot slips a mailing address which they established in Nassau. Before their career was stopped they had counterfeited six different kinds of tickets, sold them widely over the country, and paid no one. They even double-crossed their own agents, some of whom were among the eighty-four indicted.

These men were out-and-out thieves. There was no question of their guilt, because all pleaded guilty. To date, sixty-nine of the eighty-four have been sentenced. Only one went to jail. He got eight months. A number of others were fined and placed on probation, a few for as long as a year. The remaining fifteen have not yet been sentenced, although the indictment against them has been standing for six years.

These light sentences certainly hold no great threat for crooks who contemplate similar raids on the pocketbooks of Americans in the future.

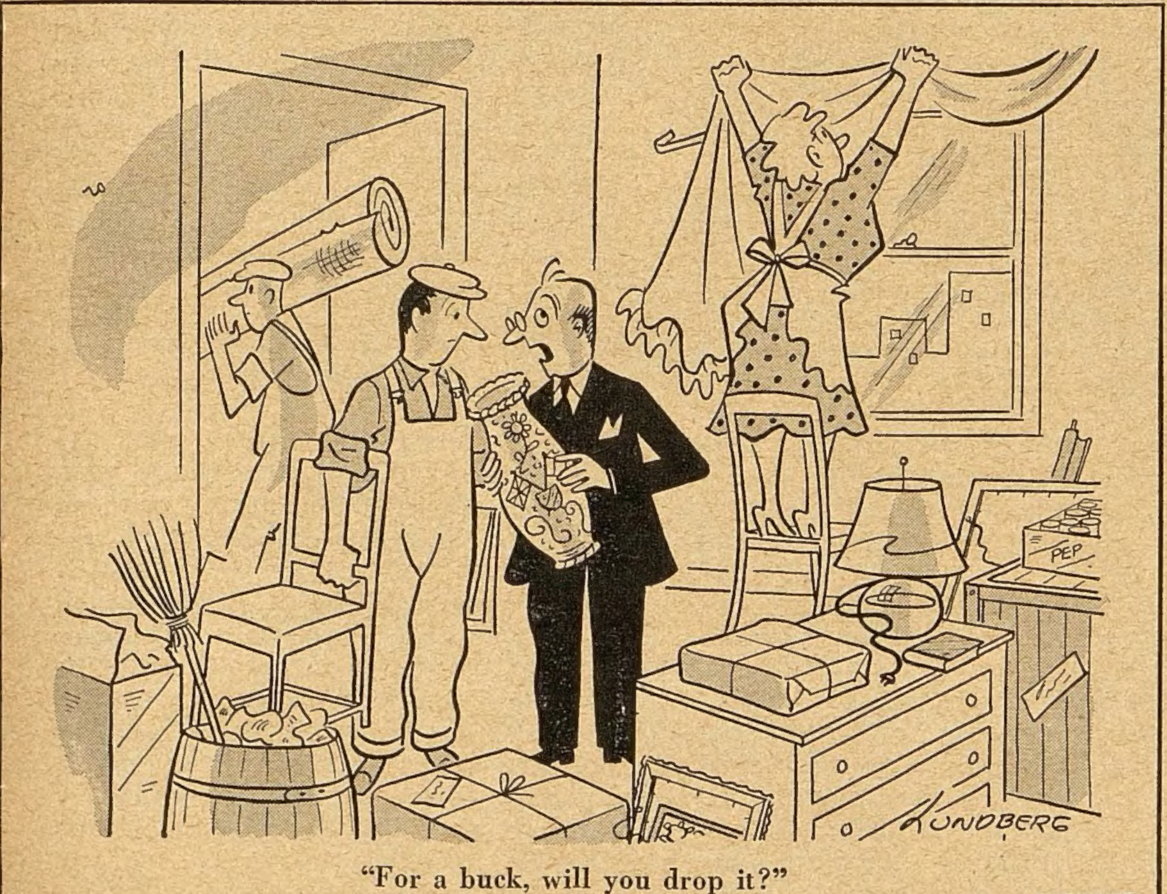
EVEN if the ticket salesman is honest, American money has to clear other hazards before it reaches the starting line in a foreign lottery. The promoters of the Cuban National, for example, used to sell 3,000,000 tickets in this country, and then admittedly put only 100,000 of them in the drawing.

The gist of their reasoning was that "Americans are such suckers for our game that they'll keep on paying us even if they know we're dishonest." And they were right. Americans kept right on buying their tickets.

The truth is that Americans enjoy lotteries so much that they are willing to buck almost any odds if they can only, sometime, some way, once in a while, be in line for a prize. They know they haven't much chance of winning (it's 375,000 to 1 against a first prize in the Irish Sweeps); but there's an innate appeal that even astronomical odds can't overcome.

As one of New York's Harlem residents put it: "I know I may not win, boss. But I just bought myself a powerful lot of hope with that two-fifty ticket."

THE END



"For a buck, will you drop it?"

LIBERTY

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OCT. 12, 1946

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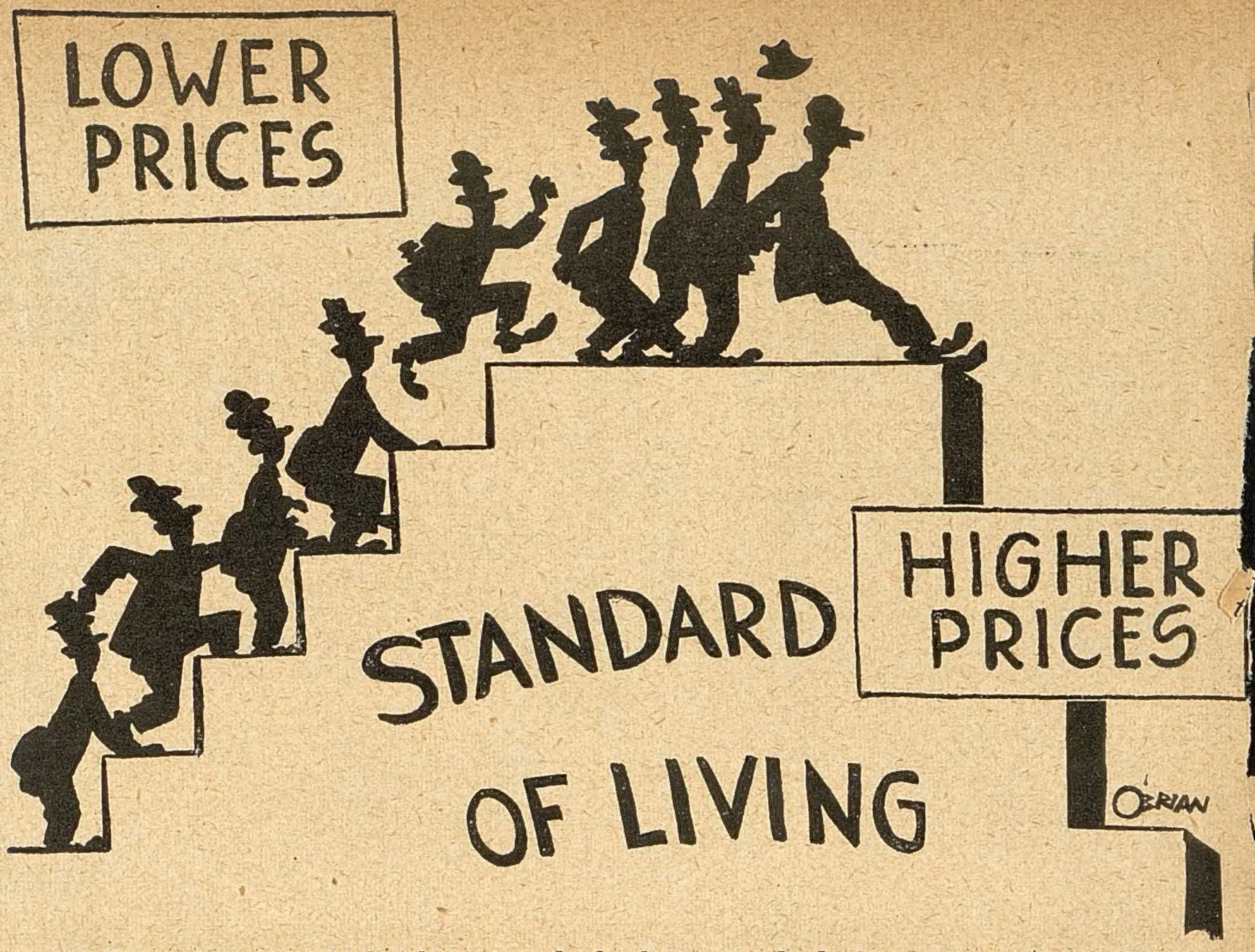


Low prices mean higher living standards; living standards drop when prices go up.

ARE LIVING STANDARDS DUE TO DECLINE?

ALL of us, whether business men, union members, government officials, or just plain citizens, have cause to worry over what seems a significant trend in the postwar economic picture.

For the first time in our modern industrial history the mass-production products which make up the American standard of living are advancing in price. Automobiles, radios, refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, etc., all cost more than before the war and may go still higher. This is a reversal of our industrial progress. Always, heretofore, we have managed in good times and bad to produce more and better mechanical devices at lower and lower prices. This progress continued during the period of rising prices called "the inflation of the '20s." Despite increasing wages and material costs, the prices of finished mechanical products were lowered each year. It continued also during the depression of the '30s.

Automobiles always got cheaper and cheaper; the workmen who made them got more money. The companies which turned them out had good years and bad, but in the long run they grew mightily and prospered by delivering, as one company's slogan puts it, "more and better things for more people." The same was true of other products. Radios and mechanical refrigerators, at first expensive luxury items, rapidly became necessities and well within the reach of any family which practiced moderate diligence and thrift.

From these devices and others giant industries grew. Employment opportunities which never existed before were provided for millions. Life was made easier for all of us and leisure more plentiful and enjoyable.

Now the trend to ever lower prices and ever wider markets is reversed. The reasons for this will be evident to anyone who has followed the various economic arguments of the reconversion period, though, of course, individuals will differ as to which reasons are more responsible. Labor leaders say profit margins are too big and account for the higher prices. Manufacturers say wage boosts, accompanied by lower instead of higher worker efficiency, make it impossible to produce at prewar prices. Significantly, Congress had to amend the price-control law to enable industry to function profitably.

It is not our purpose here to place blame for the reversal. We wish only to call attention to it and to deplore it. Anyone can perceive that unless ways are found to bring about a re-reversal, and unless we again can begin to make more and better things at lower prices, the American standard of living has reached its limit.

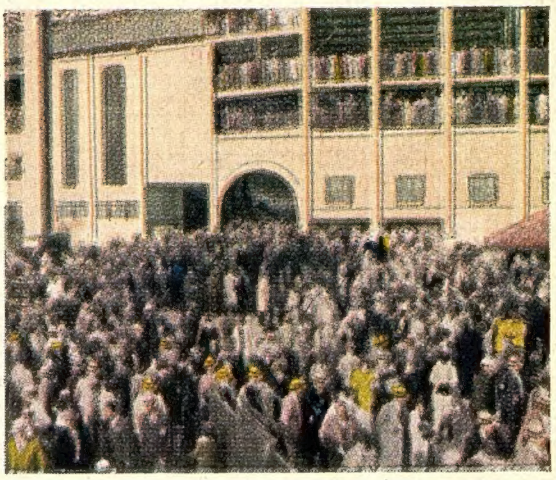
Paul Hunter

Liberty
...THE PRESERVATION OF FREEDOM IS THIS MAGAZINE'S PURPOSE

Tie on your bonnet...it's the World's Series!

1869 **Invented in America,** baseball has advanced from country pastures to the glamor spots of the nation. The game first began to attract attention when a professional team went on an extended tour in 1869—Corby's 11th year as a great Canadian whiskey name.

1903 **First World's Series** drew 100,429 people; Boston defeated Pittsburgh five games to three. Next year the winning manager in the National League nearly caused a baseball "war" by refusing to play "a minor league club"—Boston, American League pennant winner.



1945 **Baseball's classic** hit a high last year, Corby's 87th as a famed Canadian name, when 333,457 people saw seven World's Series games. But the 1905 hurling record of three shutout games by one pitcher in a five-game Series has yet to be broken.

N. Corby
SAY CORBY'S
CORBY'S
Reserve
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED PEORIA · ILLINOIS

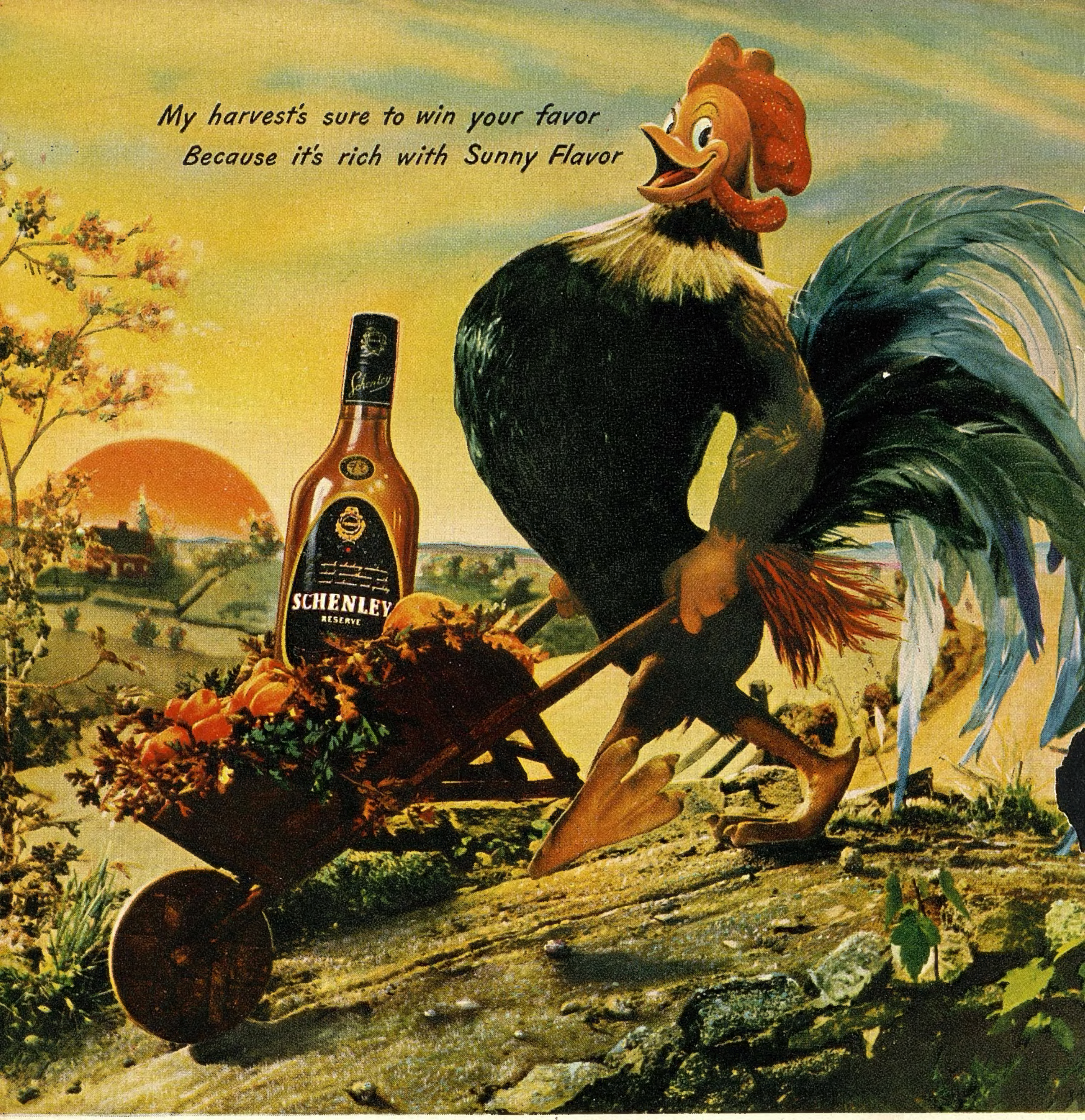
1946 **A sellout** is expected for the 43rd World's Series. Individual batting records—ten hits in four games or four home runs in four games (1928 Series)—may be broken. *So grab your bonnet or your hat—or line up your radio*—for this blue-ribbon spectacle. And when evening comes, line up Corby's in your favorite drink. This light, sociable whiskey with a grand old Canadian name is a gala affair in itself.

Look for me on every Corby's bottle

CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U.S.A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender*
86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.


My harvest's sure to win your favor
Because it's rich with Sunny Flavor
Schenley
SCHENLEY
RESERVE

REAP THE REWARD OF SUNNY MORNING FLAVOR

Waiting for *you* . . . the *extra*, the *special* enjoyment in every sip of Schenley Reserve. That Sunny Morning flavor . . . unmatched, we believe, in any other whiskey . . . has made Schenley Reserve America's *most popular* whiskey!

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